My Country, 'tis from Thee By Walter Davenport

June 15, 1935

NRA CODE

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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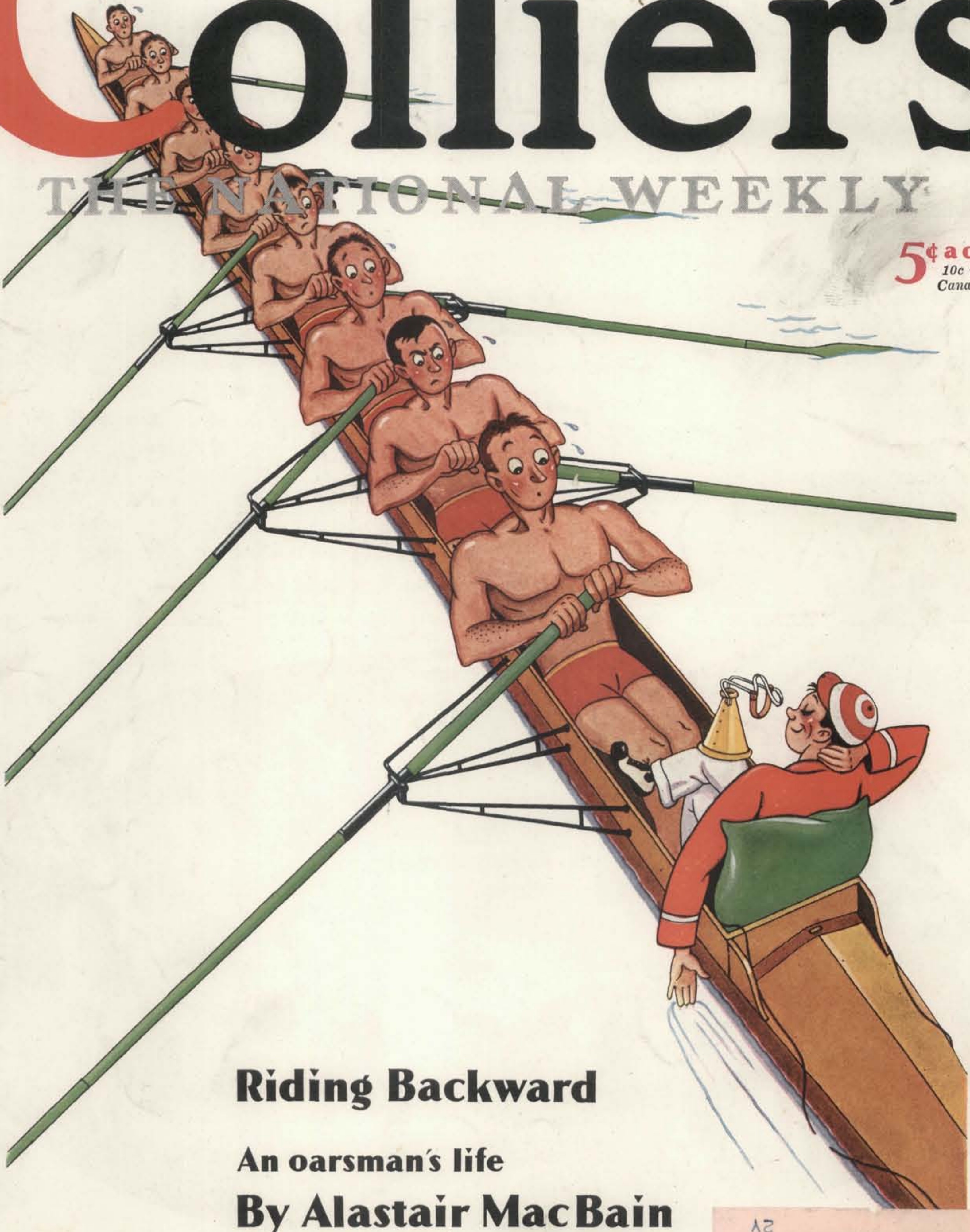

Riding Backward

An oarsman's life

By Alastair MacBain

MRS G R PETERSON 12B
920 N WASHINGTON 7995
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JUNE 15, 1935

Kentucky *discovered* Crab Orchard first—now this straight bourbon whiskey is known from coast to coast! . .

LONG AGO, Crab Orchard whiskey enjoyed a local but enthusiastic fame in the Blue Grass country.

But two generations passed before the straight bourbon whiskey bottled and labeled under the Crab Orchard brand gained nation-wide popularity almost overnight.

Amid the confusion of repeal, people found it lived up to their idea of a Kentucky whiskey—that it was rich and mellow, as only a whiskey distilled the slow, old-fashioned way can be—that it was straight as a string—and *cost surprisingly little.*

Good news spreads fast. One man told another—and another—and another—until this once-local favorite has become America's fastest-selling straight whiskey!

Your taste will tell you the secret of its popularity. You'll find it amazingly ripe and mellow—and attractively low in price.

Kentucky straight whiskey

Made the good old-fashioned way

Smooth and satisfying to taste

Sold at a price anyone can pay

A good guide to good whiskey

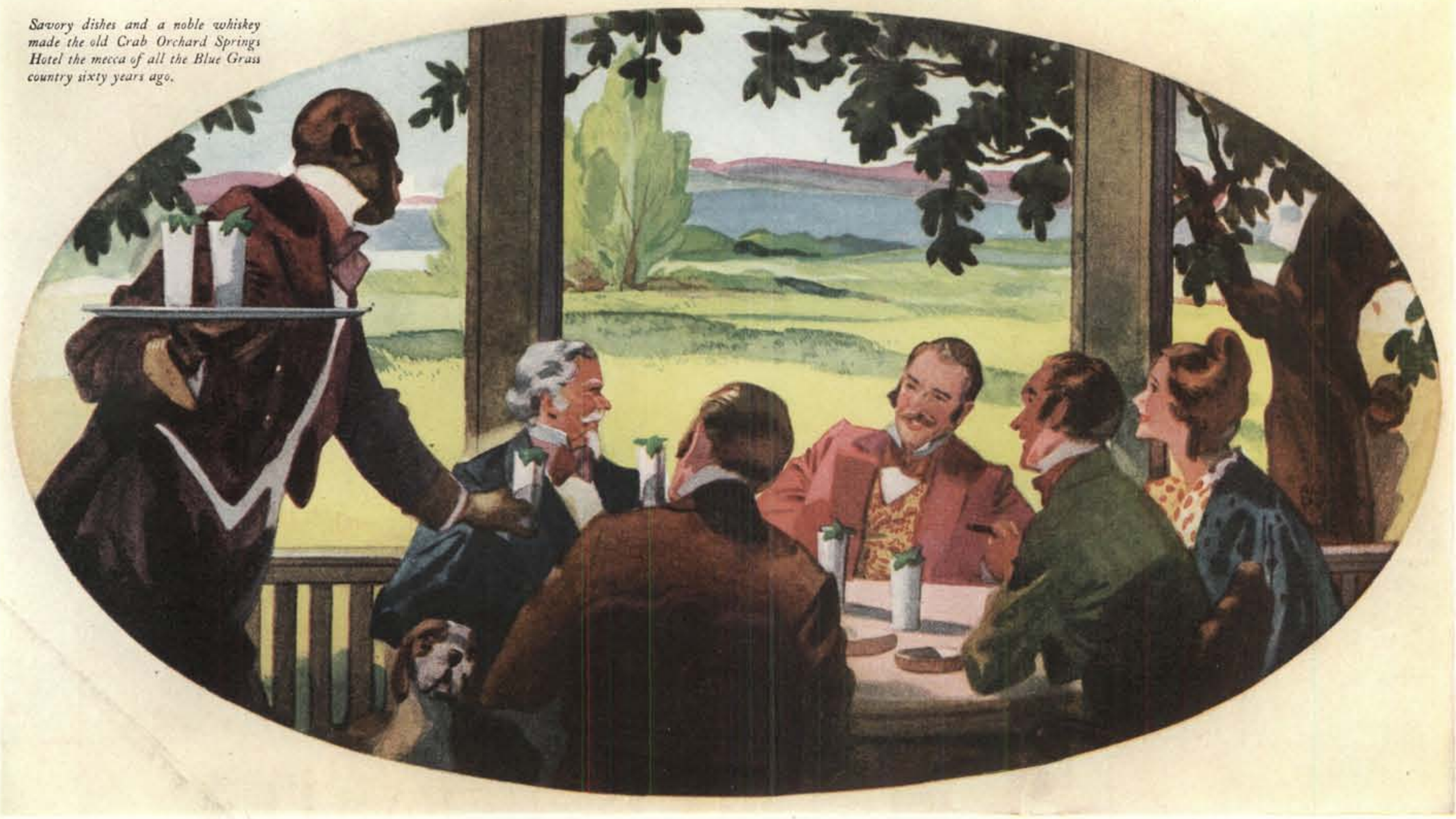
Crab Orchard
Brand
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
NATIONAL DISTILLERS

Crab Orchard

AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING STRAIGHT WHISKEY

© 1935, The American Medicinal Spirits Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

Savory dishes and a noble whiskey made the old Crab Orchard Springs Hotel the mecca of all the Blue Grass country sixty years ago.



How beautiful New York models keep their teeth lovely

Catherine Weary

(*above*) Winning a Western Beauty Contest led Miss Catherine Weary of Chicago, Ill., to success in ateliers and photographers' studios.

Elizabeth Russell

(*left*) Elizabeth Russell, most photographed of N. Y. models, has been "snapped" at least 5,000 times.

Joselyn Reynolds

(*left*) Pressed into service during a shortage of models in a Fifth Avenue Shop, Joselyn Reynolds has prospered ever since.

Peggy Laden

(*right*) Whenever a photographer gets a call for a "sweet sixteen" type, out goes an SOS for Peggy Laden.

Dorothy Wallace

(*left*) Dorothy Wallace of Dallas, Texas, is highly successful in her work, but her real ambition is for the operatic stage.

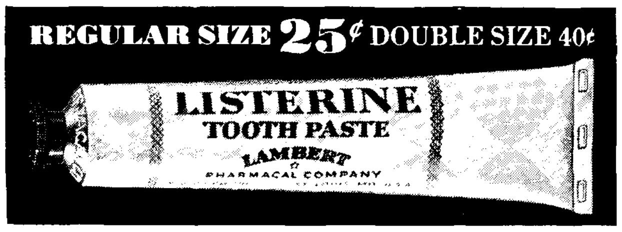
There are no sterner judges of tooth paste than these women. Since their jobs depend on their good-looks, they cannot afford to take chances on doubtful preparations. For them only the best will do *and it must produce results*. That is why so many of them use Listerine Tooth Paste, year in, year out.

They have found, as more than two million other women have discovered—that Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes quick results that are simply amazing. Dingy-looking teeth made brighter . . . lustreless teeth given a wonderful sparkle after a few brushings . . . unsightly discolorations disappearing after a week or two . . . all without harm to the precious enamel of the teeth. Safety is one of the appealing factors of this truly remarkable dentifrice.

Undoubtedly the tooth paste you are now using is a good one. But we would like you to switch to Listerine Tooth Paste for the time being and try this dentifrice from the famed Listerine laboratories.

See how firm it makes your gums . . . how quickly it combats film and discolorations. Note how it attacks tartar. Observe how thoroughly clean it makes your teeth feel. Note the brilliant sparkle it gives them after a few days. And then look for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration following its use—like the delightful effect of Listerine itself.

Get a tube today at your nearest druggist or department store. In two sizes: Large Regular, 25¢, and Double Size, 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



TO USERS OF
TOOTH POWDER

Your druggist has a new, quick-cleansing, gentle-acting, entirely soapless tooth powder worthy of the Listerine name.

Listerine
TOOTH POWDER
25¢

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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T. R. YBARRA *Foreign News*
OWEN P. WHITE *and* JOHN T. FLYNN *Associate Editors*

Next Week

JACK HAMMOND came out of the Stikine country, up against the Alaskan border, with a moosehide sack full of nuggets in his pocket and magnificent visions in his head. In Seattle he found champagne and a girl named Kay Joyce, the princess of his youthful dreams. Before the evening was out, his nuggets were spilled all over the floor and his story all over Seattle.

Placer gold, "Poor Man's Gold" they call it; no need for great shafts and expensive machinery, it's wealth lying loose in the creek bottom. Next week Courtney Ryley Cooper begins the enthralling story of the men and women who sought it, thrusting blindly into the north.

ABOUT thirty years ago when the government made its first tree census, the results surprised everyone. The nation was faced with a lumber famine. President Roosevelt issued a severe warning, and the lumber interests fell over themselves in their eagerness to corner the remaining supply. As a result we're worse off now than we were then. The present Administration, interested in preserving some "Timber for the Future," has worked out a plan for rational forestry. Owen P. White takes you to see it work.

WE LOOK with envy upon the assignment given to Russ Vaughan. His boss instructed him to proceed to Nassau in the Bahamas and bring back Susan, marrying her if necessary. It all looked simple and straightforward. But it wasn't. Duncan Norton-Taylor explains the difficulties of "Saving Susan."

AND just in case a similar assignment falls your way, we have persuaded Captain Giles C. Stedman of the President Harding to tell you how to pick the right boat for a trip and how to use your time to best advantage while aboard her. Even if your trip doesn't come off you'll get a breath of salt air from "The Captain Loves the Sea."

"RABBITS are storing up static electricity to keep them warm through the long winter days to come." That, with embellishments, was one of the most successful stories of Wilford Fraser, naturalist of Pike County. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan reports his checkered career in "Love Story of a Liar."

DETECTIVE O'MALLEY scores another sensational success. Albert Richard Wetjen, Quentin Reynolds, Ruth Seinfel, Kyle Crichton and others contribute stories and articles. James Warner Bellah, alas, concludes "The Brass Gong Tree."

This Week

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June 15, 1935

Cover by Arthur Crouch

WALTER DAVENPORT
My Country, 'tis from Thee. Relief gets down to cases—the human story. Page 7

RICHARD HOFFMAN
No Promises. A gambler's choice. Page 9

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
The Friendly Fighter. Too good-natured to fight until— Page 10

ALASTAIR MacBAIN
Riding Backward. The Poughkeepsie regatta, from the inside. Page 12

JAMES WARNER BELLAH
The Brass Gong Tree, Part VIII. The pitiless question. Page 13

GEORGE CREEL
Up from Riches. The stirring story of Miss Josephine Roche, Assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury. Page 14

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
By Moon Light, by George Milburn. Page 15

H. L. DAVIS
A Horse for Felipa. And a sleepless night for Russ Waldron's dogs. Page 16

LUCIAN CARY
A Blow of Wind. A storm warning to the blind is sufficient. Page 18

W. B. COURTNEY
Tomorrow Comes to San Diego. Glamour and romance go to the fair. Page 20

KYLE CRICHTON
Clowning. Jimmy Savo wowing 'em. Page 22

SAX ROHMER
The Bat Flies Low, Conclusion. A flaming finish. Page 24

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. World-wide tidbits. Page 65

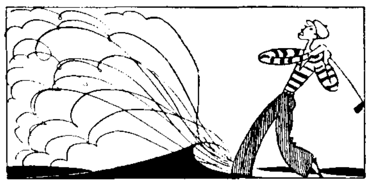
EDITORIAL
Remold It to the Heart's Desire. Page 70

●

Any Week

A MEDAL is proposed by Mr. Carl Knoedler of Chattanooga, Tennessee, for the unknown malefactor who ran over a shovel which some careless CCC boy had left lying in the road, and broke its handle. "That was yesterday," reports Mr. Knoedler. "Today there are eight or ten Secret Service men searching for the culprit. A corps of stenographers will be employed to file reports on the case. People in the paper manufacturing business will employ extra labor and—anyway, this fellow may go to the federal pen for destroying government property, but look at the people who will have work because of his crime."

FROM Maurice L. Jones of Johnston City, Illinois, comes an explanation of our recent dust and sand storms. The AAA and the drought are not to blame, says Mr. Jones. "The golf season has opened and the dubs are in the sand traps. Or maybe the West is just trying to compete with the brainstorms now going on in Washington."



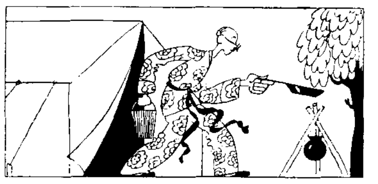
HAVING settled that matter, Mr. Jones goes on to warn us against falling for Huey's share-the-wealth plan. "Jesse James had the only share-the-wealth plan that came anywhere near working—and even that failed when he tried to make it a national plan."

BUT Rudolph Honkavaara of Palmer, Michigan, has a grievance. "No wonder," says he, "the circuses and carnivals have such a hard time of it with Huey stealing their stuff. It seems everybody loves a radical."

WE ARE a little dazed from reading nominations for the greatest national pain-in-the-neck. We find, too late, that we should have added a clause disqualifying all members of Collier's staff. It was never our intention to let outsiders tell us about that.

MR. JAY SQUARE of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, recalls with regret the good old days when Alfalfa Bill Murray was governor. "He held out a few things. He wouldn't let them put a tax on cockleburs. Take a look at the enclosed box score on the Oklahoma Legislature, providing '$1 fee from each motorist killed.'" Method of collection not stated.

WE HAVE it on the solemn personal assurance of Mr. Kyle Crichton, author of "Take to the Woods," that he did not intend to insult anyone's grandfather, much less our own, when he suggested that a pair of pajamas is a good thing to take with you when you go camping. This is to reassure Mr. S. G. Lutz of West Lafayette, Indiana, who feels that the shades of our forefathers (especially Daniel Boone) would be disturbed at the sight of Mr. Crichton attired in silk pajamas pumping up an air mattress. We'll ask Mr. Crichton to be careful about his camp site.



FROM several Texas geographers we hear that Owen P. White did wrong in locating Kenedy County, the "Walled Kingdom," in southeast Texas. It's southwest, they say. After staring intently at a map of Texas, we still find Kenedy County a bit east of south, but we're willing to concede the point if necessary or even compromise on "southern Texas." Anything to preserve the peace.

MR. WHITE'S article was also read by Mrs. Forrest Lee Andrews, granddaughter of Captain Richard M. King, who was the partner of the original owner of Kenedy County. She writes to tell us what a grand person the present John Kenedy is. "He adores sailing and motorboating," she says, and adds, speculatively: "Heritage?"

J. EDWIN KISER of Sidney, Ohio, became so aroused in discussing the Townsend Plan that he discarded his pen and borrowed his niece's art pencil. Thus inspired, he hit upon a solution of the foreign trade difficulties of the plan. "We need coffee, rubber, nitrate, etc. Europe owes us a small matter of twenty billions. . . . " And so—but we were never very good at economics.

AS PROTECTORS of the downtrodden, we are appealed to by Joseph Doakes of St. Louis, Missouri. There is, he feels sure, a conspiracy among the makers of socks. "In any event, the knots are placed exactly where they will cause the wearer the most misery, pain and suffering. Cannot something be done about this?"

CERTAINLY, Mr. Doakes. Remember Sockless Jerry Simpson.

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A New High in Style and Ink Capacity — a New Star in Beauty and Performance

A Pen That is Never Empty because It Shows When to Refill

What better guide could you ask in selecting a gift for a student—graduate or undergraduate—than a vote of the students themselves? Well now you have it, and here it is.

For a great business magazine—"Sales Management"—wholly impartial, engaged a reliable fact-finding organization—the Ross Federal Service—to determine what articles are most used or most wanted by college men. The Parker Pen and a famous motor car led all the list.

Parker received more votes than all other standard pens combined. And among all mechanical pencils also, the Parker Pencil was chosen first.

Can you think of any group of pen users more critical than college students—or of any purchasers more discriminating in their choice of personal possessions?

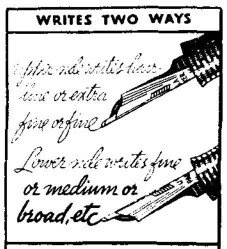
To rate like this in college circles, a pen or a motor car must have something worth going to town for.

In the Parker Vacumatic it's the Visible Ink Supply and 102% more of it than old style. It's the rare and exclusive beauty of this laminated Pearl and Jet—a "Jet" that becomes transparent when held to the light, revealing the level of your ink at all times.

Here, no rubber ink sac or lever filler as in sac-type pens,—no squirt-gun piston pump as in other sacless pens.

The Parker Vacumatic has double room for ink—ink enough to write 12,000 words—because there are 14 less parts, and nothing to render it useless later on. This is why this miracle pen can be—and IS—guaranteed mechanically perfect.

WRITES TWO WAYS


Upper nib writes hair-line or extra fine or fine
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WITHOUT ADJUSTMENT

Its Reversible Point is a combination of solid Gold and precious Platinum. And it's perfectly formed to write on both sides with such utter ease that fingers never tire. Its neat golden arrow pocket clip brings a mark of distinction to its owner—its marvelous performance tunes his writing to the tempo of the times.

Stop in today at any good pen shop, department, stationery, jewelry or drug store, and see this new creation demonstrated. Fill it yourself, watch the ink rise in the barrel, and write two ways with this one wonderful point.

Go and see for yourself the pen that the world has always wanted but never could have until now. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

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10 Universities where the vote was taken among
1052 Students picked at random

HARVARD · COLUMBIA · UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA
UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH · YALE · UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA · UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
MARQUETTE · UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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Science and Invention march on . . . . . .

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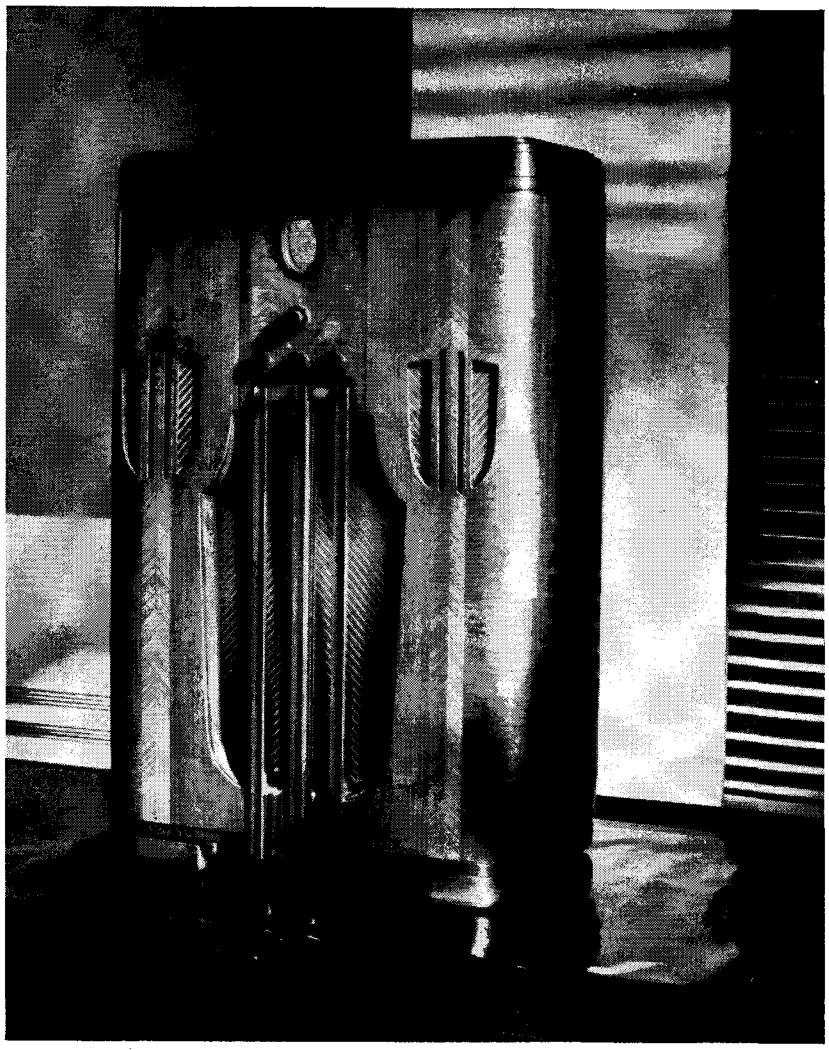

Anton Bruehl

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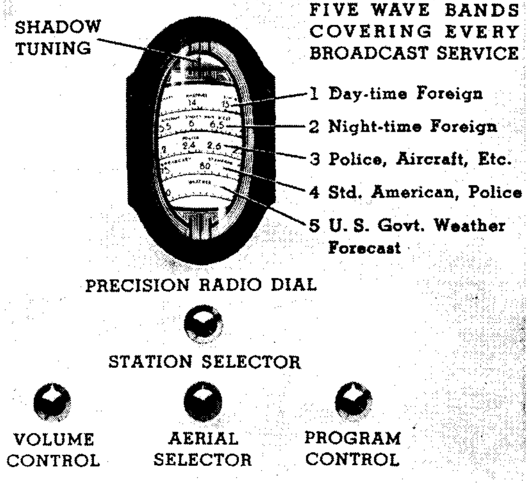

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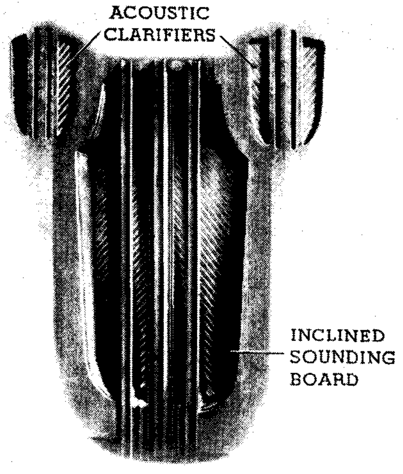


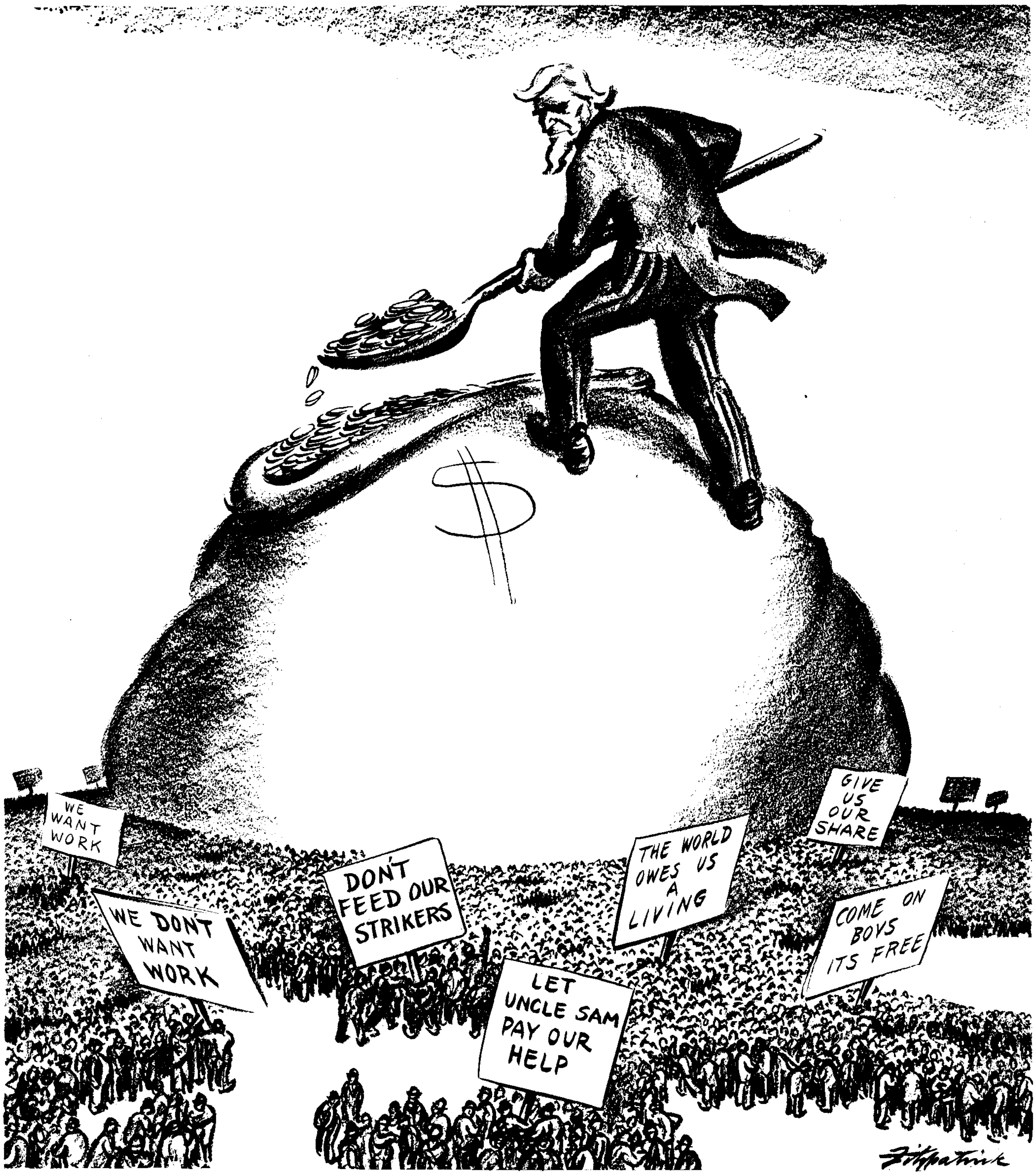
Collier's
The National Weekly for June 15, 1935

My Country, 'tis from Thee

By Walter Davenport

DRAWINGS BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

In the offices of Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Relief Administrator, the woes and wants of the nation are neatly tabulated and reduced to the precise and abstract character of a case history. Outside his door, relief suddenly becomes dramatic, revealing all the well-known shortcomings of human nature. Mr. Davenport shows you the vast enterprise in action—the heroic workers on relief and some less than heroic beneficiaries who feel the world owes them a living and that it's up to the United States government to provide it



There has been a swift change in public attitude toward acceptance of government charity

SOME weeks ago a gentleman who enjoyed the debatable privilege of being one of the owners of a sawmill wrote a letter to Mr. Harry L. Hopkins, our Federal Emergency Relief Administrator. On the same day some forty or fifty thousand other citizens wrote to Mr. Hopkins. But our immediate purpose is best served by the correspondence from the sawmill.

Clearly this gentleman wrote from the nether reaches of his anatomy where, due to the dismal state of his finances, his heart was. He had, one gathers, scanned his ledgers up one side and down the other seeking what might by the use of considerable imagination be called profits. The search was rewarded by a high degree of non-success, the gentleman explaining that his quests for the profits he apparently had not made had carried him through a two-hour conference with a bored banker, a sweeping-out of the office safe and a thorough investigation of the inside pockets of his winter suit. In short, he was prepared to inform any interested party, including Mr. Harry L. Hopkins, that a sawmill was no place for an enterprising young American hungering for economic security.

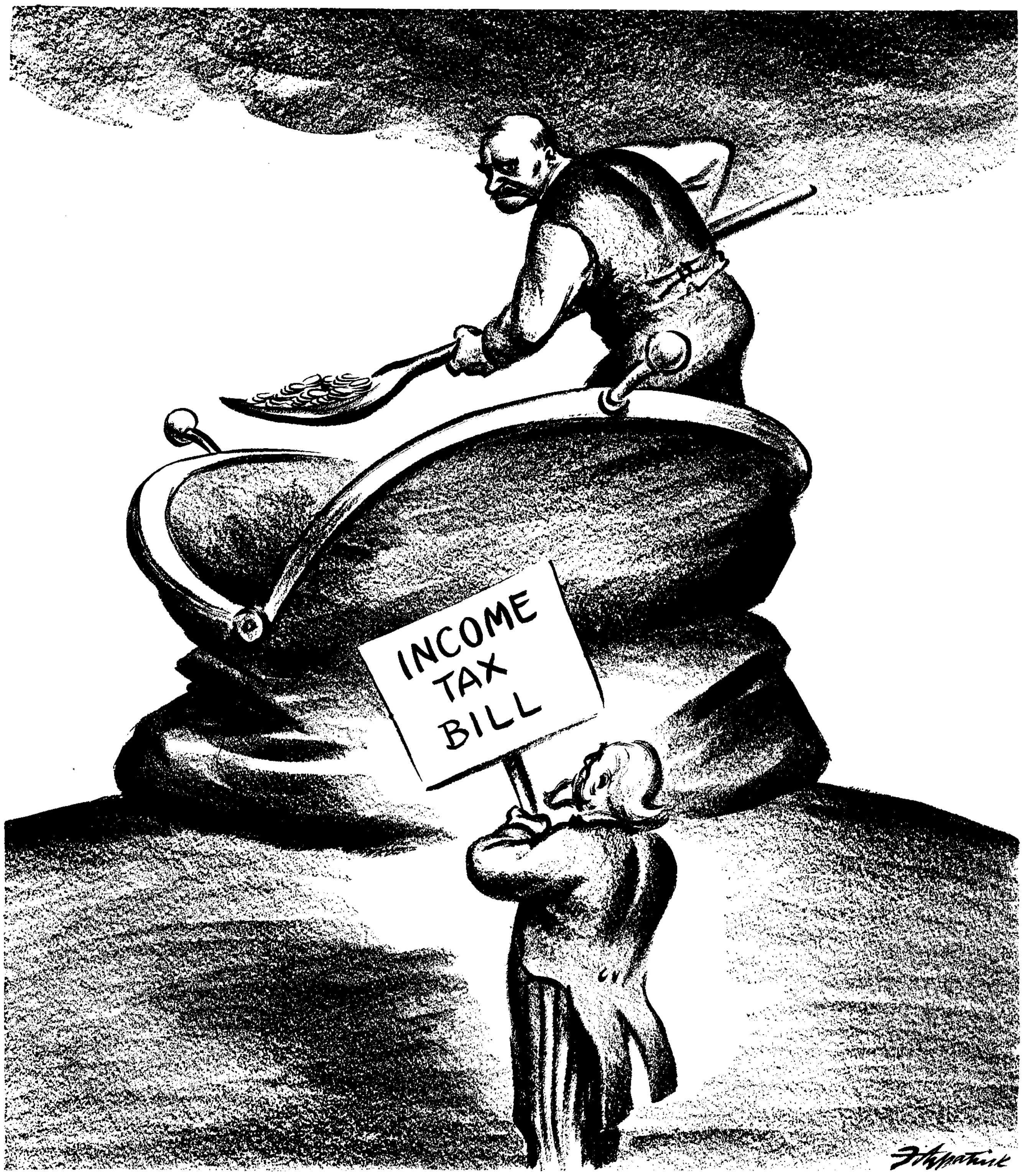
Weaving these dispiriting facts into a preamble, he launched upon what he hoped Mr. Hopkins might see fit to do about it. His agreement with his workers was about to expire and he expected trouble. Frankly, said he, these workers were Reds eager to contribute their part to the overthrow of America by ruining him. He had been paying them from twelve to fifteen cents an hour but their price for renewing their working agreement was from eighteen to twenty cents an hour. This obviously was Muscovite nonsense, particularly in that he had already notified them that he would pay no more than ten cents an hour hereafter, take it or leave it. Oddly enough, the workers had struck, some of them going so far as to chuck several bricks through the office window and make inflammatory speeches, whereat he was inaccurately quoted as having said, "Let 'em eat sawdust."

"In view of these facts," wrote he in effect to Mr. Hopkins, "I am asking you not to feed these strikers. By doing so you will be wasting government money, part of which comes out of my pocket, and causing me and my partner further losses because under no circumstance will we grant these radicals their demands nor will we pay more than ten cents an hour. If you or General Johnson or anybody else in Washington thinks we can pay more than ten cents an hour we will be glad to turn the mill over to you and watch you do it."

Now, whatever else the writer of this joyless letter might have got out of his appeal, he cannot complain of a lack of action. It was carefully copied in multiple. The Labor Relations Board was given a copy on the theory that perhaps it knew something about sawmills. Mr. Donald R. Richberg, striving against odds to de-Johnsonize the National Recovery Administration and make something out of what was left over, was told about it. The American Federation of Labor received the news with mingled emotions and several congressmen took the situation to bed with them only to discover that, no matter what they might say, it would be condemned by important numbers of home folks.

About the only thing Mr. Hopkins could say was that the political and economic aspects of the sawmill's dilemma were outside his sphere of official activity and that his job was merely to succor distress without inquiry into the causes thereof. Thus, if appealed to for food and other necessities of life, he would have to comply whether the supplicant be an unemployed sawyer or an international banker. Moreover, it was not Mr. Hopkins' office to withhold sustenance, whatever might be the reason for the applicant's low estate.

Of course different states had different laws and rulings to influence their methods of doling out federal bounty. The FERA could merely lay down broad principles forbidding, for example, simple theft and the perversion of such funds to political campaign expense. Where such unholy practices prevailed he could and, with a will, would seek to punish the offenders with imprisonment and a withholding of additional funds. Or he could make rulings to fit



In the end, of course, the honest worker and taxpayer will pay the huge relief bill

local situations which, in his opinion, were less than fair to the unfortunate. But the details were left to local authority.

For example, there was that rich and famous western corporation. One of the units of this concern had been closed for a year. Its owners, absentee landlords who left most of the detail to local managements who were more concerned with the color of ink than the blood count of the workers, had decreed that the employees thus thrown out of work might have credit at the company stores until such time as the mill should reopen. Thus some of the idle men and women ran up bills of as much as one thousand dollars before the wheels turned again. In this way they were kept off the local relief rolls and their morale was, in consequence, supposed to have suffered a minimum of impairment.

But when the western mill started again to operate they were invited back at wages averaging from a half to a quarter of what they had been before the shutdown. Moreover, according to the local relief committee, the most influential citizens of the town, most of whom were stockholders in the mill, they would be expected to repay their indebtedness to the company in weekly installments of such dimensions that it left them with nothing more than a shred of a wage, if any. In return for this they would be entered upon the relief rolls. Thus while they worked out their indebtedness to the company the government of the United States would feed them.

A Limit to a Good Thing

To the indignation of the management and the local relief committee, a loud wail arose from the workers, so loud that it was heard in Washington. Whereat, Mr. Hopkins passed a ruling. We may say, in passing, that Mr. Hopkins has 150,000 people helping him dispense government relief and is thus relieved of most of the office minutiae. This gives him plenty of time to pass rulings. In this case he ruled that no employed person was eligible for government relief whose gross wage was as great as the amount he actually received would be if supplemented by the FERA. From a sixth to a tenth of all persons on the nation's relief rolls have some kind of a job, part time and full.

In view of all this and more, Mr. Hopkins was not able to reply comfortingly to the bedeviled gentleman at the sawmill. And the latter, absorbed wholly in his own problems and interested in no degree whatever in those of others, began at once to notify his representatives in Congress that the state was crammed with evidence that the FERA was a Communist shop manned by un-American radicals who canonized the employees and left nothing undone to undermine the morale of the employer. If that were an end to the incident it might be called trifling. But it wasn't.

The sawmill proprietors lost no time in enlisting the sympathies of fellow-industrialists of the section; and these gentlemen having Jeremiads of their own to keen, added their letters to the swelling stream of complaint. Unless, cried they, something was done forthwith the United States was doomed to Socialism. If additional testimony was required, one might observe the extra-relief activities of the FERA. These new nurses, for example—the nurses employed at twenty-five dollars a week to run about the country teaching the indigent how to live expertly and scientifically on their dole. It was more than a mere rumor that these nurses, directed by radical theorists from the big cities, were doing more than teach home hygiene, modern obstetrical ideas and dietetics, all of which was bound to generate a greater discontent with old standards. There had been much talk of birth control. And (so reads another complaint) there was the reply of a county agent of the FERA when a cotton dress manufacturer charged that the government was rapidly forcing all workers to organize.

"Splendid," cried the overly articulate agent. "It's about time."

You will gather as we proceed that Mr. Hopkins' job is not one of nationwide happiness. However, the scene is changing a bit. As rapidly as possible now that Congress has appropriated four billion dollars to carry on with, direct federal relief (cash handouts) will give way to work relief. Such, at any rate, is the general plan. It is going to be worth watching. Anybody thinking that all the gold-bricking and snide is on one side of the relief controversy is in a deplorable state of weak-mindedness.

The Dole a Constitutional Right

With that four billion dollars, three and a half million men and women are to be put to work if President Roosevelt's hopes are to be fulfilled. Just what will happen, just how it is going to operate, will be worth waiting for. The plan aims at the production of useful and permanent improvements without impinging upon the domain of private industry. Just where private industry stops is one of the questions that must be answered. It is likely that the President knows that complete optimism does not obtain within the offices of the FERA. And certainly the prospect is not viewed with complete calm by either capital or labor.

Direct relief will not cease. But the government hopes that direct relief will be afforded wholly by local governments, leaving Washington to devote itself solely to putting people to work. Several states have already adopted the idea—Massachusetts being the first. But there are and will continue to be states and cities that will protest that they are financially incapable of producing the moneys for straight doles. Already congressmen are protesting. One of them solemnly informed the FERA offices that he proposes to fight "for the constitutional rights of my people."

"Many of my people," said he with indignant gravity, "refuse to be forced to work. They may not want to work. The government of the United States has no right to force them to work. You have no right to say to a man that he must work or starve."

Farm Help at a Premium

When the FERA official made the mistake of using the word "emergency," asking the congressman whether he and his people were going to refuse to cooperate, he cried:

"Emergency, emergency. This is no longer an emergency. Emergencies don't last five years. This is a condition—a condition for which my people are not responsible. We refuse to accept dictatorial rulings in the name of emergency when everybody knows that's a misnomer. Why should anybody be forced to leave his home to engage in government work miles away? And why, because my people are bankrupt, must we be forced out of homes or starve?"

And this is not a lone voice singing Let Freedom Ring. From a considerable group of congressmen you hear similar wails. From employers too. We

(Continued on page 50)

No Promises

The story of a girl with brains and a gambler who knew he couldn't lose

By Richard Hoffman

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.

THE small living-room was fresh and fastidious and secure against the night outside. Derek pulled off his hat nervously, and tossed it to the floor in a corner. The room meant Sylvia—even without her fragrance lingering in it—and his purpose went heavy in him.

"Coming," she said from the bedroom. He drew an uneasy breath and fixed grave eyes on the door. Then she came in—tranquil, lovely, her gold hair crisp as if his telephone call hadn't just got her out of bed, her straight firmness wrapped tight in green satin. You had to know her well to see trouble standing behind the blue serenity of her eyes.

"Darling," she said, "what?"

He went to her, put his arms lightly round her, lightly kissed her lips—she watching him for a clue to what was the matter.

"Look," he said and hesitated. "Sweet, they've taken me for an awful ride."

The alarm behind her eyes was confirmed: it made it worse for Derek that she was patient with it too. "At White's? Roulette?"

"Baccarat," Derek said. He kissed her again, a restive gesture of contrition. She put her hand to his cheek an instant, then moved away for a cigarette. With her head bowed over the box, he said it quickly: "Have you drawn any of—of that from the bank?"

He expected her to turn sharply; but she went on getting her cigarette lighted, shook her head with the first drag. "It's still there," she said. "All of it." Then she looked at him, waiting.

"Darling," he said, consciously matching her patience, "darling, will you draw me a check for five hundred of it?"

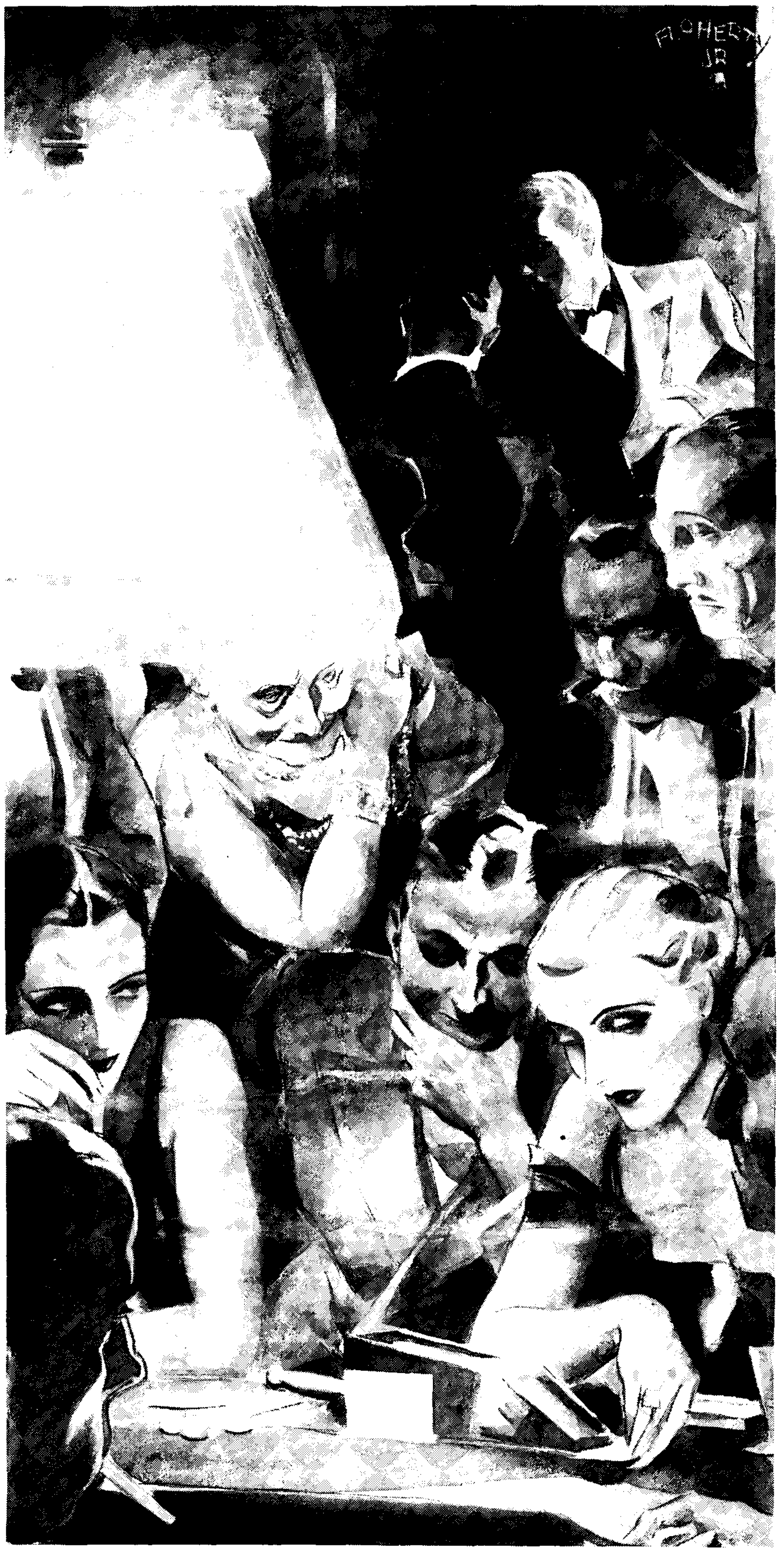
"Oh, Derek, my *dear*. . . . You mean—you're willing to risk no wedding in the spring—put it off longer, when we've planned all the . . ." She stopped, unwounded futility in her look.

"Sweet, I'm right tonight, absolutely *right*—I know bloody well I am. I've never been so right before. If I can only follow it further—perhaps no more than ten minutes. I know exactly what's in the shoe for me: it's just waiting to turn. I could feel the break coming nearer every play. And when it comes, I'll massacre the house—completely. We'll be married as soon after tomorrow morning as you can get ready, and I'll never go near so much as a slot-machine again. You *know* I won't."

ALMOST dully she said, "You couldn't get the check cashed."

"White'll cash it," he said without interest. "I've never let him down. If I say a check's good, he knows it is. And I'll have it back in a few hours, with a year's salary besides—two, three years'. Anything's possible as long as White's solvent. I know, as surely as you're very beautiful and standing there as I shall see you forever and ever."

"Derek, you can't be so sure you'll win," she said, not pleading with him so much as pleading for inward power to convince him. "Darling, you have a mind—a quick, clear, brilliant mind that sees things as they are—everything except this. Won't you see that this feeling has got nothing to do with the cards, nothing to do with any possible foreknowledge of what's going to turn? It's a state of blood, of excitement: desire trapping you with a mirage of conviction. If we leave this money where it is, we can be married in April, surely. If you take it, you risk that, darling. Is one night's unnatural excitement worth that to you?"


FLOHERTY JR.

It was such a complete, compelling excitement, as self-sufficient as the triumphant luck it forecast

Derek's sudden obstinacy seemed more firm for his knowledge that it was unjust. "You don't understand," he said. "You're not a gambler: you can't. A born gambler *can—does* feel cards ahead, in relation to him. I've gone home a hundred nights when I knew there was no good in staying. And always I've known that some day I'd get the big break—the one that would make me quit even without promising you I would—in April. Sylvia, dear *heart*, you can't understand this any more than I can understand not feeling it, not being sure of it."

"I can't," said Sylvia quietly. "But I understand you a little."

"Me?" Derek turned his head in sharp impatience. "Sylvia, you don't."

"Why d'you s'pose I love you? Because I don't?"

"I s'pose you trust me too," he said, with a short, ironic bow.

"Trust you in everything, Derek, but this. I know it's such a madness—a *mad*ness, and so bad for you."

"You know it is, and I know it isn't. Why should you automatically have the best of that?"

Quietly, gravely, Sylvia said, "And why should you?"

"It's late," Derek said with an even chill in his voice that he'd regretted before but didn't now. "I'm losing time—precious time. If you won't write me a check, I'll go somewhere else. There *are* people who understand."

Sylvia said, "Understand you—*this* way—better than I?"

DEREK looked at her squarely, without compassion, and spoke in quick finality: "I think so."

Her gentle eyes asked no favors. "Very well," she said.

"That means no."

"Derek," she said in faint weariness, "if you demand this of me, it's yours as much as mine. But if you ask it of me as a partner—I willing, I believing in it—then I can't give it to you." Her lovely, lighted eyes waited for his decision, but he didn't let the obstinacy of his dark look yield. Then her head went up briefly, her eyes briefly closed, and she came to put her arms hard round him, her head eagerly to his chest. "Dearest, dearest Derek, don't do any of this to us—to April, to us, to happiness and a fortune so far beyond any there is. Beloved, I love you so terribly."

Derek felt swiftly gone inside, almost as if he'd just been badly frightened. He put his arms round her warm, satin firmness and found her mouth with his lips.

"Right, darling," he murmured absently. "I won't. I won't even . . ." Then a reckless desire to give her something for what she'd given, regardless of what his conviction might be once he got outside this bright, secure room, made him begin: "I promise you on my word I won't even go back th—"

Her hand was quick over his lips, her eyes suddenly pleading out of real alarm. "Don't," she said, low and urgently. "Don't promise. It would be so awful to have—to have you . . ."

"Have me what?" he said crisply.

"Nothing." She turned away her face—as if guilty, with him, that he didn't pursue his promise. And something made him let it go at that.

Derek walked through the empty, gleaming streets, the caress of the mist unnoticed on his cheeks. At the door of his apartment the absurdity of going up and undressing for hours of

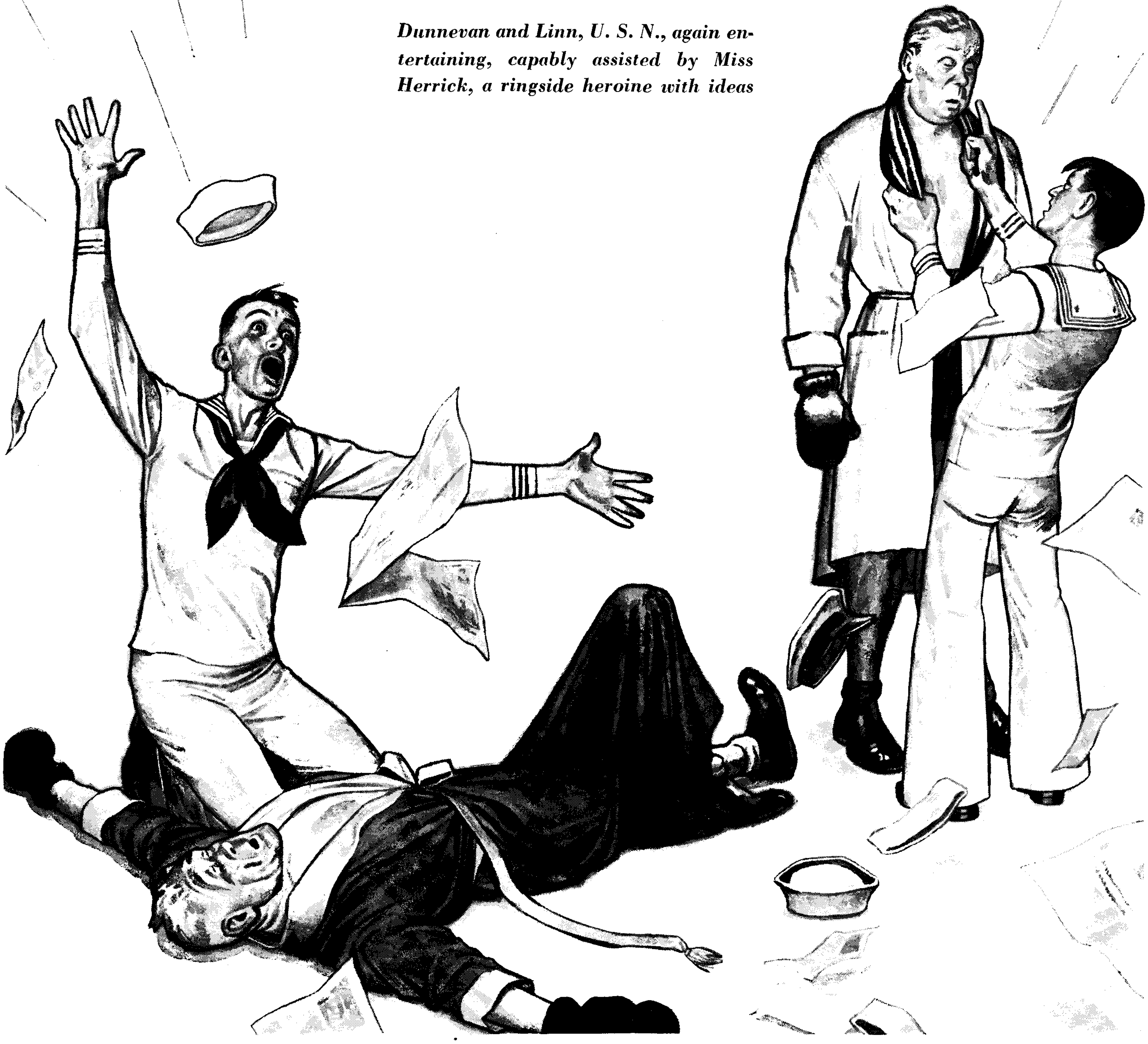
(*Continued on page* 62)

The Friendly Fighter

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

Dunnevan and Linn, U. S. N., again entertaining, capably assisted by Miss Herrick, a ringside heroine with ideas



The bathrobe fluttered, but Battling Zewewski did not. He lay like a ruined column, as if in pieces

"WHY *can't* you hate him, Tim?"

"I can't hate a guy that I got nothing against."

"Aw, you got plenty against that guy. He's a Polack, ain't he?"

Fireman Dunnevan shook his head amiably and spat to leeward with philosophic calm. The U. S. Destroyer Trimble, a wicked steel fish, basked in San Diego's distinctive and municipal sunshine. At anchor and at peace in the harbor, scarcely a ripple disturbed the Trimble's afternoon siesta.

"Zewewski is a good guy," said Fireman Dunnevan, "and them Polacks never done nothing to Erland. Fact is, he was telling me a lot of Polacks come over to Erland one time to help the Erish fight the British!"

Tragedy and crisis stalked the shade of the aft deckhouse, though no one seemed aware of this but Seaman Benjamin Linn. His large Adam's apple, always an accurate barometer, sagged leadenly in his throat.

"Oh, Judas Priest, Tim! You don't mean you actually been *talking* to that guy?"

Fireman Dunnevan blinked.

"What's wrong with that, Benny? He ast me would I like a stein of beer and him and I and Pudge Wilkins went to the Owl Café."

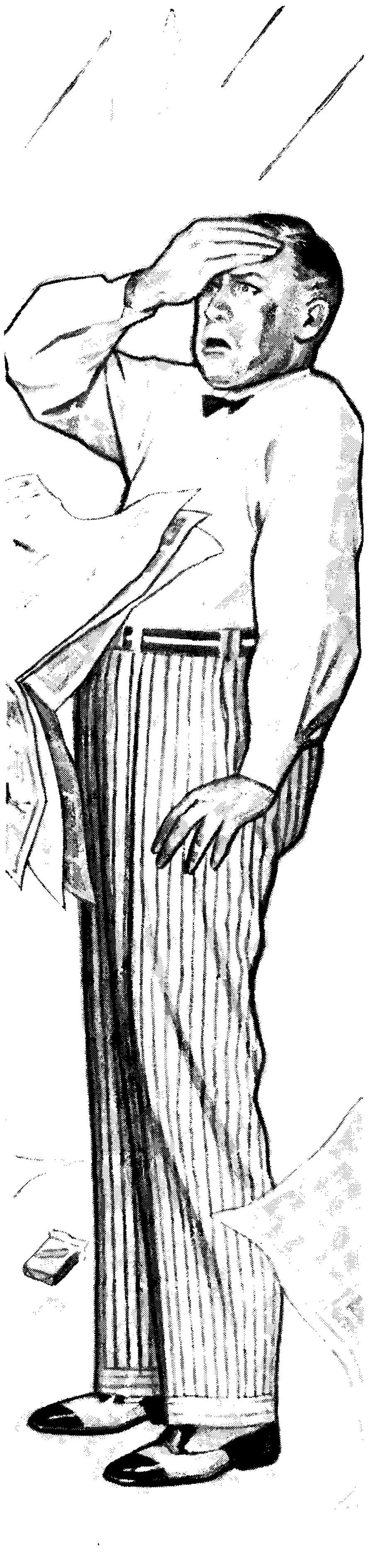
Seaman Linn appealed to God's blue heaven, to the Trimble's crow's-nest and fire-control station and bridge. Then, he tossed an unlighted cigarette overside for emphasis.

"The day after tomorrer night, Tim," he said, impressively, "you're *fighting* that guy for the championship of the Destroyer Force. Ju-*das* Priest!"

Fireman Dunnevan arose and stretched.

"Yerse," he said, matter-of-fact and casual. "But you don't hafta hate a guy to box-fight him, Benny."

Tears of exasperation dimmed Seaman Linn's bright blue eyes. He was Fireman Dunnevan's best friend and, more than that, he was Fighter Dunnevan's manager.



"You do got to hate him, Tim. That's jest the point. Your workout this morning was terrible. You got no aggressiveness. Ensign Conroy told me I'd hafta talk to you cold turkey. Zewewski, this Polack you're so fond of, has been swaggerin' all around Dago bragging on how he's gonna take you in two rounds!"

"Yerse? Well, the best man wins."

"Besides that, him and a dozen guys from the McCawley crashed a dance at Fairyland Saturday night and Zewewski made a pass at Georgine!"

"Georgine ain't said that to me, Benny."

"She don't wanta worry you, that's why. Besides, that McCawley gang has made the rounds of the cruisers laying bets on Zewewski and offering four to one!"

Fireman Dunnevan grinned.

"Cruiser sailors is noted for dumbness," he observed. "I'm gonna go below and calk, Benny."

An ordinary fight manager, looking at Fireman Dunnevan, would have been well pleased. He was stripped to athletic undershirt and dungaree trousers. He stood six feet two and weighed two hundred and ten pounds. His shoulders were a magnificent span of bone and muscle and his mighty arms had reach and power. But Seaman Linn was no ordinary fight manager.

"FORCE and brains" had been the motto of Linn & Dunnevan, Inc., from Guantanamo to the China station. And in that combination, Seaman Linn supplied the brains.

"Tim," quoth he sternly, "if I catch you calking in daytime between now and the fight I and you are through. You're gonna stay up here and shadow-box until I stand my watch. Then, we're gonna go to the 'Y' and work out some more."

"But, Benny—"

"You're hog fat and your wind is bad. You got no timing and no legs to stand up on. You're gonna disgrace the ship!"

"Aw, now, Benny—"

"And even if you was to be right *physical*, you ain't gonna stand a chancet against Zewewski unless you get the right mental attitude and *hate* him and go in there seeing red and trying to kill him!"

Fireman Dunnevan rebelled.

"I won't calk and I guess I'll work out at the 'Y,' maybe, but I can't hate Zewewski, Benny. He's a good guy. He's been to Erland twicet and—"

A bell sounded. A whistle piped.

"On deck the watch!"

"I gotta report, Tim. You go up to the gun platform and keep stepping around lively."

"Yerse, Benny."

Nodding, Fireman Dunnevan shuffled forward obediently, and Seaman Linn trotted to the starboard side to report to the gangway watch.

The gangway watch was worried about Fireman Dunnevan's condition. Bo'sun McElroy said, "How's the big fellow feeling today, Benny?"

Seaman Linn was no spreader of bear stories.

"He's in swell condition and ready to go!"

"He better be," said Seaman Jones. "I got twenty bucks on him!"

"Aw, he'll take the Polack in four or five rounds. Whenever I give him the nod."

Cox'n Hallahan, a dour veteran, grunted.

"The Chief told me he was talkin' to Ensign Conroy and Mr. Conroy says Dunnevan lacks aggressiveness. He don't tear in."

Loyal, although his heart was sore oppressed, Seaman Linn said: "Tim'll tear in when the gong sounds. I been keeping him under wraps so he won't bust a hand."

The mail boat approached. A sailor grinned.

"Here comes the skipper's kid again," he said.

Seaman Linn grinned also. Miss Joannie Herrick, aged fourteen, daughter to Lieut.-Commander Herrick, was a great favorite with U. S. sailors. All that summer vacation she had been true to the Navy. An inveterate boat rider, Miss Joannie made the rounds of the destroyer divisions and had an extensive acquaintance among the cruisers.

Bosun's Mate McElroy was not amused.

"Your daddy left strict orders you wasn't to come aboard when he ain't here, Miss Joan," he called, overside.

"Hi-yah," said Miss Herrick, waving her hand gaily. "Stand by that ladder, you guys!"

"Your daddy said you wasn't to come aboard, Miss Joan!"

The sailor in charge of the mail boat made a gesture of innocence and resignation.

"She says her mother give her permission to see Mr. Conroy."

This caused considerable debate among the gangway watch, and while it was in progress Miss Herrick, tastefully attired in a somewhat soiled linen skirt and blue silk sweater and gym shoes, leaped from the mail boat to the ladder.

"Hi, Mac! Hi, Joe. Hi, Benny!"

Mr. McElroy, frowning, departed to find Ensign Conroy, who had the day's duty. Miss Herrick, a heathen white grin in a very brown face, greeted her old friends.

"I'm coming to the big fight!" she announced, "and I'm going to have a ringside seat. Daddy promised."

"How're you betting, Miss Joan?"

"On Tim Dunnevan, of course. I bet Mr. Thompson of the McCawley two dollars—all my birthday money!"

"Atta girl."

Miss Herrick turned to Seaman Linn.

"The guys in the McCawley say Tim is afraid of Zewewski. The big stiff! And they're going to hold the fight on the Salt Lake City instead of the tender! It's because Admiral Biggers is putting on a Happy Hour for all the new people and they want to see the fight."

This was news. So also was Miss Herrick's information, delivered with breathless gusto, that Mr. Henry of the Borie was in hack; that the mascot of the Indianapolis was the father of seven part-Airedale pups; that Japanese spies were supposed to have stolen the Hunt's motor-sailer; and that Mr. Josephson of the Brooks had been jilted by Captain Millar's daughter, Edith. And furthermore, the battleships at Pedro were accused by the destroyer force baseball team of using a ringer from the Coast League to pitch for them and—

Ensign Conroy arrived at the gangway.

SEAMAN LINN, watching alertly, noted that Miss Joannie colored when she saw Ensign Conroy. Her tomboyishness left her; she became meek and demure.

"M-mother said I could come out to see you," faltered Miss Herrick, "because I want to see Tim Dunnevan work out and I've bet two dollars on him and it'll just about kill Daddy if Tim doesn't win, he's bragged so, and—"

Mr. Conroy, former middleweight collegiate champion at Annapolis, a disciple of Spike Webb and a handsome ensign, laughed.

"We'll all be pretty sick if Tim loses, Joannie," he said, "and we certainly appreciate your interest. But I'm afraid Dunnevan isn't around just now—"

Seaman Linn stepped forward and saluted.

"Tim's up on the gun platform getting the kinks outa his legs, sir."

"Please, Mr. Conroy, can I go up there and look at him? Please?"

Ensign Conroy nodded.

"I won't be able to stay with you very long, Joannie—"

Up spake Seaman Linn once more:

"I was thinking, sir, it might be a good idea if I was to step a couple of rounds with Tim. Jest sparring, sir, to help his timing."

Miss Herrick nodded, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, let Benny go along, please," she said.

"Well—all right. You may escort Miss Herrick, Linn. I'll be along in a few minutes."

Seaman Linn and Joannie climbed joyously to the gun platform. They found Mr. Dunnevan jogging in a circle and shadow-boxing.

"Here's a admirer of yours, Tim, and she's bet on you!"

"Hi-yah, Tim! How you feeling?"

"Fine, Miss Joan. Say-y, does the skipper—"

"It's okay, Tim. Mister Conroy give her permission."

"I hope you knock that big cluck Zewewski out flat," said Miss Joannie, perching on No. 2 gun. "Those McCawley people make me sick and tired, anyway. In fact, that whole division is too stuck up, and Daddy says—"

"Watch I and Tim spar, Miss Joannie."

Fireman Dunnevan halted.

"You hadn't ought to call Zewewski a big cluck, Miss Joan. He's a nice guy. Honest."

"Yeah? He's a squarehead and a lug. Why are you sticking up for him—"

"Tim's jest kidding. C'mon, Tim. Put up your hands. I'm gonna cross you with my left—aw-aw—"

THEY sparred, with Miss Herrick making rude comments because Fireman Dunnevan allowed Seaman Linn to do most of the punching. Then Ensign Conroy appeared and Miss Herrick once more became subdued, demure and worshipful. Seaman Linn knew that Ensign Conroy was dubious about Fireman Dunnevan's fighting heart. He kept snapping: "Move in, Dunnevan. Bore in. A champion never gives ground unless he's badly hurt!"

Joannie said: "You better punch harder'n that, Saturday night, Tim. Daddy and all the officers of the Division are betting on you and I've bet my birthday money and will *I* get a razzing around this harbor if you lose!"

Fireman Dunnevan smiled at her, genially.

"The best man wins, Miss Joan," he said.

When Joannie and Ensign Conroy had departed, Seaman Linn turned on his friend with bitter and frantic reproaches.

"The skipper's kid comes to see you work out, and you gimme love taps!"

"If I was to really sock you, Benny, I'd have to dive into the water after you."

Seaman Linn ignored this obvious truth.

"Joannie makes the rounds of every ship down here," he continued, "and she tells all she knows. And *you* go saying Zewewski is a nice guy!"

"He *is* a nice guy, Benny. Listen, I and you will get hold of him tonight and I'll prove it."

A snarl caused Fireman Dunnevan to blink.

"I sure am ashamed of you, Tim. You ain't gone yellow on us, have you?"

"You know better'n that, Benny. Pipe down!"

They parted in anger.

That evening, Seaman Linn held counsel of despair with Millicent and Georgine at the Hole-In-The-Wall taproom. These young women, who worked at the five-and-ten on Broadway, were as true to the Navy as Joannie Herrick. But they were dishearteningly lacking in ideas.

"I did try to date Zewewski," Georgine said, "and make Tim mad thataway, but I simply couldn't even get a simple little note to him. The McCawley boys are watching him every minute and I simply failed."

Millicent was hopeless.

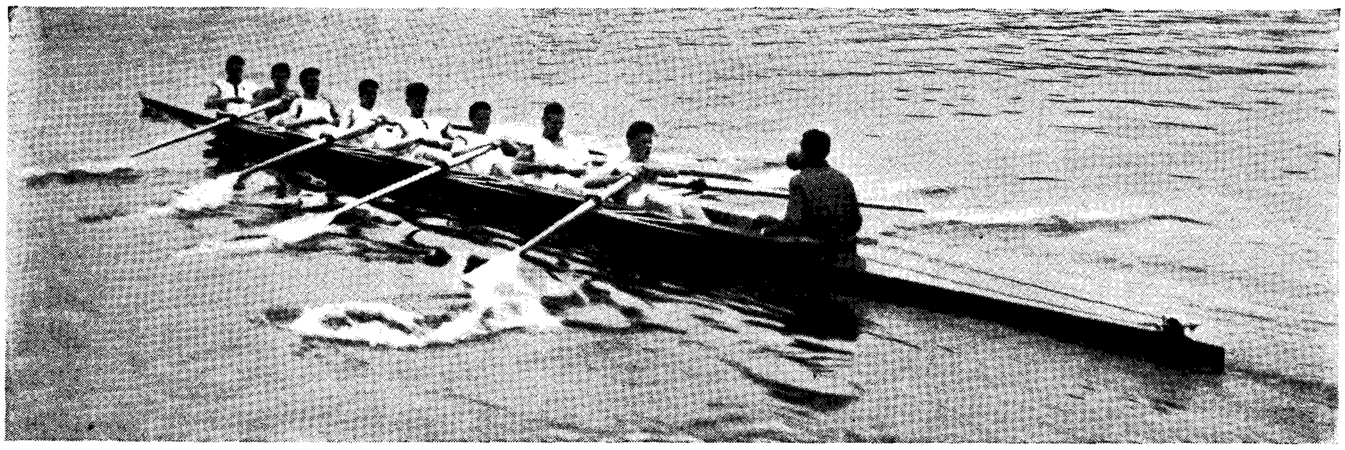
(Continued on page 39)

Riding Backward

This is the Poughkeepsie Regatta. Shells from all over the nation are poised on the starting line. There goes the gun! Step into an oarsman's mind and ride down-river with him

By Alastair MacBain

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer



A time trial, the Columbia crew's first taste of the hardest grind in intercollegiate competition—rowing

IT SEEMS they do not bother much about clothes in a crew training camp. Polite accessories like pants, for example, do not figure very prominently in the social routine of Krum Elbow on the Hudson. In the pleasant seclusion of the Columbia University boathouse, with the town of Poughkeepsie some three miles away and an occasional jaded track-walker their only visitor, a ruddy coat of tan is generally considered the correct attire for formal afternoon wear, and a G string is looked upon as bundling up for a long, cold winter.

Thus unattired, several members of the freshman squad were lolling in the hot June sun outside the boathouse after their first time trials, sprawling on their backs in an effort to bronze a maximum amount of epidermis in a minimum amount of time, reading newspapers, tossing a baseball back and forth in a casual game of catch. Suddenly a sharp rapping on a window-pane attracted their attention.

A rest period, one of the most welcome interludes in the day of the varsity crew

"What do you mean?" A woman's angry face glared at them from the window of the caretaker's shack. "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

They stared at each other for a moment in guilty embarrassment. The one member of the squad who happened to be wearing a pair of trunks was delegated to convey the apologies of the blushing group. He shuffled forward sheepishly.

"Don't you boys know any better," the caretaker's wife repeated, shaking her finger indignantly, "than to throw a baseball around like that? You might break a window."

They hang up their street suits when they arrive in training camp at Poughkeepsie that first week in June; and they do not take them down from the hook again until the annual Intercollegiate Regatta is over. They put away more than their clothes when they start to train for a race. For two weeks they banish every thought but crew, crew, crew. They talk crew, eat crew, sleep crew and nothing else but crew.

They resign themselves to a rigid physical discipline that the average heavyweight prize fighter would walk out on in disgust in a couple of days. For two solid weeks each year some two hundred lusty young athletes, handpicked from eight or ten leading colleges in the East and in the West, take the vows and withdraw into a voluntary seclusion as complete as that of a Trappist monastery on one of the higher mountains. They sleep in barracks, they deny themselves all luxuries like tobacco and sweets and the charms of the opposite sex, they spend endless blistering hours every morning and afternoon tugging at a twelve-foot sweep in a merciless sun, with muscles that ache with fatigue and backs that threaten to break with each additional stroke. And all for a brief twenty minutes of a June afternoon, riding backwards down the Hudson.

And for what? Why this long period of Spartan self-discipline, this stern self-denial, this voluntary self-punishment which the oarsmen inflict upon themselves each year over the grinding miles of the classic Poughkeepsie course? It is all a little hard to explain to the man who has never pulled an oar. The average spectator in the observation train, whose own personal knowledge of rowing is limited to trolling in a rowboat for perch and who thinks that a shell is something that oysters come in, watches the crews straining every muscle as they hammer down the course, faces twisted with effort, mouths drawn, eyes blinded with sweat, and he shakes his head in bewilderment.

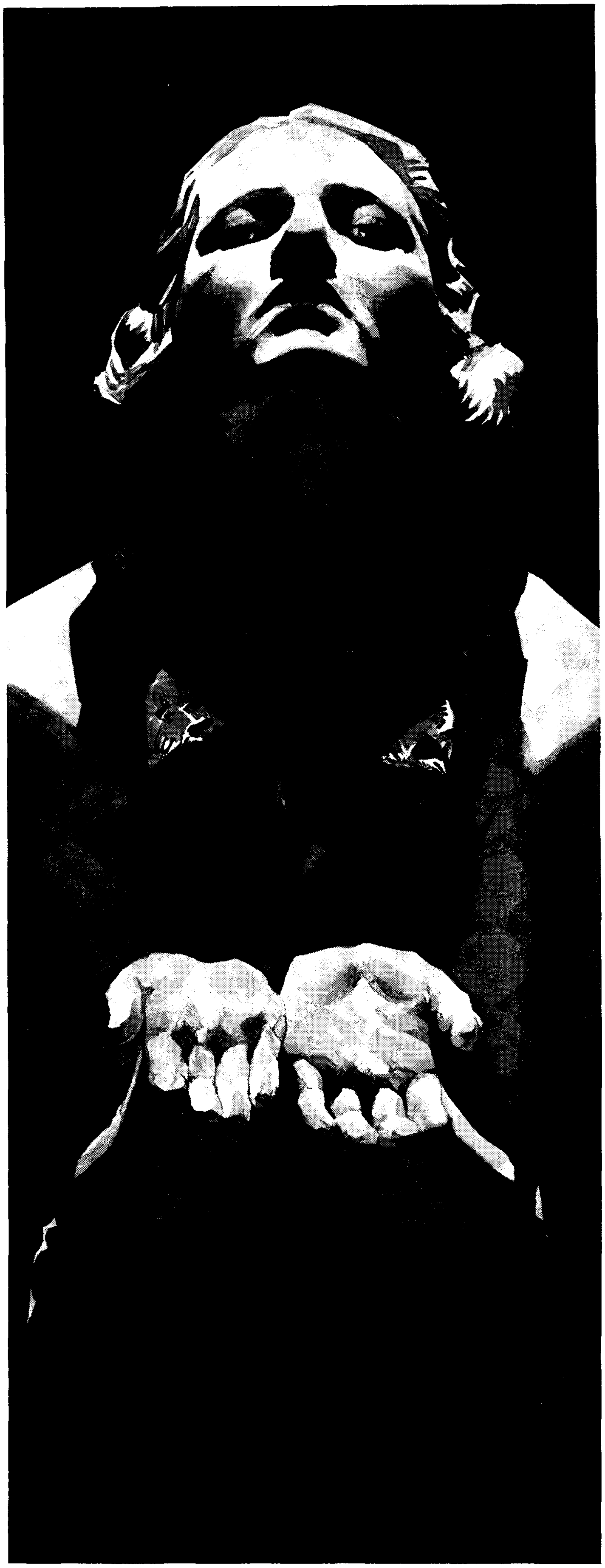
He cannot understand why they want to drive themselves like that, any more than he can understand why a fly-fisherman will spend hours up to his neck in an icy stream casting a bunch of feathers over the nose of a trout which he doesn't particularly desire to eat, or why a golfer will walk miles in a pouring rain knocking a small white pellet ahead of him with a knobbed stick. He asks why they do it. Why do they want to give themselves such a beating? He wonders what they get out of it. Even the oarsmen themselves, tense as thoroughbreds at the post as the zero hour approaches, are sometimes not quite sure.

The distant sound of whistles and horns at the finish line three miles away warns them that the junior varsity race is over. On the sleeping porch of the Krum Elbow boathouse the eight men of the varsity crew, shivering under blankets in spite of the midsummer heat, glance at each other in significant silence. Solemnly they throw aside the blankets, pull on rowing trunks and socks, and shuffle downstairs to the float.

The coxswain chatters emptily in an effort to distract their attention, and an irritable oarsman reaches out a bear-like paw and casually slaps him down. One of them pauses to paste a patch of adhesive on the calf of his leg. "No use

(*Continued on page 32*)

Day's end, when eight weary oarsmen pick up the flimsy shell and stow it away for tomorrow



"If you asked me for Krupp's life—I would give it to you with my hands"

The Brass Gong Tree

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

COUNT ITO, a distinguished Japanese statesman, is assassinated in Tokyo—shot to death in a crowd. The killer is not apprehended: and a short time later, on a steamer bound for China, Prince Tokugawa, another great Japanese leader, is murdered—by a mysterious killer, under suspiciously similar circumstances.

Among the witnesses of the killing of Ito are: Sturgis Hammond, an American newspaperman; a Russian woman known as "Nahta" who, beautiful, young, daring, exercises an almost hypnotic influence over Hammond; Vonny Cass, a noted girl flier who, to secure a much-needed visa, is posing as Hammond's secretary; Major Pat Nugent, a charming soldier of fortune whom Hammond has known for years; and Anton Krupp, a wealthy German, who, his neck broken, must be wheeled about in a rolling-chair.

All see Ito assassinated: all are on Tokugawa's ship, when he is, likewise, murdered. The question is: Who is the assassin? Colonel Watanabe, the Japanese military commander, thinks he knows the answer. He promptly arrests Vonny Cass. The heel of her slipper and a revolver had been found within a few feet of the Prince's cabin. The colonel believes she is the killer.

But Hammond thinks otherwise. Quite by chance, he has learned that Nahta—whom he loves, or fancies he loves, and who gives every evidence of loving him—has a lipstick wherein are tiny film pictures of various Japanese leaders—key men, all of them. That the woman is dangerous he is well aware; that she is the wife of Anton Krupp, the German invalid, he is *not* aware, until Krupp so warns him against falling in love with her.

Tokugawa dies, Vonny Cass is arrested—and a short time later, following a violent shock, the ship goes down. Before Hammond enters a lifeboat, he encounters Nahta. Calmly she makes some admissions which amaze him. Someone, she says, had given her a revolver and a mechanism for silencing it in Tokyo—*twenty minutes before Ito had been shot.* The revolver, containing two cartridges, had been fired *once.* "I," the woman says calmly, "still have that revolver."

She opens her bag. "Here it is," she says, and hands the weapon to Hammond, who examines it. In it are two cartridges. And both have been fired!

But, beyond that, the woman will say nothing. And presently—the entire ship's company rescued by a Japanese destroyer—Hammond finds himself in Dairen. There he accompanies Major Nugent to the office of one Doctor Tyrwhitt (where Nugent interviews the physician alone). And he is worried, apprehensive. For Vonny Cass has disappeared!

VIII

THE cab stopped under the broad stone terrace of the hotel and they got out. A boy took their bags up. Mr. Masuda was already there in the lobby with the rest of the Dairen's survivors. He had rooms for them all. The dining-room doors were open still and Mr. and Mrs. Rainey, with Nethercot and Utterhoe, were filing in for a late tiffin while the little Japanese waitresses in flowered kimonos bowed them down to a table.

Behind Sturgis someone said, "Some Jap steamer sank off Weihaiwei. They're the survivors."

Nugent was getting their rooms. He came across and handed the keys to Sturg. "Be a lad," he said, "and have the duffle taken up. I'll be up directly."

Sturgis stood in his room at the foot of the bed, looking across the roof of the Japanese Military Hospital at the steel-gray hills of Manchukuo and not seeing them, while the boy put his bags on the racks and unbuckled their straps. Fatigue was heavy in the backs of his legs, and the cramped hours since the Dairen went down passed upward before his eyes like heat waves above a summer sidewalk. He was hungry and tired and dirty and there was no strength left in him to do anything but acknowledge it.

The boy went out and almost immediately he was knocking on the door to come back in again.

Only, it was not the boy; it was Mitsuchi, when Sturgis opened the door—Mitsuchi pinching the small knot of his cravat and snugging it against his brown starched collar. For a moment, memory failed to put him in his slot. He was merely a well-dressed Japanese in Glenurquhart plaid, with a pleasant smile and quick hands—until he spoke. When he spoke—Sturg saw him waving good night across the foggy platform of the station at Kanagawa. Mitsuchi said:

"I saw you in the lobby, Hammond san—and I took the liberty of coming up here to tell you that if you cable any part of the Dairen Maru story—or if your agent Duhaime does—every Amalgamated Press representative in Manchukuo will be on his way out of the country by this time tomorrow."

"That's about as explicit as it can be."

Mitsuchi said, "We feel constrained to make it explicit after the way Amalgamated violated the censorship the other evening in the matter of the Count Ito's death."

"*Beat* the censorship," Sturgis said.

Mitsuchi said, "Words, Hammond san."

"You travel fast," Sturg told him.

"I am a busy man—I have to travel fast." Mitsuchi sank his hands in his jacket pockets.

"It's a break for us that you do have to. Your military authorities took a young American woman into custody last night on the Dairen Maru on suspicion of the murder of the Prince Tokugawa. Nobody can convince a military intelligence officer of anything—but you're a civilian—you can be convinced. All they've got on Miss Cass is the fact that they found the heel of her slipper on the deck outside of the Prince's cabin. If Watanabe thinks that's proof, he's a fool and he'll make fools out of all the rest of you. This thing is too big for Army officers—"

"What thing, Hammond san?"

Sturg took a long shot.

"The job you're here to work on."

"You know something about it then?"

"Listen," Sturg told him. "You and I would understand each other no matter what sides we were on or what we called ourselves. Where is Miss Cass?"

"Miss Cass," Mitsuchi said, "was your secretary, wasn't she? You hired her in Tokyo the night you left for Kobe."

"All right," Sturg said, "let's play your way. First it was the Count Ito. Two days afterwards it was the Prince Tokugawa. Even if both of them had not been popped off with silenced guns, wouldn't it occur to you to make some connection between both murders in view of the fact that both men started for Manchukuo to do the same job?"

Mitsuchi nodded. "Go on, Hammond san."

"Well, when the next man in line gets popped, will your Army Intelligence be convinced that Miss Cass had nothing

(Continued on page 63)

Up from Riches

By George Creel

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

Assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury Josephine Roche came to Washington to continue a notable career in promoting social progress

PHOTOGRAPH BY
IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

ASK any fairly intelligent inmate of Washington to pick out the strong men of the Administration, and it is safe to bet that every list will contain the name of Josephine Roche of Colorado. Although nominally an Assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury in charge of all public health activities, she sits on all sorts of interdepartmental committees, and has become an almost legendary figure by reason of her common sense and projectile force. It is even whispered in awed tones that she has been known to get a group of economists, statisticians and special advisers down to the business in hand in an hour or two after the meeting has been called to order.

In a town where people rush to a doctor when they find themselves speaking well of anyone, Josephine Roche is unique in that everybody likes her. Southern senators, reared in the religious conviction that woman's place is the home, pay her the tribute of sensible conversation, not even calling her "little lady." Hard-boiled business men, after contact with certain other New Dealers, rush to the Treasury Building at a mad gallop, pathetically convinced that five minutes with Miss Roche will restore sanity. At the mere mention of her name, Postmaster General Farley immediately suspends his mastication of chicle, and mutters enthusiastically, "She's the goods."

It will not do, however, to imagine that Josephine Roche reached her present enviable position by a series of magnificent leaps and bounds. Few lives have been more packed with struggle and hardship, for not only was the unfortunate girl born to affluence, but at a time when other children were getting an education, her parents sent her to Vassar. After that came dark, bitter years when she studied for a doctor's degree at Columbia, and lived in the settlement houses of New York, invading such tenements as were not provided with barricades. Her story, in fact, might well be called, "Up from Social Service, or Dogged Does It."

These handicaps, that would have crushed a weaker person, only served to strengthen Josephine Roche's iron determination to "make something" of herself. Always she held to hope and courage, and at last her big opportunity came in the shape of a telegram from Denver, her home town, offering her a place on the police force as America's first "lady cop." Frances Perkins and other Columbia habitués begged her not to accept, pointing out the difficulties and dangers in trying to rise above a college education, but our heroine was not to be swayed.

"It's my great chance," she said. "I've got to go while I still have youth and ambition. If I stay here and get a Ph.D. degree, who knows whether I'll still have the courage to continue the upward struggle?"

Soft Words from a Lady Cop

Back in Denver, Miss Roche's job was to ride herd on dance halls, parks, skating rinks and other forms of commercialized amusement. The year was 1912, when equal suffrage was still being fought as "unwomanly," but from the very first the slim, gray-eyed girl flashed those rare qualities that have made her such a successful human being. When she made her rounds, wearing a large, impressive star, she didn't say, "Do so and so, or I'll throw you in jail." Instead of that, she talked heart to heart with every proprietor, showing him the evil effects on children, and appealing to his sense of decency and his own love of family. Wholesale arrests would have been worse than useless, increasing resentments and aggravating resistance to the city laws, whereas Miss Roche's policy made a friend and supporter of every dance-hall man and rink owner.

"Gangs" were a menace at the time, defying the police, but Josephine Roche got close to the young hoodlums, winning their confidence, and soon the "gangsters" were forming a guard of honor for the "lady cop" as she made her nightly rounds, eager and willing to "beat up" any boy who did not obey the rules she laid down. Once a burly policeman, making himself objectionable at a Gaelic merrymaking, received a smack on the jaw that laid him flat.

"Boys! Boys!" cried Miss Roche, happening to come in at that moment. "I'm ashamed of you. Report at my office tomorrow morning without fail. Get up, Mr. So and So," she murmured protectively to the policeman. "Don't be nervous, I'll take you home."

Denver's infamous "crib district" had shamed the town for years, and when the police commissioner announced that he meant to wipe out the plague spot, a shout of approval went up from every decent man and woman. Instead of jailing the wretched inmates, however, as was the usual custom, they were placed in hospitals for observation and treatment. Nothing was more necessary than to gain the coöperation of the sullen, resentful women by convincing them that it was not a mere "moral crusade," but a reclamatory movement largely in their own interest. As always when a real job had to be done, Josephine Roche was called in, and her sympathy and understanding did away with hates and angers, and won the great majority to the hope of a new and better life.

A new city administration turned its back on "uplift," as all attempts at social progress were stigmatized in those days, and Josephine Roche left the police force to take a place in Judge Ben B. Lindsey's Juvenile Court. When a great coal strike stained the state with blood, she took her stand with the embattled miners.

Along came 1915, and the Commission on Belgian Relief wanted someone to see conditions in Belgium, and then return to tour the United States, organizing and inspiring. They sent Miss Roche. Back to Judge Lindsey's court and Colorado for another whack at humane laws, and then came America's entrance into the World War. Before many months had passed, the chairman of the Committee on Public Information discovered the pressing need for direct and continuous contact with the foreign-born. He sent out a hurry call for Josephine Roche. Under her direction, exactly thirty-three foreign language groups were organized, reaching down into the very villages. The job that she did was a miracle of completeness. The finish of the campaign was that stirring Fourth of July, 1918, when representatives of the thirty-three groups pilgrimaged to Mount Vernon from every part of the country, and after laying a wreath on the tomb of George Washington, consecrated themselves anew to their adopted country.

Practical Radicalism

The war ended, but Josephine Roche held to her belief that making the Melting Pot *really* work was of tremendous importance. Raising money when and where she could, but often with only her own energy and enthusiasm as a capital fund, she kept the thirty-three groups alive, driving home the true meanings of America to hundreds of thousands of foreign born, all too often groping and disheartened.

A crowded, interesting and useful life, and then in 1927 her father—a gentle, kindly man, albeit conservative to his finger tips—died, leaving her large holdings in the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, the second largest producer of coal in Colorado. And straightway the daughter quit all of her own activities at once, having no other thought than to carry on the work. A change indeed from Greenwich Village, settlement houses and social service to the head of a great business employing thousands of men.

The whole state knew what Josephine Roche had been saying and doing, but nobody believed for a second in the persistence of her radical views after the inheritance of a fortune.

Miss Roche's holdings in the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, although large, were short of a majority, and during the summer of 1927 she sat quietly enough, listening to lectures from gentlemen who assured her that her ideals, splendid though they might be in theory, had no place in the hard practical world of business. And then in October, some five thousand miners in the northern Colorado coal fields went on strike. State troops were called out to crush the uprising, and in a pitched battle at one of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company's mines, six strikers were killed and many wounded.

In due course the State Industrial Commission held a hearing. Josephine Roche rose to her feet, and in her usual calm, rather deprecatory manner, informed all Colorado that the strike was based on unbearable wrongs that were matters of notorious knowledge.

Before the echoes of this war declaration had a chance to die, Miss Roche

(Continued on page 30)

By Moon Light

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By George Milburn

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

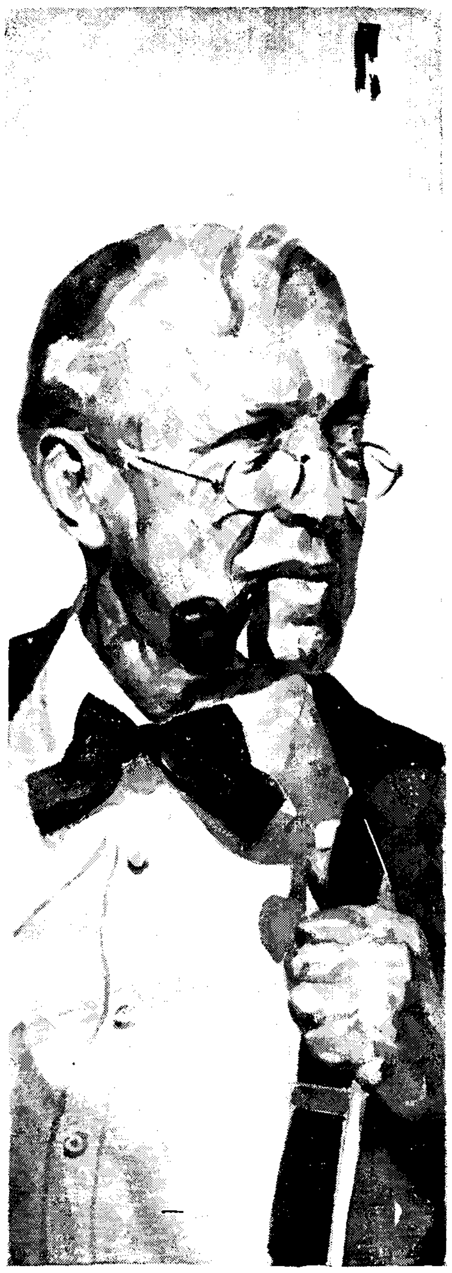
THE Renaissance palace, with its ornate façade, rose like a mirage from the shimmering prairie that surrounded the town. A coupé swerved off the dusty street, past a tin R. F. D. box, and into the drive that led over a scorched lawn to the mansion. There the car stopped and a lean man got out. He walked round to the courtyard where an old man sat, serene in the morning cool.

“Sorry I couldn't understand, Mr. Moon,” the lean man said.

The old man cocked filmy blue eyes up at him and pursed his lips.

“Hidy, Sid,” he said, ruminating. “No, I cain't talk worth a dern over a telephone. Glad you come on out. Pull yourse'f up a chair. Sid, you been my lawyer ten year now; I figure it's time I got some use out of you. Tell me this: If I's to sell ever'thing I got right now, how much cash money you reckon I'd have?”

The lawyer sat down and studied a moment. “It's hard to say, offhand, Henry. Oil isn't the price it used to be, and your production has fallen off a great deal lately. Your big house here, just to be frank, is more of a liability than it is an asset. Right now your investments and your royalty rights might realize, in a forced sale, say ten thousand dollars.”



“That's my name: Henry Clay Moon”

The old man chewed a while. Then he said, “Humf! That's what I thought. And folks tells it around I'm a millionaire!”

“Yes, they get exaggerated notions,” the lawyer commented, dryly.

“Hmmm,” the old man said, rubbing his chin slowly. “Sid, the reason I ask' about my finances was out of curiosity, owing to a little matter that come up here lately. Listen and give me your advice on it.

“Month or so back I begin getting some letters that I couldn't make head nor tail of, though they was all addressed, ‘H. C. Moon.’ This went on three, four days. I was laying off to speak to the mailman about it, first chance I got to meet him at the box. Next thing, in come a five-hundred-dollar check from some Chicago man. I knowed it wasn't none of mine, so I stuck it back, aiming to tell the postmaster about it next time I got to town.

“Well, sir, that same day a man I never laid eyes on before come marching in here, and says to me, mad-like, says, ‘Is your name H. C. Moon?’ I says, ‘That's my name: Henry Clay Moon. What's your'n?’ And he says, still sore as a boil, ‘That's just why I'm here. My name is H. C. Moon, too!’ I says, ‘Do tell! I allowed I was the only Moon within five hundred miles of here!’

“ ‘Moon sure ain't a *common* name,’ he says, speaking more polite. So he goes on to say how he arrived in town a few days before. Didn't know a soul here. Put up at the hotel and told Mort Neff, the clerk, he was expectin' some important mail and to watch out for it. Well, first day, no mail; second day, no mail; third day, when Mort says he ain't got no mail, he pounds on the desk and yells, ‘Looky here: something's wrong! I've got mail a-comin' and it's had plenty time to get here. Now where is my mail?’

“MORT NEFF—I guess if the truth was told, Mort ain't quite all there—looks scared and says, ‘What was that name, mister?’ So he says, ‘Name! I call for my mail three days; now you ask me my name! Look on the register: M-double-o-n, *Moon!* H. C. Moon!’

“Mort is surprised and says, ‘H. C. Moon? Why, we've got a prominent citizen here in town by that same name. Same initials and all. Well, sir, I bet *that's* what's become of your mail.’ So Stranger Moon says, ‘Where does this other Moon live? If he's getting my mail, I aim to have a talk with that gent.’ Mort says, ‘Oh, you cain't miss H. C. Moon's place. It's the finest house in the county. Right out west. You can drive it in thirty minutes.’

“So this stranger tells me all this just like I'm tellin' you, and says to me pretty sharp, ‘Have you been getting any mail that don't belong to you?’ I admitted I had and went in and brung out all the mail I'd got for a week. We sorted it and he took what was his'n and left me what was mine. Well, sir, just as soon as he got his five-hundred-dollar check, found it was safe, why he got over his mad spell and brightened right up.

“I asked him to set a while, and we talked along, and first thing you know, we got to tracing the name back, and come to find out, he's a son of Cousin Eb Moon, who I growed up with in Indiana. First I'd heerd of Eb Moon since he beat me out on a girl we was sparkin' and run off with her, fifty-odd year ago.

“SID, I had a fine talk with that feller. He knowed the Moon family history from A to Z. I often wondered what ever become of Cousin Eb Moon and his offshoots. When Cousin Eb's son got up to go, I says, ‘Why don't you come out here and stay with us while you're in town?’ But he says, no, he wouldn't put us to the bother. I kept after him to come till finally he says, ‘I tell you, Cousin Hen, what I *will* do. I meant to raise a row with the post office about my mail. But that's li'ble just to cause more confusion. You've been so kind to ask me out here, so why don't I just let you keep on getting my mail, and I'll walk out and pick it up ever' morning.’

“That suited me fine, so he come out here four or five times to get his mail. We had a right enjoyable time, talking about the Moon family. One day he says, ‘By the way, Cousin Hen, I'm expecting a little parcel about so big,’ and he describes it. ‘You'll know it's mine,’ he says, ‘so no need to open it.’

“Sure enough, next morning here come the carrier up to the door with a registered package. I signed for—”

The lawyer leaned forward and said sharply, “*You signed for it?*”

“I signed for it,” the old man repeated calmly. “Few minutes later here come Cousin H. C. Moon to get his mail. And do you know—”

“Yes, I know,” the lawyer put in wearily. “Since that day he came and got his mail you haven't seen hide nor hair of your Cousin Eb's son, H. C. Moon.”

The old man gaped at his lawyer in astonishment. “How'd you guess that, Sid?” he asked. “Anyhow, let me go and tell the rest of it. Well, the letters that wasn't mine sort of slacked up, but I noticed they wouldn't hardly a day pass without they was one from this big jewelry firm in Kansas City. I ask' my old woman, and she says, yes, that was the place we bought all our silverware from right after we struck oil, and a few items since, but nothing for over a year. I decided to open those letters on the chance they might be for us. When I opened them, here they was all about a ten-thousand-dollar diamond bracelet they'd sent out on approval and wanting to know what about it.

“I set right down and wrote them that they had the wrong party, that I hadn't seen ary a diamond bracelet. So this morning I got a letter back—I'll go fetch it in a minute—saying they had my signature on the registered mail receipt, and that my references was so good and we had been such good customers in the past, they was sure I didn't aim to do nothing dishonest, but if I did they'd have to bring action agin' me for ten thousand dollars. And that's why I called you, Sid. I want to know what my rights, if any, are in this case?”

The lawyer shook his head and clicked his tongue. “Henry, you haven't got a leg to stand on in a court of law. When you signed that registered mail receipt you assumed full responsibility. I fear they'll make you pay every cent of it. Why didn't you consult me sooner? Even if we could catch that swindler at this late date, you have no legal proof that you gave him the registered package.”

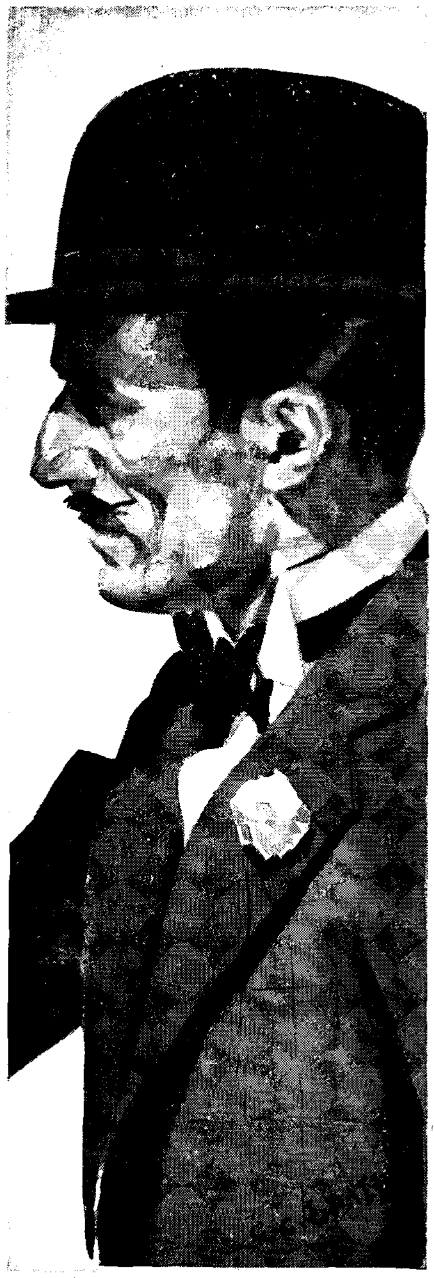
“Course I ain't got no proof I give him the package! Who said I did have, anyhow? The package is in there back of the mantelpiece clock, right where I put it the morning it come. All I'm asking you is, if I open it am I obliged to pay for what's in it, or ought I fire it back without looking inside, or what?”

“Oh! So you didn't give Cousin H. C. the registered package?”

“No, I didn't give him no registered package! I started to tell you that a while ago, but you cut in on me. That morning when he come hurryin' up after his mail I told him I'd give him an hour to leave town before I sicked the sheriff onto him.”

“You mean to say that you suspected him all along?”

“Sure I suspicioned him all along! Do you reckon I'd trust him or ary one of Eb Moon's tribe as far as I could throw a mule by the tail—after that low-down trick Cousin Eb pulled on me with my girl, fifty-odd year ago?”



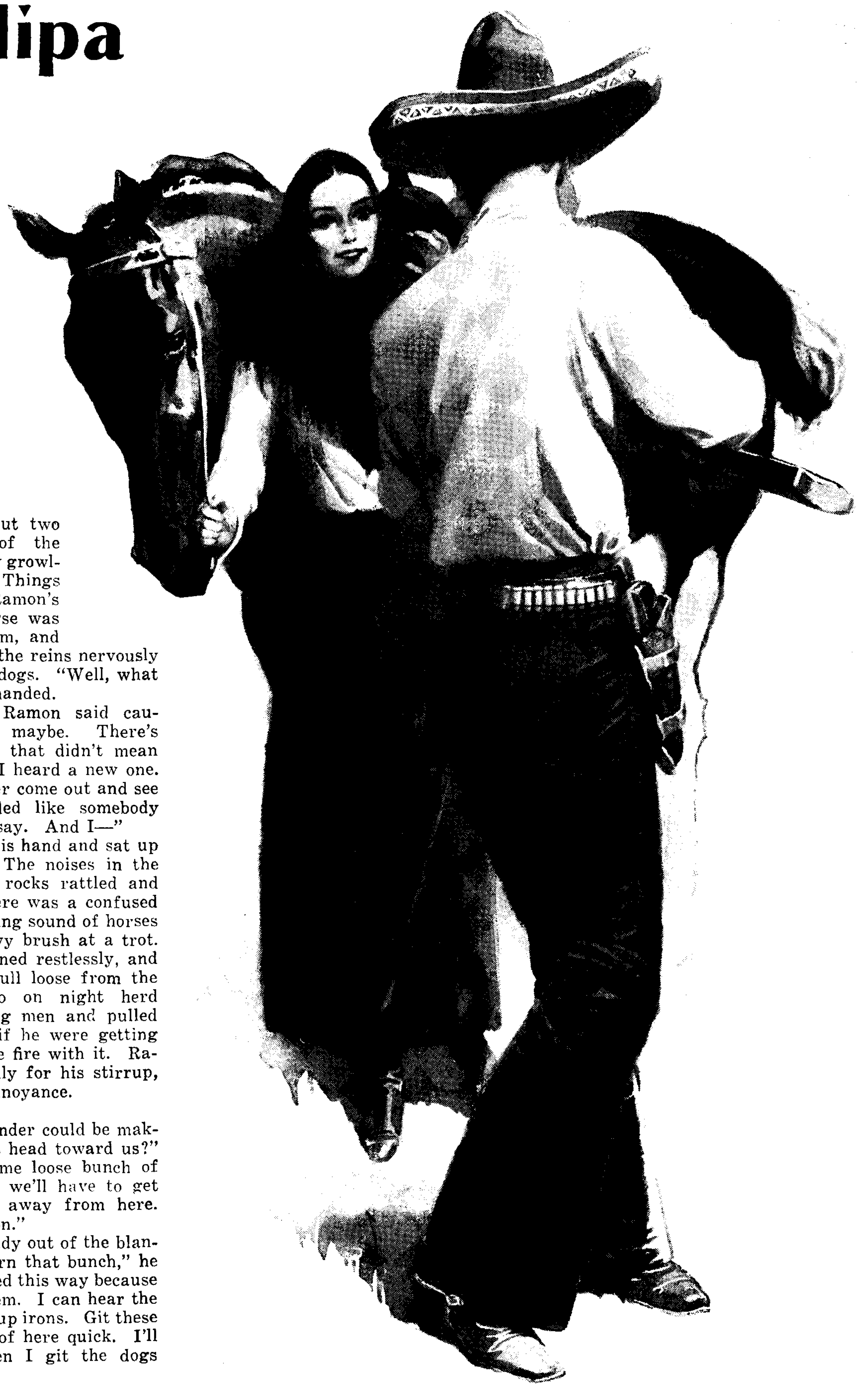
“My name is H. C. Moon, too”

A Horse for Felipa

A romance of a Mexican sector where you can't call a cop. There are no tinkling guitars, the musical accompaniment being rendered by Russ Waldron's hounds

By H. L. Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY
DAN SWEENEY



"Don't shoot me," she said. "You must change horses with me"

THE water-hole to which Russ Waldron steered the La Bastida horse herd to camp for the night was a shallow mud seep in the desert of North Mexico, with only a few rabbit trails and wild-hog tracks to show that any other living thing ever came there. It was a natural clearing, and beyond was an expanse of high thorn brush which, during the summer, supplied the desert haciendas with cattle pasture and a considerable number of ocelots and cougars with fresh beef. Waldron had been retained, because he was a professional hunter with a pack of trained hounds, to hunt all such stock-killing animals out of the country, but the work went slowly because more moved in on him as fast as he killed them off, so he had undertaken to escort the La Bastida horses through the region where the cougars were meanest and most plentiful.

The La Bastida horses were all pedigreed stock, stable-raised in the well-settled lake country above Saltillo, and totally unused to taking care of themselves in wild surroundings. It was on their account that Waldron had picked the water-hole for a camping place. The size of the clearing made it impossible for a cougar to stalk them without being seen at it, there was bright moonlight to shoot by, and Waldron had his two best hounds along to give notice if anything showed up worth shooting at. The whole thing looked safe and solid, and he voted against young Ramon La Bastida's notion that somebody should stand guard at the edge of the clearing as an extra precaution.

"If I was you, I'd keep all the men right here with your horses," he advised. "The hounds will wake us up if anybody comes prowlin' around. If you want to set out there and hear noises in the brush all night, you're welcome, but you'll be wastin' your time. Not but what you'll hear plenty."

Ramon said diplomatically that he believed he would. He knew nothing about the desert, having been raised on a lake hacienda and educated as far out of Mexico as his father could send him. He felt no confidence in Waldron's hounds, because they annoyed his horses and had to ride in a crate so thorns wouldn't hurt their feet. He distrusted all desert people on instinct, feeling that they wouldn't be living in such a place unless there was something wrong with them. He had all the riding stock kept saddled, set a man to ride night herd, and went out himself to a knoll overlooking the chaparral to do outpost duty. Waldron yoked his hounds together and fastened them to a bush, warned them not to yap at domestic livestock if they didn't want to get licked, and went to sleep.

He had slept about two hours when one of the hounds roused him by growling experimentally. Things looked quiet, but Ramon's big black saddle horse was standing close to him, and Ramon was fiddling the reins nervously out of reach of the dogs. "Well, what is it?" Waldron demanded.

"I don't know," Ramon said cautiously. "Nothing, maybe. There's been a lot of noises that didn't mean much, but just now I heard a new one. I thought you'd better come out and see about it. It sounded like somebody talking. A girl, I'd say. And I—"

Waldron held up his hand and sat up straight, listening. The noises in the chaparral got loud, rocks rattled and sticks broke, and there was a confused crashing and wallowing sound of horses coming through heavy brush at a trot. One of the dogs whined restlessly, and the other tried to pull loose from the yoke. The vaquero on night herd called to the sleeping men and pulled loose his serape as if he were getting ready to fight prairie fire with it. Ramon reached hurriedly for his stirrup, and expressed his annoyance.

"NOW what in thunder could be making those brutes head toward us?" he said. "That's some loose bunch of scrub mustangs and we'll have to get out and turn them away from here. You'd better come on."

Waldron was already out of the blankets. "You can't turn that bunch," he said. "They're headed this way because there's men drivin' 'em. I can hear the brush hittin' on stirrup irons. Git these horses of yours out of here quick. I'll be out to help when I git the dogs turned loose."

Ramon kicked his horse in the flanks and went down to his men. They were mounted, and the night herder was flogging the horse herd with his serape to start it moving. It milled for a minute, and then broke and came driving past with the men following and whipping. Ramon was leading a spare saddle horse, and he tossed Waldron the reins and told him impatiently to come on.

"You'll get run down if you stay here!" he warned. "Quit fooling with those dogs! What good have they done us?"

He left just before the mustangs broke into the clearing, bunched and straining to get ahead of one another. They were being crowded hard, and they came straight through camp without slowing up. Camp furniture and loose dogs didn't interest the mustang drivers. They were after Ramon's big purebred horses. Waldron unyoked the hounds, mounted his horse pony-express fashion on the run, and threw a couple of shots back at the stampede without interrupting its progress in the least. He downed one mustang, but he scared the others into traveling faster, which was exactly what the men behind them wanted.

RAMON had played into their hands in getting out ahead of them. It was the only thing he could have done, and he was safe enough as long as he held his horses together, but with chaparral to buck and nothing but the moon to see by, it was impossible to hold them long. Sooner or later they would break and scatter and get lost; and the raiders, knowing the country, could pick them up a few at a time while Ramon and his men were trying to scrape them together again. The raiders knew it, for they clouted along, eating dust behind the mustangs and waiting for Ramon's herd to spread out and go to pieces. Waldron, by hard whipping, caught up with Ramon's herders as they thumped down into a creek bed and headed for a small fire on a gravel spit under a dead tree.

Nothing was visible around the fire, but Waldron had an inexplicable feeling that the horses hadn't better go there. He yelled, shot, flapped his slicker, and turned them past it with not over twenty yards to spare. A couple of men jumped up, and he yelled to them to look out. He couldn't stop to explain what they were to look out for, but they saw the mustangs coming, and acted with commendable promptness. One of them set fire to a straw saddle pad and brandished it, and the other ran out and flapped what looked like a big section of water-soaked blanket. It didn't seem much to turn forty-odd runaway range plugs with, but it turned them. They snorted and set back, crowding one another sideways in the gravel as if a steam engine had started after them. The man with the blanket ran at them, and they shied off and went down the creek bed in a rush even wilder than the one they had been whipped to. The raiders went with them, ducking flying pebbles and sawing the reins in an effort to go slower.

Waldron would have liked to find out what had wrecked the stampede so promptly, but Ramon's horse herd was scattered, and he helped bunch it and count in the horses. They were winded and scratched from the brush, but they were all there, and so were the men. Nobody had seen him catch up during the run, and they had about given him up as missing in action.

"We figured you'd got run over fooling with those dogs of yours," Ramon said. "It wouldn't be a bad thing if they'd got killed, the amount of time you spend worrying about them. What good are they, if they can't even watch a camp after dark?"

IT WOULD have been better diplomacy to have insulted Waldron personally. "Them dogs done what they was told to," he said. "They didn't bay that stampede because they've been trained to let horses alone."

A heavy-boned man with a gold spur embroidered on the front of his sombrero climbed out of the creek bed. All the horses backed uneasily, and Ramon's reared and tried to run. The newcomer lifted his hat and said good evening without trying to come closer.

"Don't force your horse, *señor*," he advised Ramon. "He is frightened because there is mountain lion scent on my gloves. We were skinning a mountain lion here in the creek bed, luckily, or the mustangs might have killed us. Your horses are not damaged? These are blooded horses you have here, are they not?"

He was an amiable old gentleman, even though he didn't consider it worth while to inquire if the men were undamaged too. He explained that he had a work crew camped at some corrals up the creek, marking late calves, and that both the stampede and the mountain lion had been purely accidental encounters. His name was Morales, and his house was theirs, but since it was too far off to take them to for the night, he thought they had better bring their horses to his corrals instead. He guaranteed that they would be safe there for as long as they wanted to stay.

"You turned that stampede with a hunk of dead mountain lion?" Waldron inquired. It was a new one on him. He hadn't supposed that the brutes were of any use for anything.

"With the skin of a dead mountain lion," the old gentleman corrected. "Our desert horses are terrified of mountain lion scent, and with reason, since the lions destroy so many of them. Even yours are afraid of it. We will leave the hide here, out of consideration for their nerves. None of your horses are for sale, by any chance?"

Ramon explained that they were all contracted for delivery, at his own risk, to the San Geronimo hacienda. The old gentleman looked as if he hadn't expected much better news, and said he knew the young man who owned San Geronimo, and that he didn't believe Ramon would enjoy doing business with him. "My niece visits his hacienda often, and he is engaged to her unless she has changed her mind, which she sometimes does. My niece is extremely undisciplined, and I have avoided trouble with San Geronimo for fear she would marry him to spite me. But in a case of this kind, if you cared to disregard your contract, *señor*, I would be glad to buy these horses at whatever price he has agreed to pay. I think you would find me an easier person to deal with."

"I COULDN'T do that," Ramon said. The old gentleman was hospitable and courteous and, like all desert people, totally incapable of understanding that a man's word was something that ought to be kept. "I'll have another bunch to sell off next fall, if you're in the market then."

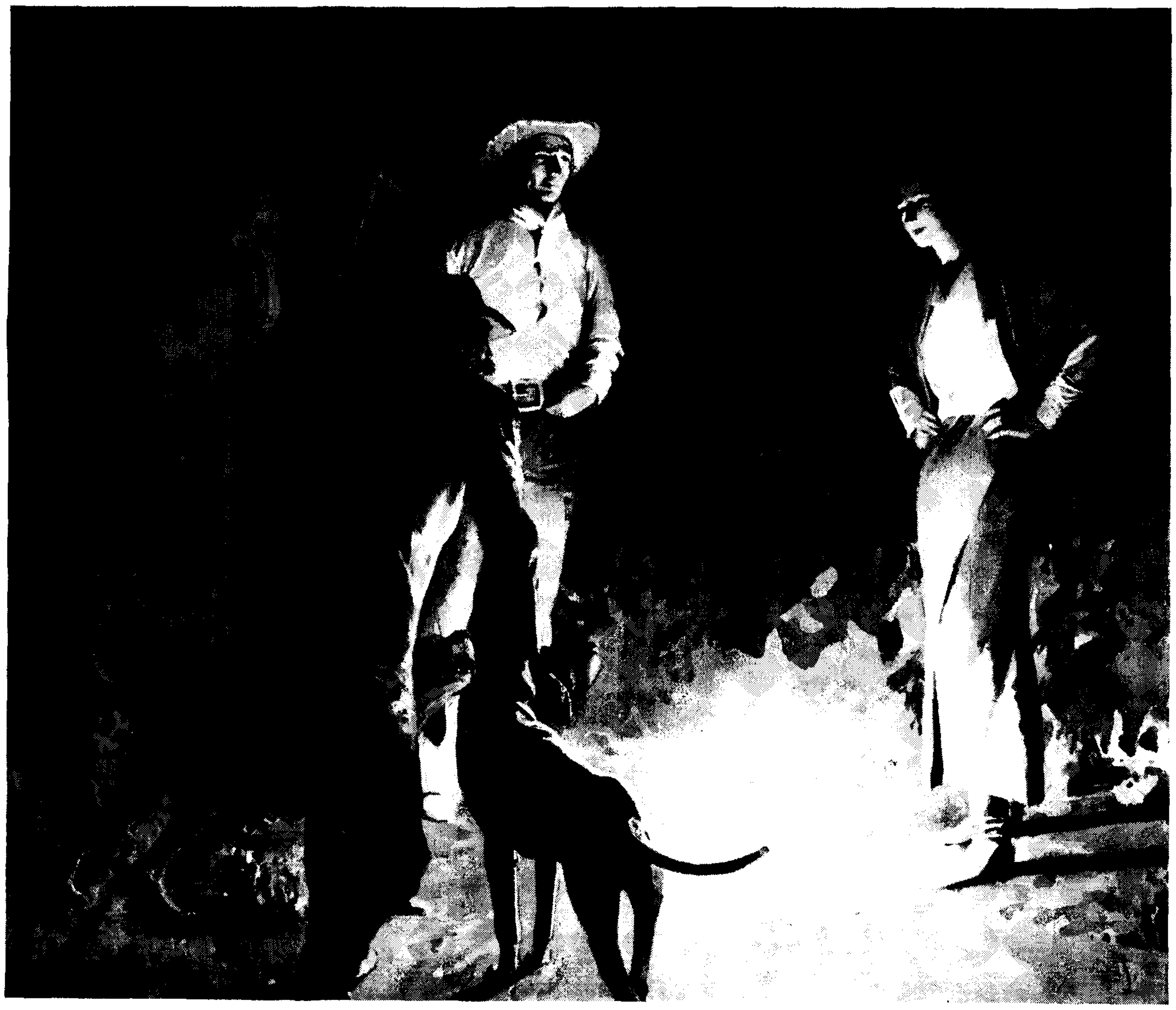
The old gentleman said he might not be. He particularly wanted these horses because he hated to see any other hacienda get better ones than he had. "And particularly San Geronimo, which is not able to afford such horses as these, and ought not to have them. But now I will scrub the lion scent from my clothes and we will take your horses to the corrals."

He called his men to fetch some laurel leaves to do the scrubbing with, and Waldron remarked that somebody had better ride back to the water-hole and collect the camp equipment. He was willing to do it, because he wanted to find out what had happened to his dogs.

"They've run loose, probably, and it'll take you a week to find them," Ramon said. "We need that camp rig before morning, so I'll go along with you. There's something I'd like to find out about back there myself."

He mentioned the girl's voice he had heard.

"Some horse-stealer's woman," the old gentleman said. "A bad lot, those women. And treacherous."


"I cannot go to San Geronimo," she said. "If you won't take me where I want to go, I will stay here"

They took the pack horses back fast, hurrying to get the trip over before the moon set. Everything seemed quiet, and the water-hole, seen from the edge of the clearing, was exactly as they had left it. Even the campfire was still burning. That was reassuring only at first view, because there hadn't been fuel enough in it to keep fire during all the time they had been away. Watching, they saw that somebody was stooped over it feeding sticks into it. Waldron was in favor of edging up cautiously to see who it was, but Ramon cast loose the pack horses and pulled his gun.

"We know it's none of our outfit, and who else could it be except thieves?" he inquired. "There may be a bunch of them around, so we'll throw a scare into them! Come on!"

Waldron took him restrainingly by the back of the shirt. "Look, there's the dogs by the fire with him," he said, as if that was some kind of recommendation. "We oughtn't to go shootin' till we find out—"

THE dogs spoiled his argument for him. He talked in an undertone at long rifle range, but they knew his voice and ran for him, baying gleefully. Ramon, seeing his surprise attack about to be spoiled, yanked loose and went for the fire at a run, shooting and yelling to make himself sound imposing. The figure by the fire stood up and, seeing that it was a woman, he reined down and put away his gun, trying to look as if it had all been unintentional. She kept her hands elevated and watched him carefully as he dismounted.

"This is a—an honor that I had hardly expected," she said, before he could think of anything to start on her with. She was dressed like a desert woman in wrap-around skirt and *rebozo*. It was a becoming costume, but there were things about her that didn't match up with it. Her voice didn't, for it lacked the desert woman's throat-clicking shrillness. Neither did her features, which were fine-drawn and delicate and high-spirited. She was obviously not accustomed to being ridden over and shot at, and Ramon felt sheepish about having done it. Waldron came forward to apologize for him.

"I TOLD him to go slow with this whoopity-bang business," he explained mildly, "but he's been through a good deal tonight, and it's put him on the fight. How did you land here? Have you got a horse?"

"Nothing but a saddle now," she said. She evidently took Waldron for the boss of the outfit, for she turned her eyes on him and looked appealing and helpless. "I had a horse, and two men for an escort. But it got dark and we ran into the stampede of wild ponies, and my men ran away and my horse was run down and killed. I carried my saddle here because the dogs kept things from being lonesome. The next thing that happened was this young man."

"He don't know much," Waldron said. He was impressed, and the fact that she had turned to his dogs for company turned him completely in her favor. "Well, we're takin' this camp rig out of here, and we might give you a lift somewhere."

She said there was a place a couple of hours' ride away where she had friends, and Ramon said stiffly that it could stay there. "We're going to San Geronimo hacienda," he informed her. "I'd advise you to come along, because there's no place closer where you can stop. But if you want to go somewhere else, you'll have to get somebody else to take you."

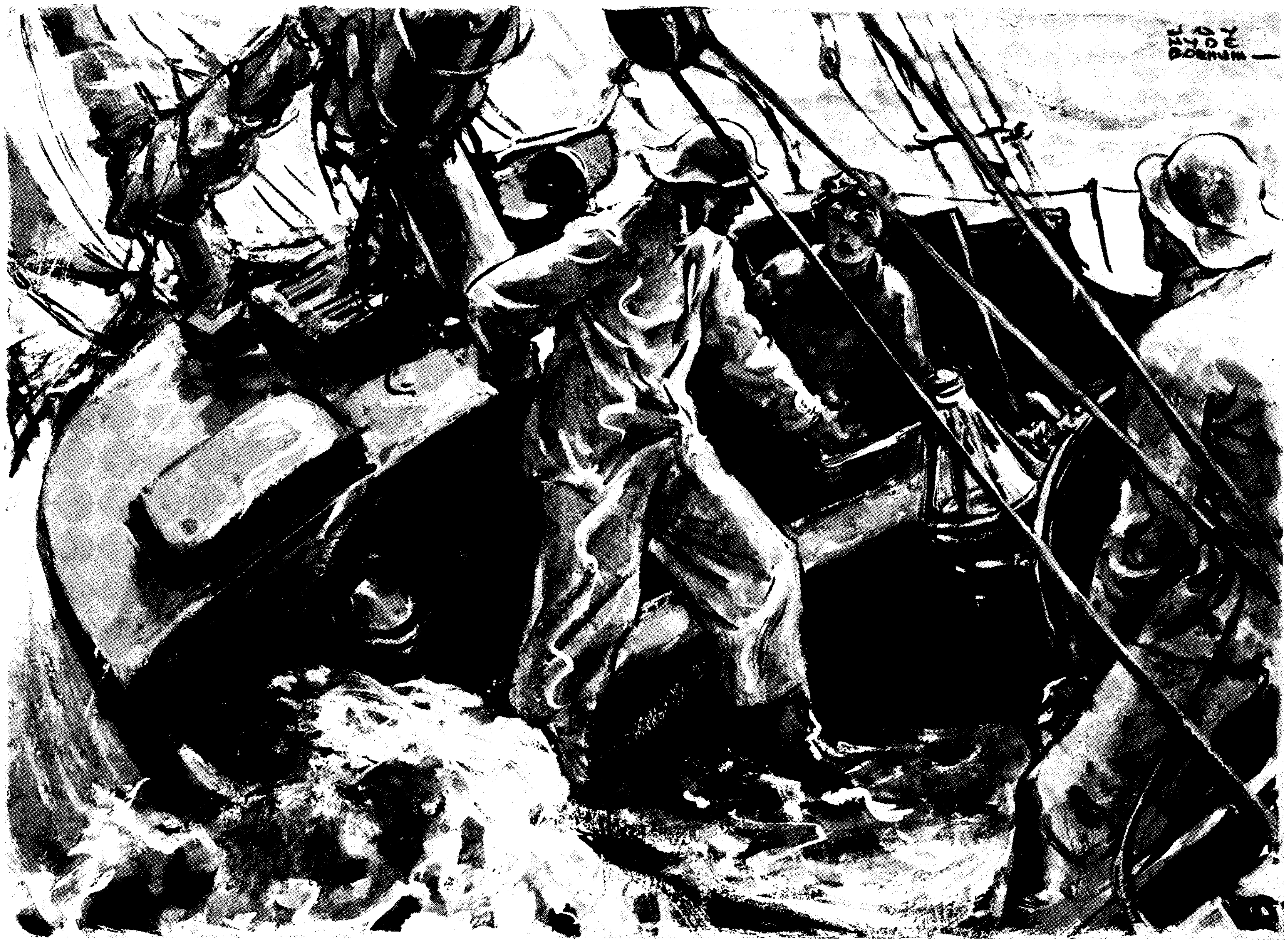
His stand was reasonable enough, because his first job was to get his horses

(Continued on page 58)

The story of a girl who loved a yachtsman, and a man who couldn't read storm signals

A Blow of Wind

By Lucian Cary



Jane stuck her head out of the hatch. The wind took her breath away. She turned her face away from the blast

JANE TORRANCE walked up Madison Avenue at five minutes of nine on her way to the offices of the William C. Blodgett Advertising Agency and didn't know that it was a nasty, sloppy, mucky day. She didn't know that people turned to look at her as people *will* turn to look at a pretty girl, even in New York.

Jane only knew that she was happy. She was crazy about her job and she was solid with William C. Blodgett. She was crazy about Pete Blodgett, and she was going to marry him as soon as the rush season was over and they could both get away long enough for a brief honeymoon.

Jane passed the open door of Pete's office on her way to her own desk. Pete wasn't down. He wouldn't be down long before he'd come into her office. Jane sat down at her desk. She hadn't seen Pete since half past five the previous afternoon, which was unusual. They dined together at some little restaurant almost every night. She hadn't seen him the night before because she couldn't in decency get out of going to dinner and the theater with some home-town people.

THE boy from the art editor's office came in with a great sheaf of proofs of the new soap campaign. Jane put Pete out of her mind and went to work to read and check the proofs. She was so hard at work that she didn't see Pete's father until he spoke.

"Where's Pete?" he asked.

Jane told him that she didn't know.

Mr. Blodgett sat on the corner of her desk. He was a striking contrast to Pete. He was a small, quick, energetic man with a fabulous temper. Pete Blodgett was so big and so imperturbable that people who didn't know him well often mistook him for a simple soul. Mr. Blodgett lived for his advertising agency. He was incapable of understanding a hobby. Pete Blodgett had a passion for the sea. He had spent his summer vacations in school and college sailing somewhere. He had never had a boat of his own. He had never needed one. Men who had sailing yachts were always begging him to accept a berth. He had been skipper of the little schooner Petrel when a crew of college boys sailed her across the Atlantic in nineteen days.

"It's eleven o'clock," Mr. Blodgett said.

"Pete isn't often late," Jane said.

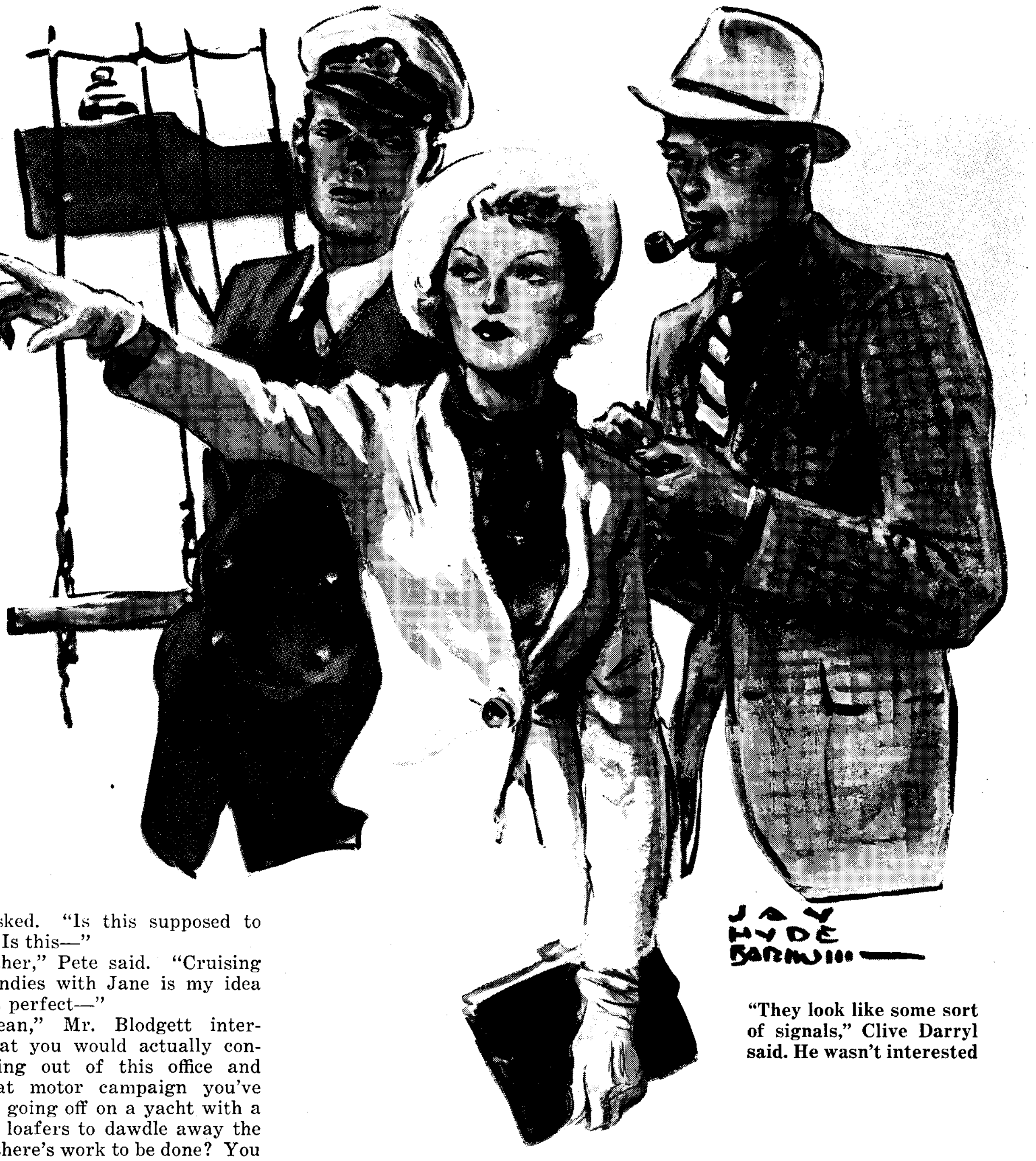
"Not since he's known you. He was never on time in his life before that—unless he was going aboard a yacht."

"Pete's only twenty-six," Jane said. "He's older than you are."

"I think Pete is going great," Jane said. "Do you remember when he couldn't get that motor copy to suit him and he worked right through the night and nearly all the next day and didn't go home to bed until it did suit him?"

"I'll never forget it," Mr. Blodgett said. "It made me believe in the boy for the first time."

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



"They look like some sort of signals," Clive Darryl said. He wasn't interested

He went off, very much comforted.

Pete came in a few minutes before noon. His eyes were shining. He was in the act of shutting the door behind him when Jane stopped him.

"No," she said, "you can't kiss me here."

Pete obediently left the door open.

"We're going to be married tomorrow," he said.

"Oh, are we?"

"We've got to be. Because day after tomorrow we're sailing with the Norman Prices on their schooner Galatea for a three-month cruise in the West Indies. How's that for a break?"

"What!" Jane said.

"I spent the evening with the Prices last night and there's no doubt that they want us to go. I went to Brooklyn this morning with Norman to have a look at the Galatea. She's the most beautiful big schooner I ever saw and she's got—"

"Pete," Jane said, "are you serious?"

"Do you think I'd try to kid you about a thing like this?"

"But don't you know we can't do it?"

PETE shook his head patiently: "You don't get it through your head. We're to be the Prices' guests along with half a dozen awfully nice people. It won't cost anything. And we shan't be putting ourselves under obligations, either. They need us."

"We can't do it," Jane said.

"Do you mean you don't want to do it?"

"I think it would be perfectly glorious. I can't imagine anything grander."

Pete smiled. "Then it's a go."

"Don't you see, Pete? I'm in the middle of the soap campaign and you're in the middle of the motor campaign. We can't run away and leave Blodgett's flat."

"Blodgett's will survive," Pete said. "We may be good but we're not so good that father can't replace us in a week."

"Your father would never forgive you."

"He'll sputter," Pete said.

Pete was between Jane and the door. Jane didn't see Pete's father coming. Pete didn't see his father. His back was turned.

"What's that?" Mr. Blodgett demanded. "What's that?"

Pete turned and smiled that easy, good-natured smile of his. "I'm asking Jane to marry me tomorrow," he said, "so we can sail the day after with the Norman Prices on a cruise to the West Indies."

Mr. Blodgett stared at his son. Jane could see the muscles in his face working. He couldn't speak for a moment.

"Is this your idea of humor?" Mr. Blodgett asked. "Is this supposed to be funny? Is this—"

"No, Father," Pete said. "Cruising the West Indies with Jane is my idea of the most perfect—"

"You mean," Mr. Blodgett interrupted, "that you would actually consider walking out of this office and leaving that motor campaign you've started and going off on a yacht with a lot of other loafers to dawdle away the days when there's work to be done? You mean you have no sense of responsibility, no feeling of what it means to do a man's work in the world and to take a man's responsibilities and to meet a man's obligations?" He paused for breath. "You mean you would try to persuade the girl you profess to love to turn traitor with you!" He pointed his finger at Pete. "Get out! I'm through with you. I've been a fool to think it was any use to try to make a man of you. You aren't a man. You're a baby. You're a bum. Get out and don't ever come back."

Jane had never seen Pete really angry before. She had thought of him as the imperturbable Pete. But now she took a step toward him. She thought he was going to pick his father up and throw him down the corridor as a smaller man might, in exasperation, throw a book that annoyed him. But Pete recovered himself.

"Very well, sir," he said, and Jane could feel what a tremendous effort he made to speak in an ordinary tone. He almost succeeded. "I'm going," he said, "and I'm never coming back."

He turned to Jane. "Come on, Jane," he said.

Jane braced herself. "Pete," she said, "I can't."

Pete looked at her and all the easy good nature she had known so well had gone out of his face, and all the tenderness.

"You aren't going to sail on the Galatea with me?"

"I can't, Pete," Jane said. "You know I'd love to—but I can't."

"You're going to stay here?" he said. He made a short, harsh gesture toward his father. "With him?"

"I've got to," Jane said. "Can't you see I've got to?"

"Very well," Pete said; "I'm going and I'm not coming back."

He turned and walked out of the office and down the corridor. Jane went to the door and looked after him. He did not look back. She turned toward Mr. Blodgett. She shut the door behind her. She sat down at her desk. Mr. Blodgett paced back and forth in front of her. He paused suddenly.

"Jane," he said, "was I harsh? Was I unreasonable? Did I lose my temper? Did I say anything unkind?"

JANE put her arms on her desk and her head in her arms and sobbed. Mr. Blodgett patted her head awkwardly.

"Listen, Jane," he said, "when that boy calls you up—be sweet to him. Make a date with him. Talk to him. Tell him you know I didn't mean it. Tell him I said so. Tell him to forget it. Tell him to come to work as usual tomorrow morning and we'll all forget it."

"H-h-he w-w-won't c-c-c-call me up," Jane said.

"Of course he will," Mr. Blodgett said. "He's mad now. But he'll get over it. He'll calm down in an hour or two. I know how it is. I'm not half as mad as I was five minutes ago. No matter how mad you are you get over it. You can't stay mad."

"Maybe you can't," Jane said. "But Pete can."

No matter what she said she continued to hope. For two days she jumped to pick up the telephone when it rang. Pete did not call up. On the third morning she read in the Times that the Galatea had sailed with Peter Blodgett in the afterguard. On Sunday there was a photograph of the Galatea in one of the newspapers. Jane could pick out Pete's broad shoulders in the group of men and women aft. His head was turned away from the camera. But she knew those shoulders. The women looked young and frivolous. One of them had been divorced twice and she was not yet as old as Jane was.

She told Mr. Blodgett that morning that she shouldn't have let it happen.

"Didn't you mean what you said?" he asked.

"Yes," Jane said, "I meant it. But I wouldn't have said it that way if I hadn't lost my temper. I was hurt. I was hurt to think he would give up the plans we'd made to work together here in your office and—and everything. I was mad. If I hadn't been mad I would have run after him and talked to him. I'd have been conciliatory—instead of defying him."

"When he gets back from the West Indies—" Mr. Blodgett began.

"When!" Jane said. "When! Do you really imagine we'll ever see him again?"

She said that not because she believed it but because she wanted to hurt Mr. Blodgett. She felt that Mr. Blodgett had ruined her life. But she couldn't go on hating him. He was the only person in the world she could talk to about Pete.

She waited for a cable, a letter, a

(Continued on page 26)

Tomorrow Comes to San Diego

By W. B. Courtney

You're going to have fun in San Diego—fun going, fun coming back and a whirl while you're there. It's better than going abroad: you will find the glamour and romance of far countries and other days that are now woven into the rich tapestry of your heritage. You will see ivory, apes and peacocks, Spanish palaces and the bright face of the future. In fact, the fair's a sight you won't forget

ON a July evening five years ago Dorothy Edwards, young and so fair, walked underneath the palm trees of the Plaza, downtown in San Diego. And that is why you will leave a note for the milkman and lock up your house, wherever it is, and come here to stroll beneath the palms and peppers and acacias, and in groves of eucalypti and cypress, when vacation time brings release from schools and offices and shops. You will find it good, this summer of 1935, in our southernmost western city, which looks from its many round-top hills to Mexican isles and a witching Pacific. You will come to days bright with the promise of work, and the return of hope to men; your heart will melt in twilights rich with certitude and peace, and the fragrance of jasmine and sage. Alas, little Dorothy Edwards will not be here to know or to share.

There was no foreboding in the gentle airs that brushed the Plaza on that evening half a decade ago; not even a sound, perhaps, or a cry to warn Dorothy before the crown of a rotted palm fell to crush her. But there were many to bless their own escapes, for the Plaza was crowded with home-goers at that hour. Termites, it was found, had done for the old palm tree. Dorothy's parents, justly, received damages from the city; and the disquieted Fathers set out to inventory the public holdings, to make sure there would be no more such tragedies. The investigators came, presently, to the building jewels left in San Diego's crown, Balboa Park, after the Exposition of 1915; found their sills and timbers shredded by termites, declared them unsound, a menace to lives, and condemned them to be razed. Thus, another lone and tiny mustard seed watered by the sorrows of the obscure began to grow toward eminent consequences.

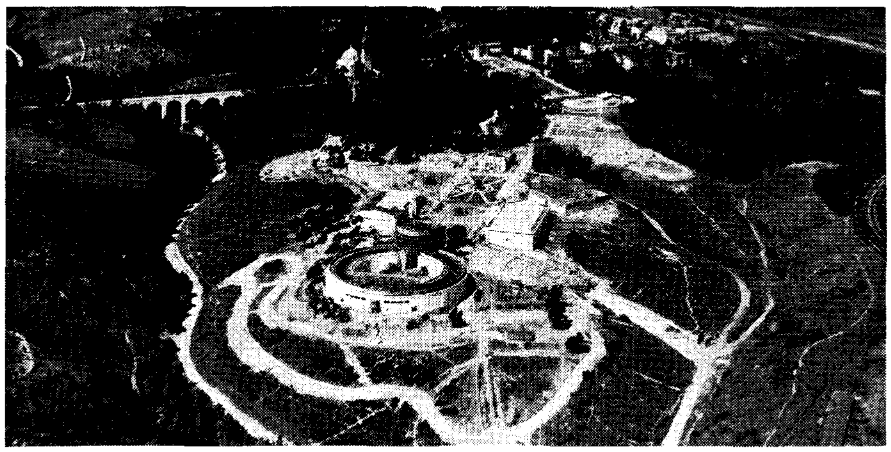
San Diego's Day in the Sun

For, when the order of destruction was set down, San Diegans discovered that the lovely old Exposition buildings were thatched by their heartstrings; wondered, with sudden pangs, how it would feel to look up toward the green mesa and nevermore see those chaste monuments to the city's outstanding twelvemonth. Through all other years, before and since, San Diego had been a drowsy little town on the lush edge of *mañana* land, pocketed away from the main stream of travel, with only the comings and goings of the fleet to endorse the importance of its harbor as the nation's greatest naval base; an evening town, where fortunate old folks retired to sit out their days, and there were no stacks to spit the grime of industry over spotless homes and streets. But in 1915 San Diego had its year in the world. Despite the Great War in Europe, and in the teeth of the famous Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco—the greatest show the West Coast was to know until the 1932 Olympic Games in Los Angeles—this offside little city of less than 50,000 inhabitants with its "Garden Fair," bravely called the California Pacific Exposition, was visited by nearly four million persons.

Here, then, was sacrilege; as well order Paris to knock down its Arc, London its St. Paul's, Granada its Alhambra, Philadelphia its Independence Hall, Edinburgh its Stirling Castle, Salt Lake City its Tabernacle, as demand that San Diego consign to the axe and the crowbar its Exposition buildings; a few of them consummately exquisite, all of them lovely and of authentic Spanish Renaissance and Spanish Colonial designs akin to the historical traditions of this countryside.

You must not forget that San Diego is the Plymouth, its Point Loma the Cape Cod, its Ballast Point the Pilgrim Rock, of the Pacific United States. Moreover, the grandparents of Myles Standish and Elder Brewster and the signers of the Mayflower Compact were not even sparkin', let alone married, when Cabrillo, the Portuguese, landed here. You can't toss that sort of thing lightly to the wrecking squads. Counter-surveys went into action, and found that all the buildings might be newly silled and timbered with redwood—which gives termites heartburn—and made quake-proof and safe and permanent for less money than would be required to wreck them and landscape the foundation scars. San Diego citizens dug more than twenty thousand dollars out of their pockets for materials, while the CWA provided laborers.

Somewhere, somehow, sometime in those reconstruction days San Diego's Pennsylvanian and Kansan proxy descendants of the gay caballeros found themselves ground flying with the jolly notion of another exposition. "I thought of it first" claimants are singularly lacking. On the other hand, if another San Diegan tells me that the idea, like Topsy, just growed up, I shall



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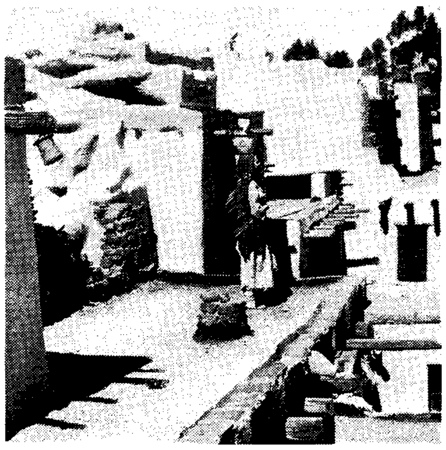
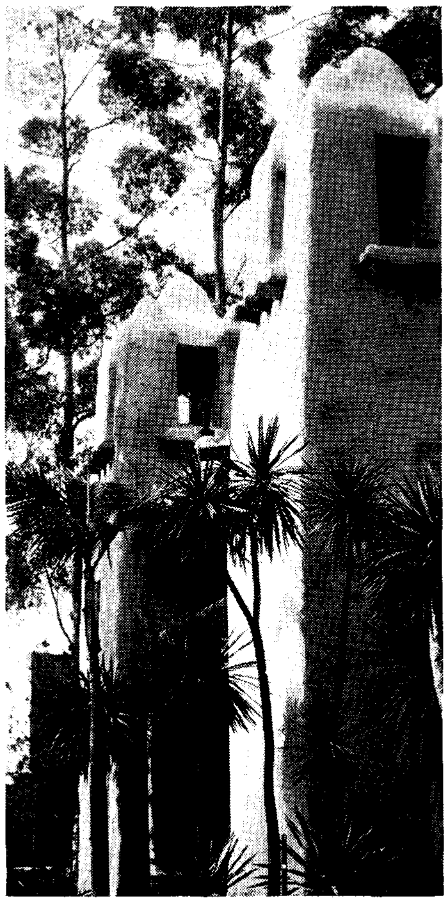
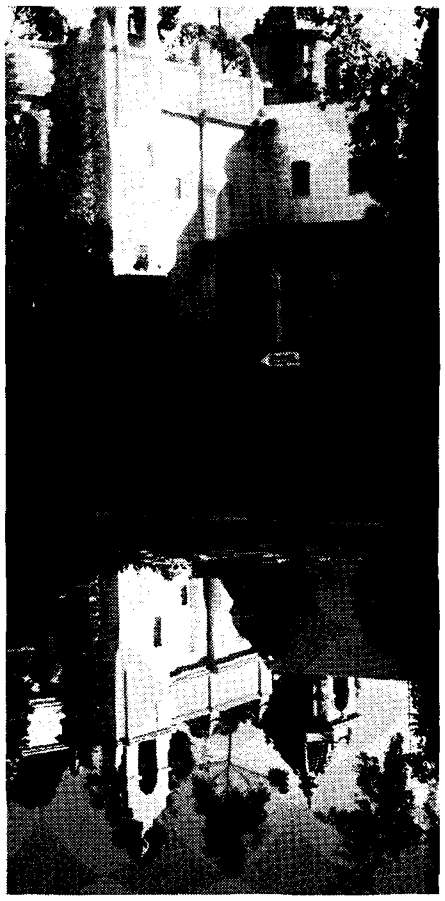
Air view of the grounds of the 1935 California-Pacific International Exposition at San Diego. Below, a glimpse along the Avenue of Palaces





The Pueblo-style Indian Village and, below, the Palace of Education



The entrance to the Spanish Village, and, above, placid Mirror Lake

The patio of the House of Hospitality. Below, Cabrillo Bridge, named for San Diego's founder, at the entrance to the Exposition grounds in Balboa Park

have to scream even if it frightens the lady in the next room. Chap named Frank Drugan—now Executive Secretary of the Exposition—seems to have been the busiest missionary.

The fact is, of course, that world's fairs, or international expositions as they are modernly called, are not like the electric chair. You can get them more than once. Indeed, recurrences are inevitable. Leipzig and Maxim Gorki—(*née* Nishni-Novgorod)—have yearly attacks; Paris over ten centuries has been a frequent and comely sufferer. Chicago has taken the idea to heart, while San Francisco, blue-printing a new exposition to celebrate the completion of her Golden Gate Bridge in 1938, is red-headed because Los Angeles, one of the newer expomaniacs, is biting pencils with an eye on the same year, and the fiesta possibilities of Boulder Dam and Metropolitan Aqueduct. The craze might get out of hand. It is appallingly easy to visualize a century no single year of which may be safe from The Greatest International Exposition and World's Fair of All Time in some town between Tacoma, Washington, and Tallahassee, Florida.

San Diego, therefore, in less time than it takes you to learn to pronounce El Capitan Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo, was divided into districts and teams and cheer leaders and victory charts; the California-Pacific International Exposition was under way, set for the twentieth anniversary of the old fair. All on account of Dorothy Edwards; in ordinary gratitude, the Exposition should designate July 28th as "Dorothy Edwards Day" and hold memorial services in honor of her innocent contribution. Because of her, millions of Americans have already begun to move upon San Diego, bent upon the most colorful holidays of their lives; because of her, trains and ships and busses are merrily filled and great transcontinental highways lure pleasure drivers; because of her, the entire Pacific Coast looks toward its busiest and most prosperous tourist year; because of her, indeed, nations that share the Pacific Ocean may be turned away from the insanity of misunderstanding and jealousy.

California Faces the West

Most important, San Diego's fair might breed in eastern visitors an understanding of the Coast; its raucousness, its sense of isolation, its eyes turned away. When the Far Westerner thinks of tomorrow he turns his back upon the East, for there great mountains raise a veritable wall that cuts him off; and beyond are deserts, he knows. He looks, instead, from his shore to the far blue horizon of his ocean; toward the golden line that enterprise and commerce and human imagination have always pursued. The sunrise marks back-tracking; new empires historically lie in the sunset. For the Westerner, not the Mississippi, not the Plains, but the Rockies divide our nation. In such mountain states as Colorado you find sharp distinctions, political and social and economic, between eastern slope and western slope folks; the latter are a proudly different race, who may never have seen over the top to the east, while the former are Easterners still in all ties.

Peoples of a nationality differ only in the ratio that they do not share the same dreams. The average Westerner is anxious for his exalted visions to be recognized and applauded, even if not partaken of, by the average Easterner. San Diego and its "America's Exposition," therefore, is the whole Pacific Coast and Mountain States region on parade; with hands outstretched. Seattle, 1,300-odd miles away, is quite as enthusiastic and interested as Fresno, a thousand miles nearer; or Phoenix in the desert, or La Jolla, just up the road.

World's expositions, intelligently and justifiably conceived, are useful strutting places for a nation's ego; they take you window shopping along the avenues of mankind's progress. Here, this summer, not only San Diego's lushly bowered Exposition—a hundred gemlike buildings, hidden in canyons of palm and pine or facing green lawns against scattered palisades of tall eucalypti with trunks as bronzed and straight and lean as young girl swimmers' thighs—will be on show. All the natural and man-made wonders of the West will be dressed up for you—Yosemite, the Big Trees, Hollywood, Death Valley, the Golden Gate, heart-stealing Agua Caliente, the Grand Canyon, Mount Wilson, from which you may look to other worlds, Puget Sound and the ravishing Cascade Mountains.

No man can tell precisely the extent to which Chicago's Century of Progress helped to rout the clouds; no one may predict the furthermost influences of San Diego's valiant gesture upon the rising tide. The United States needed both. Three years ago it was as though we all were trapped in a dark room, hopeless of escape; the Chicago Fair was like the sudden rolling up of a window shade in that room, to let in the light, to show us there was another day ahead. Chicago proved there would be a tomorrow; San Diego shows us its arrival in a trailing dress of beauty.

A Product of Sheer Energy

Many of the San Diegans who helped to give substance, in both work and money, to this year's fair, were on the skirmish line for the town's first exposition a generation ago; many others who are important now had not been weaned then. Like most significant and interesting achievements, the 1935 fair can be traced principally in terms of human nature, of personal elements. It is the product of bare hands and dogged hearts; of minds that thrive upon discouragement; of workaday men and women, to some of whom I shall introduce you presently although I wish you might have seen them, as I did, five weeks from opening day and outsiders wondering, great Scott, how can they ever be ready to open on time!

Take my word for it, you are going to get values at San Diego this summer that cannot be bought. Everyone on the run daily and Sunday from eight in the morning until they are carried home on their own prolapsed tongues at midnight. Everyone, from each office boy and each secretary and each department head, smack up to young President Belcher, son of millions and Old Nassau, steaming as though the opening depended upon him (or her) and him (or her) alone. I always feel there is a little too much wheel-slippage, too much helter-skelterism, in these affairs; with a little less panic, the girls ought to be able to have Saturday nights off, at least. Nevertheless, honesty compels me to record that I staggered out from my first day in Exposition Headquarters exhausted and bruised just from watching, and concerned lest such fevers spread to editorial offices.

Relief Work with a Purpose

The nub of all this furor is that anyone can build a ten-million-dollar exposition if he has ten million dollars cash in the till. These San Diegans have built a ten-million-dollar fair with $750,000 in ready money—and even that was a quarter of a million in excess of what the fund drivers had asked from the business firms and private citizens of the town and Coast. Truly, this was a shoestring fair in all save outcome. The buildings of the former exposition could form but a small nucleus for a fair that would attract 1935 crowds; yet the many new structures had to live up to the artistic values of the old. The State Emergency Relief Administration lent encouragement. Here is one scene where critics may not scoff at the utility or sensibleness of relief work; for this will last and grow.

(Continued on page 54)

UNLESS there is evidence to the contrary, it may be assumed that Jimmy Savo was invented by Horatio Alger. At the age of thirteen he was down at the dock taking the Fall River boat for New Bedford and the start of his professional career as a juggler. Not only was he down there but he was ready for his career. In one hand he carried a hat box with the trick derbies he used in his act and in the other was a suitcase of the old accordion type—the more you put in it the bigger it got, and he had brought everything the folks in the Bronx could spare. In addition to that he bore about his person an assorted collection of billiard cues which persisted in tripping him as he walked, and poked him in the eye when he started getting huffy about it. Around his neck, tied by a string, was a bag of sandwiches his mother had insisted on preparing for him. When the boat started to leave the dock, he stood on the deck and waved to his parents below.

"I was so homesick, I'd have jumped and started swimming back," says Savo, "if it hadn't been for all that stuff I had. You don't just pick up billiard cues every day."

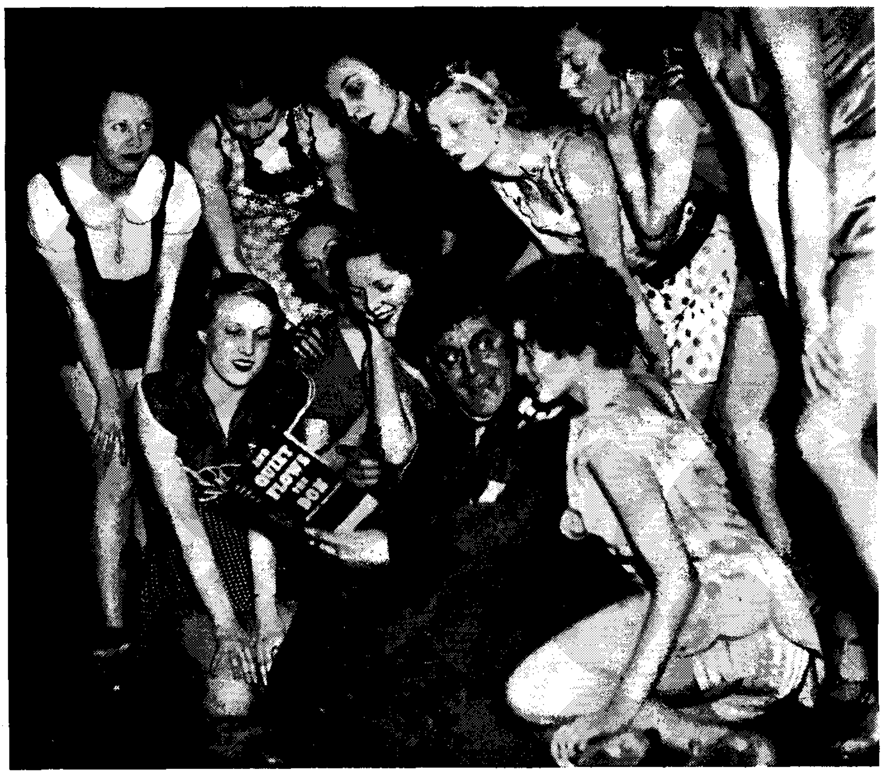
Jimmy Savo is now the best-known American pantomimist and spectators will drag you out of your seat and start beating you about the ears unless you agree that he is one of the funniest men alive. He is in Parade, the first full-fledged musical show of Theatre Guild history, but he is no longer juggling and he has more lines to speak than he has had in ten years all told.

Savo is the son of an Italian shoemaker and in his youth was extremely poor. He started selling papers almost as soon as he could walk and did a fine business on Saturday nights when he combined a bit of buck-and-wing dancing and falsetto singing with his salesmanship. What launched him on his career as a juggler were the street entertainers who used to show up in the Bronx with a bass drum, a live bear and an act which included the tossing about of flaming torches.

"The man would have the drum on his back and work the drumstick and cymbal with a string attached to his foot. If he was really good, he would at the same time be playing another instrument with his mouth and doing a juggling act. That gave me the idea and I started monkeying around with rocks. I started with two and finally worked it up to six. When I made a little money, I bought marbles. Great stuff."

On the Amateur-Night Circuit

When he wasn't practicing at his juggling, Jimmy was helping the family. He was the lad who sifted the neighbors' ashes with the hope of getting enough coal for the Savo household. He also bought the cracked eggs and stale buns, which was all the Savos could afford, being sent by his mother with the thought that if anybody could get an extra bun it would be the little guy who looked like somebody left over from an Armenian famine. He was eight years old when he took up juggling, weighed fifty pounds and wore a sweater which in the course of years managed to stretch down to his ankles and bogged around the neck like a horse collar. It was at the same period that his amateur-night career began.



Jimmy Savo. Twenty-eight years of comedy routine have not dulled his desire to become, some day, an actor

"Had a regular circuit," says Savo. "Down at Miner's Bowery, a place up in the Bronx and even a few over in Jersey. When I didn't get the hook, I had a chance to win five bucks or a gold watch. My old man used to hock the watches until he got afraid the cops would pick him up as a crook's fence."

His first professional performance was in Brockton, Mass., the place he was headed for when he took the boat for New Bedford. He was thirteen years old, was away from home for the first time and was getting $40 a week. When he got the first $40, he almost suffocated in his hotel room that night because he closed the transom and nailed down the window and piled all the furniture in front of the door for fear of thieves. He drew one of his first stage laughs from that circumstance. Because he carried his money in the sole of his shoe, he gave a little hop of pain when he moved. The crowd thought it was pretty good, a hop like that from a little guy like that. He learned other things as well. After working every day for two years on an intricate trick, he finally showed it before an audience.

It's How You Do It

"They didn't give a damn," says Jimmy sadly. "When I did something a kid in the cradle could do—something like balancing a feather on my nose, they almost pounded their hands off. That's when I started learning about showmanship. It isn't what you do, it's how you do it."

His education was further advanced in Lafayette, Indiana, one week when the thermometer went down to 19 below and the furnace refused to do any work behind the curtain. It was four above in Savo's dressing-room and he rubbed his fingers and thumped his hands in vain. When his act went on he found that what went up also came down but not into his hands. He started dropping balls and hoops and flaming torches all over the stage. The hard-hearted stagehands added to the confusion by tossing out a basket to help him. It was a crucial moment in young Savo's life, for the theater manager reported him as having the worst act ever to appear in the state of Indiana and only his previous good record saved him.

"That was pretty bad," says Savo, "but it worked out all right because after that I took up bum juggling as a profession and had the basket chucked in every night as part of the act."

He got his first chance as a comedian when playing in Chester, Pa., with a tabloid company. The second funny man got tied up with rheumatism so badly he was fit for nothing but animal parts and Jimmy took over his role. It meant $55 a week instead of $40 and he was getting a bit weary of the daily juggling practice. Even though his juggling act was now centered about his ability to miss in a ludicrous fashion, that required hard work and he was acquiring the idea that the regular funny gentleman had all the best of it. Henry Cort's scout was in Chester seeing the first comedian but instead he hired Jimmy for Listen, Lester, which had such stars as Clifton Webb, Gertrude Vanderbilt and Eddie Garvey.

(Continued on page 48)

IT'S THE ONLY ONE OF "ALL THREE" WITH THESE 4 FEATURES

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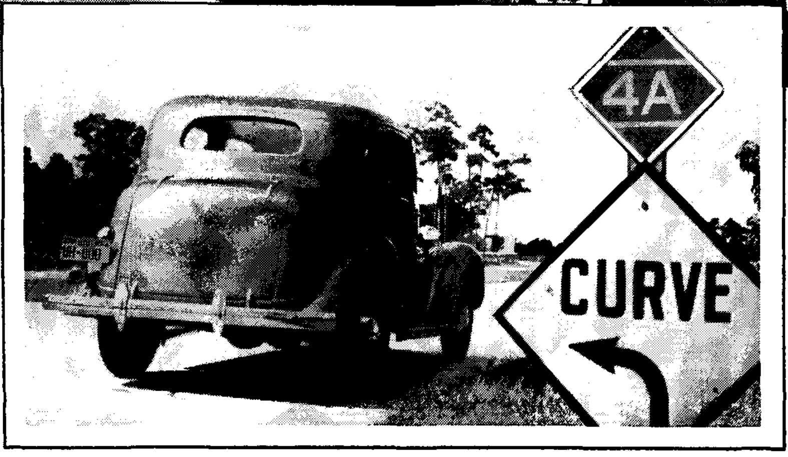

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PLYMOUTH *Now only* **$510** AND UP LIST AT FACTORY DETROIT

The Bat Flies Low

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN

The Story Thus Far:

IN LOVE with the fascinating "Hatasu," a woman of mystery whom he has met in London, Lincoln Hayes, wealthy American antiquarian and head of a great electrical corporation, succeeds in finding, deep in the desert, "The Place of Light," an ancient monastery wherein are hidden, among other wonders, some marvelous 3,000,000-candlepower lamps! And there, in that amazing spot, he encounters the most remarkable man in the world: Hatasu's uncle, Mohammed Ahmes Bey—and Hatasu! Also, an American—one Mr. Mick, whom he had met en route to Egypt.

Like the other members of his party—Ann Wayland, his secretary; Captain Paddy Rorke, a trusty aide; Eric Stefanson, a clever young scientist; and "Slim," his handyman—Hayes has hitherto regarded Mohammed Ahmes as an enemy. He now learns that the Egyptian is, on the contrary, a friend—that Mohammed Ahmes earnestly desires his coöperation in safeguarding and preserving the monastery's treasures, which, given to the world today, would place civilization in jeopardy. And, having been shown various marvels—including the lamps—Hayes takes leave and returns to America.

Before he leaves, however, he learns that one of the lamps has been stolen. He suspects Mr. Mick, who has mysteriously disappeared. And he soon learns the truth: In the employ of Simon Lobb, a business rival of Hayes, Mr. Mick has indeed stolen the lamp. And at Lobb's vast laboratory, in New Jersey, Dr. Steiner, a noted technician, is now making a tremendous, and extremely dangerous, model of it.

Disguised as a workman, Hayes—slipping past barbed-wire fences, savage dogs, armed guards, and the powerful beams of searchlights—inspects the huge structure. After which, he calmly makes his plans. . . . With Dr. Steiner and Mr. Mick, Simon Lobb inspects the stolen lamp. The three men are seated in Lobb's Fifth Avenue apartment. Presently, Mr. Mick, discharged because his work is completed, departs—with the warning that the man to beware of is Mohammed Ahmes Bey. Dr. Steiner then leaves. Whereupon, Lobb receives a mysterious caller. A tall man, wearing evening clothes. "Who," Lobb inquires, "are you?" "I am called Mohammed Ahmes Bey," is the reply; and there follows a blinding flash—then complete darkness.

Conclusion

WHEN District Attorney Maguire walked into the Hayes library early in the morning, he found heavy curtains still draped before the windows, the table lamp alight, the atmosphere dead and heavy with cigar smoke. Lincoln Hayes, wearing the old red silk dressing-gown, stood before the open hearth. The rug upon which he stood was littered with newspapers.

He was smoking a cigarette, although stubs of cigars were to be seen in many ash trays.

"What's this?" growled Maguire. "Been up all night?"

Hayes nodded.

"Rum and milk," he suggested, pointing towards a buffet. "Good in early morning."

"Thanks, no. I've only just finished my breakfast."

He stared hard at Hayes in a very puzzled way, studying the lean, unemotional face of his friend. Maguire looked more like his real self in the morning. He wore a tweed suit which, spread out flat, would have made a very good chessboard.

"Got the details?" Hayes asked monotonously. "These reports all differ. What really happened around at the Lobb apartment last night?"

Maguire selected a cigar with great care. It seemed he had come from daylight into night, and he looked around him at the mahogany bookcases, the pools of shadow on the carpet, a man somewhat bemused. Finally:

"I've got it all for you," he growled. "But as it stands, you have to read between the lines. It seems that Lobb and Dr. Steiner were out in New Jersey a great part of last night at work on some secret experiment."

"Know that," said Hayes tersely.

"There was a bit of a scare around there—maybe you know *that*. Well, as I see it, they decided to shift something, evidently something of great value, from the laboratory in New Jersey and bring it along to New York. What happened untied the hands of the Police Department to a considerable extent, and we've got your man, Mick!"

"Sure?"

"Quite sure. He had to turn up as a witness, because Lobb's butler blew that he'd been there.

"I've got his full description here"—Maguire groped beneath the depths of the checked tweed and produced a bundle of notes. "His name is Michael Truefitt. He describes himself as a journalist, known as 'Mr. Mick.' I guess that's how his passport reads. Actually, of course, he's Donoghue's star agent. He has operated all over the world, and always successfully, as far as I can gather. He certainly sold you a three-legged pup, and smuggled the goods away right under your nose."

Lincoln Hayes made no reply.

"HE WAS down there at the laboratory last night, and all three of them came back together. I guess something he reported induced them to shift the goods. Well, he left first—this man Truefitt. We've got that from the butler. So the boys had their paws on him right away, as a material witness. Then, it seems, Steiner left. He's gone back to New Jersey. But so far nobody's been able to get him—he's barricaded in there! But," Maguire added, ferociously, "he's not going to stay barricaded. We'll get him if we have to send machine guns. Anyway, just after he'd gone, Mohammed Ahmes Bey arrived."

"Ah!" said Lincoln Hayes.

"He insisted on being shown right into the study. But the butler hadn't closed the door when something funny happened—"

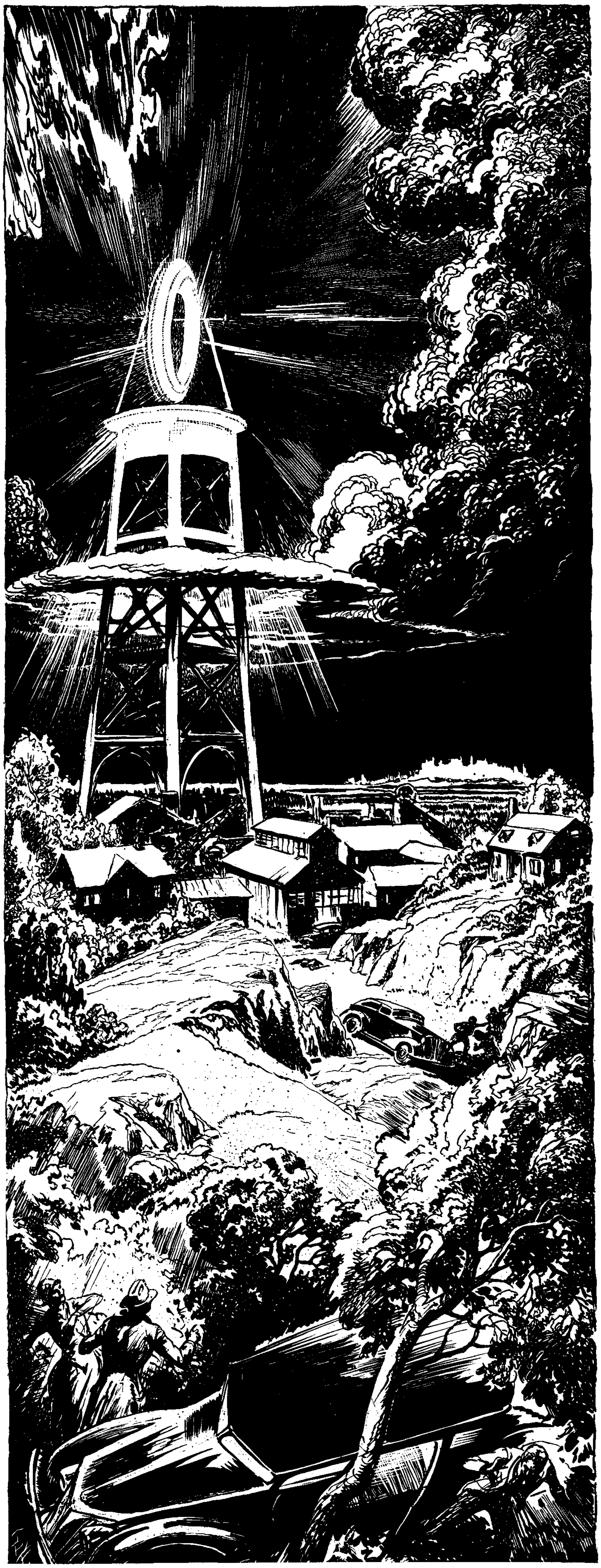
"Can guess what!"

"You've guessed right. That butler was blind for three minutes! Mrs. Lobb is away from home. There was nobody else in the apartment. The butler, who seems to have been crying with fright, judging from the report of the police officer who got there first, managed to find the phone and get through to headquarters."

Maguire paused, and in an absent-minded way crossed to the buffet, tipped some three fingers of rum into a tumbler, and filled it up with rich milk.

"By this time the butler had begun to see again. The police found Lobb lying on the floor in front of a secret safe set in the wall behind the bookcase. There was an open leather bag on the carpet beside him, but nothing in it. They got his secretary around

(Continued on page 42)



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MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ

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BUBBLE PICTURES

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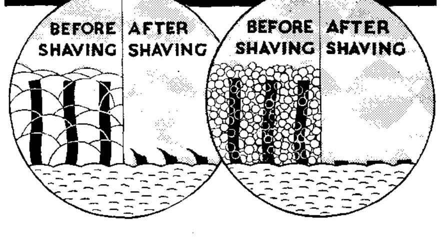

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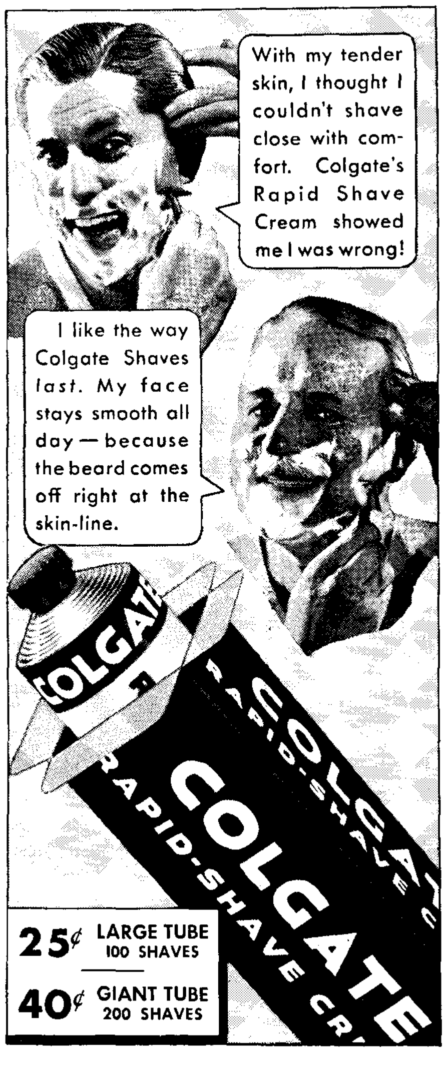
COLGATE'S RAPID SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the *skin-line*. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your razor's work easy.


With my tender skin, I thought I couldn't shave close with comfort. Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream showed me I was wrong!
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25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

A Blow of Wind

Continued from page 19

picture post card. But nothing came. She sat alone evening after evening with a book in her lap, staring into space. She didn't know anybody in New York she wanted to see. She would have flirted madly if she could. But the men she met bored her.

Then she met Clive Darryl, and was curious enough about him to go out to dinner with him. He was as handsome as a movie actor, tall, slender, dark-eyed, with close-cropped black curls, and his father was a hundred times a millionaire. Clive was excessively conceited. He had a boyish and reckless habit of pretending to be expert in matters he knew little about even when real experts were present. But he amused Jane.

He told Jane that he did not have the psychology of a rich man's son. He was neither lazy nor timid. He wanted to do things. He was doing things. He was doing one thing that ought to have been done long ago. He was putting on the market a new small motorcar of revolutionary design. Before the dinner was over he gave Jane the advertising account and told her to go ahead and plan to spend a hundred thousand dollars in the next six or eight months. She would have half a million dollars to spend the second year. It was the first account Jane had ever got or had a hand in getting. She knew she hadn't gotten it through her merits as an advertising writer. She knew she had gotten it because Clive Darryl liked her and wanted her. But she could not refuse an account for Mr. Blodgett.

JANE saw Clive Darryl often after that. She told him she had another engagement the night the Galatea got back to New York, and sat alone beside the telephone in her apartment. But she didn't hear from Pete Blodgett. She didn't know where he was or what he was doing for a couple of weeks. Then Mr. Blodgett learned that Pete was living aboard the Galatea in Huntington Harbor. Norman Price had offered the schooner for charter with the proviso that Pete should be her master.

Jane drove out on Long Island with Clive Darryl that evening. They dined *al fresco* and danced by moonlight. He stopped the car on the way back to New York. He kissed her. She permitted him to kiss her.

"You don't really want to be kissed," he said.

"N-n-no," Jane said.

"There's somebody else?"

"Well—" Jane said.

"Tell me about him," Clive Darryl said.

"May I drive your car?" Jane asked.

"Of course you may," he said.

Jane drove to Huntington. She stopped the car at the top of the hill. The harbor was spread out below. The Galatea lay at anchor, her white topsides ghostly in the moonlight, her riding light gleaming like a pale star. Jane pointed.

Clive Darryl waited for her to go on. She told him about Pete.

"I think I get the picture," Clive Darryl said. "A big, solid, honest man who loves ships and the sea. He might have gone a long way if he had been born a hundred years ago but he's out of place in modern life. He's not articulate enough."

Jane said nothing.

"How women love the type!" Clive Darryl said. "You've got a complex about that man."

"I suppose I have," Jane said.

"Of course you have," Clive Darryl said. "And you've got to get over it."

"I'd like to," Jane said. "But—but—"

"You've got to see him again," Clive Darryl said. "You've got to see him again and realize that a man so simple and naïve doesn't interest you. You're only interested in him because he turned you down. If he hadn't turned you down you'd have forgotten him long ago."

"But how can I see him again?" Jane asked. "I'm too proud to go and see him or—"

"I should hope so," Clive Darryl said. "You leave it to me."

He drove Jane home. He did not kiss her again. He told her he would not kiss her again until she had got over her complex about Pete Blodgett.

Clive Darryl called up early the next afternoon to say he was giving a yachting party. He had chartered the Galatea for a ten-day cruise. The Galatea was sailing, by a previous engagement, to Provincetown. But it would be a simple matter to motor up to the Cape and go aboard the Galatea there.

"Now," Mr. Blodgett said, when she told him about the yachting party, "now I know we'll get that boy back. You can do it."

"I'm going to try," Jane said.

Mr. Blodgett looked at her. "How ever did you manage this yachting party?"

"I didn't," Jane said. She knew she had managed it. She had merely found it far easier than she had expected. She had done it in an hour or two instead of in a week or two.

Jane sat beside Clive Darryl all the way up the Cape. Clive talked about yachts and yachting. Jane recognized some of his opinions as being those she had read in a book by Claude Worth that Pete Blodgett had given her.

They arrived in Provincetown at dusk. The Galatea's boat was waiting for them. Jane, sitting in the stern sheets, saw Pete Blodgett on the deck. Her knees trembled as she stepped aboard the Galatea and faced Pete Blodgett.

"Hello, Pete," she said.

"Hello, Jane," Pete said.

"This is Clive Darryl," Jane said. "Mr. Blodgett."

The two men shook hands.

"It's a beautiful schooner you have, Mr. Blodgett," Clive Darryl said. "I caught only a glimpse of her sections as we came alongside."

"They're mostly under water," Pete Blodgett said.

"To be sure," Clive Darryl said. "But when one has seen many yachts one may guess a great deal from the lines above the water. I am sure the Galatea is both fast and able."

"She is," Pete Blodgett said.

JANE introduced Mr. and Mrs. Framingham and two young men, Chilton Brown and Eddie Barnes, that Darryl had invited.

"Dinner will be served in ten minutes," Pete Blodgett said.

"I trust that chef I sent up is on the job," Darryl said.

"He is."

Jane saw that Pete Blodgett hated Clive Darryl on sight. He didn't seem to care much for Jane Torrance, either.

Clive Darryl took her hand and walked forward along the deck. At the bow he turned and faced the town. The moon was coming out from behind a cloud.

"He's exactly the kind of fellow I thought he would be," Darryl said. "Except that he seems sullen. You gave me the impression that he was particularly good-natured."

"He was," Jane said.

"His inability to cope with modern life is beginning to sour him," Darryl said.

Jane saw two red lanterns with a white one between hanging above the Custom House. Surely that was not only a storm signal but the signal for a full gale. They started back along the deck. Jane waited until they were beside the afterhatch, within six feet of Pete Blodgett. She pointed at the lanterns.

"Clive," she said, "what do you suppose those lights are?"

"They look like some sort of signals," Clive Darryl said. He wasn't interested.

"Mr. Darryl," Pete Blodgett said, "do you wish to sail tonight?"

"Is there any good reason why we shouldn't?"

"No," Pete Blodgett said, "unless you prefer to wait and see what tomorrow's weather is like."

"Are you afraid there'll be no wind?" Clive Darryl asked.

"I'm afraid there will be more wind than we need," Pete Blodgett said.

"Do you mind a bit of wind?"

"No," Pete Blodgett said; "I'm used to it. It's your preference that should be considered."

"Jane," Clive Darryl said, "do you mind a bit of wind?"

"I love the wind," Jane Torrance said.

"So do I," Clive Darryl said.

"Very well, sir," Pete Blodgett said.

JANE went below with Clive Darryl. They had cocktails in the cabin and a long dinner. Jane was aware that the food was delicious. But she could scarcely eat. She listened to the sounds on deck as Pete Blodgett put his crew to work. She wished she could be up there beside him watching. But she couldn't. She had to smile and pretend to eat. She felt the Galatea heel to port. She came back as she gathered way.

Jane shared a double stateroom with Mrs. Framingham. She was a long time going to sleep that night.

When she awoke it was still dark. The Galatea's timbers groaned and creaked as she pitched. The Galatea was pitching hard. Jane heard the whine of the wind in the rigging aloft. They were working hard on deck.

Jane turned the switch of the light above her head and looked at the watch on her wrist. It was three o'clock in the morning. Jane went back to sleep. She managed to sleep until eight o'clock in the morning, wedging herself in her bunk. She decided finally to get up. The Galatea bounced around so much that it was an acrobatic feat to get into her clothes, but she managed it.

The cabin was empty except for some broken bottles and glasses sloshing around in a puddle of whisky. She heard crashes in the galley. She opened the galley door. Pots and pans were sliding across the floor. She heard the chef groaning somewhere forward. A sailor in dripping oilskins and sea boots came in and turned on the drafts of the stove. He held a pot of coffee on the stove with one hand and clung to a carling with the other hand. When the coffee was hot he poured a big tin cup half full and gave it to Jane.

"If I give you more she spill," the sailor said.

Jane drank the coffee in little sips so as not to spill it down her neck. It was hot and strong. She drank it all and lit a cigarette. She went back through the cabin. She didn't like the smell of it. She wanted fresh air. She went up the companionway and pushed on the afterhatch. She couldn't open it. She pounded on it. The hatch opened. Pete

(Continued on page 28)

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CORK TIP or PLAIN

Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES

SPUD
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CIGARETTES
15c FOR 20
(20c IN CANADA)
THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

(Continued from page 26)

Blodgett's face appeared within six inches of her own.

"You'd better stay below," he said.

"Can't I have one breath of good air?"

"Stick your head out," Pete said. "You can't stay on deck without oilskins and boots."

Jane stuck her head out of the hatch. The wind took her breath away. She turned her face away from the blast of it. She caught a glimpse of the helmsman, with a line around his middle, and, beyond, the tumbling gray sea.

She went back into the foul cabin. The hatch closed tight behind her. She sat on a transom, bracing herself against the bulkhead. She heard the sounds of retching. Somebody was awfully sick.

Clive Darryl staggered out of the bathroom. He was pale green. His eyes were red fires in a pale green skin. The Galatea was sliding down a wave. The deck sloped at a startling angle. Clive Darryl dashed at the slope. It was like trying to run up the side of a house. He got to the middle of the cabin as the Galatea reached the bottom of her slide. The resulting pitch threw him across the cabin onto Jane.

"Oh, God," he moaned, "let me die."

Jane helped him up. Jane staggered across the cabin with one arm in his. The Galatea piled them up on the deck twice. But Jane got him in his bunk.

The sight of his retching finished Jane. She was sick. She sat on the transom afterward. She felt a little better. She got up and worked her way forward. She found oilskins and boots. She sat down on the deck and got into them. Then she pounded on the hatch again.

Pete Blodgett opened the hatch. He took her arm and set her in a corner in the lee of the deckhouse and gave her a line to hang on to. She couldn't talk to him in that wind and sea; she couldn't smoke. But it was marvelous to breathe fresh air and watch the sea. She stayed there for hours.

When Jane went below again two sailors were mopping up the cabin. Jane went into her stateroom. Mrs. Framingham lay with closed eyes, moaning. She had been sick all over the place. Jane worked her way back to the galley. The chef was still groaning up forward. A Norwegian sailor was holding a big can of stew on the stove. He gave her a pint of stew in a big tin cup, and a hunk of bread. Jane ate it all.

She couldn't bear to go back into that stateroom. She opened up a bunk in the cabin and wedged herself in and went to sleep. She slept and awoke and slept again. When she could sleep no more she lay awake listening. The motion of the Galatea was no longer violent. The storm must be over.

THE Galatea dropped her anchor in Provincetown harbor toward dark. Clive Darryl and the Framinghams and Eddie Barnes and the other young chap came up on deck. The chef emerged from the forward hatch.

"Dinner will be served in one half hour," he said.

Clive Darryl looked at him. "Not for me," he said. "I'm going ashore."

"So am I," said all the rest.

Jane looked at Pete Blodgett. He hadn't been asleep for forty-eight hours. His eyes looked tired. Jane held out her hand.

"Goodby, Pete," she said.

He took her hand for a moment.

"Goodby, Jane," he said.

She leaned toward him. "Don't you think—" she said. "Don't you think you're mean?"

"Yes," he said.

She would have liked to stay and talk to him. But she couldn't. She had to go ashore with Clive Darryl and his party. They arrived in New York toward dawn Saturday morning.

Jane went to bed. Jane slept halfway round the clock. She got up and made tea and toast and boiled some eggs. She had failed. She had to tell Mr. Blodgett that she hadn't brought Pete back. A tear ran down each cheek.

She went into Mr. Blodgett's office on Monday morning.

"Well?" he said.

Jane sat down wearily. Mr. Blodgett jumped up and paced back and forth.

"I've lost Darryl's account," she said.

"Never mind the account. What about Pete?"

"I don't know."

"Didn't you make up with him?"

"No," Jane said.

"Why not?"

Jane shook her head. "I don't know," she said. "It was—well—it wasn't a happy occasion."

"Did you do anything to make him mad?"

"Of course not."

Mr. Blodgett's secretary appeared in the doorway.

"Don't bother me now," he said. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

"Mr. Peter Blodgett is outside," the secretary said.

"Why didn't you say so?" Mr. Blodgett roared. "Show him in."

Jane jumped up.

"You stay right here," Mr. Blodgett said. "I need you. And if I say anything that could possibly give offense you stop me—and I mean stop me."

PETER BLODGETT came in. He looked grave. There was an awkward pause as father and son faced each other.

"Well, sir," Mr. Blodgett said, "what the hell do you mean by absenting yourself in this fashion?"

"Mr. Blodgett!" Jane said.

"What?" he asked.

"Stop," Jane said. "Stop talking."

"Father," Peter Blodgett said, "I came around to say that I was a fool."

Mr. Blodgett stood there with his mouth open, staring at Pete.

"I'm sorry I went on that cruise. There wasn't any excuse for my going. I was a fool."

"So was I," Mr. Blodgett said. He held out his hand. Father and son shook hands. Pete turned and faced Jane.

"I'm sorry I was so mean," he said. "But I'd do exactly the same thing over again. I couldn't help it. I can stand your throwing me down. But I can't stand your marrying that ass."

"I never said I was going to marry him," Jane said.

"He said you were," Pete Blodgett said. "When he came to me to charter the Galatea he said he wanted to give a yachting party for his fiancée."

"He had no right to," Jane said.

Pete Blodgett advanced on her. "Jane," he said, "I love you."

"You wouldn't," Jane said, "if you knew how mean I was to Clive Darryl. You couldn't love anybody who could be so foul."

Pete took her in his arms.

"You couldn't be too mean to a guy like that," Pete Blodgett said. "No matter how mean you were or how mean I was, he got only what was coming to him. A man who pretends to be a sailing man and doesn't recognize a hurricane warning doesn't deserve any mercy."

"Just the same," Jane said. "Just the same—"

"Just the same what?"

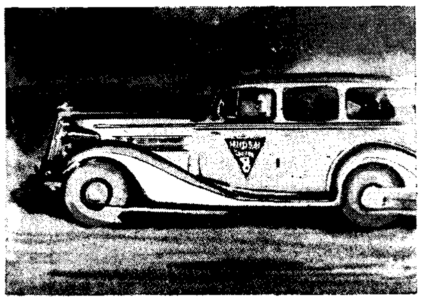
"You're going to kiss me and I want you to and—"

Pete kissed her.

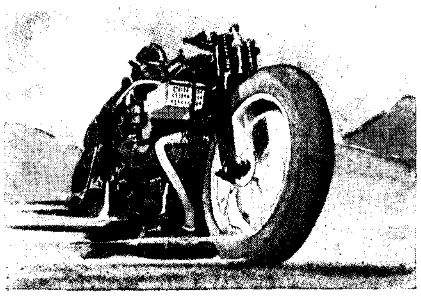
"I mean," she said when she got her breath, "I'll never forget what he did for me."

"He made me so jealous I could have killed him," Pete Blodgett said.

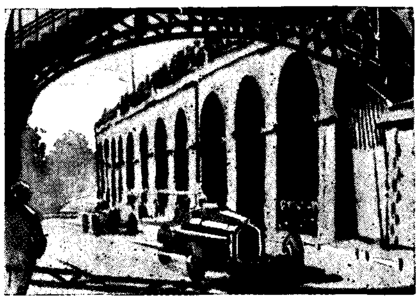
"Yes," Jane said. "That's it."



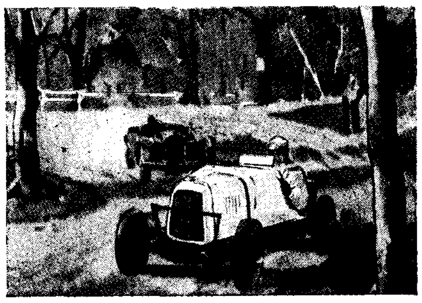
LOS ANGELES—*A Champion-equipped stock Hudson Sedan set 35 new stock car records in a punishing day and night run at Muroc Dry Lake. Not a single spark plug was replaced in the thousands of miles of record-smashing speed in desert heat.*



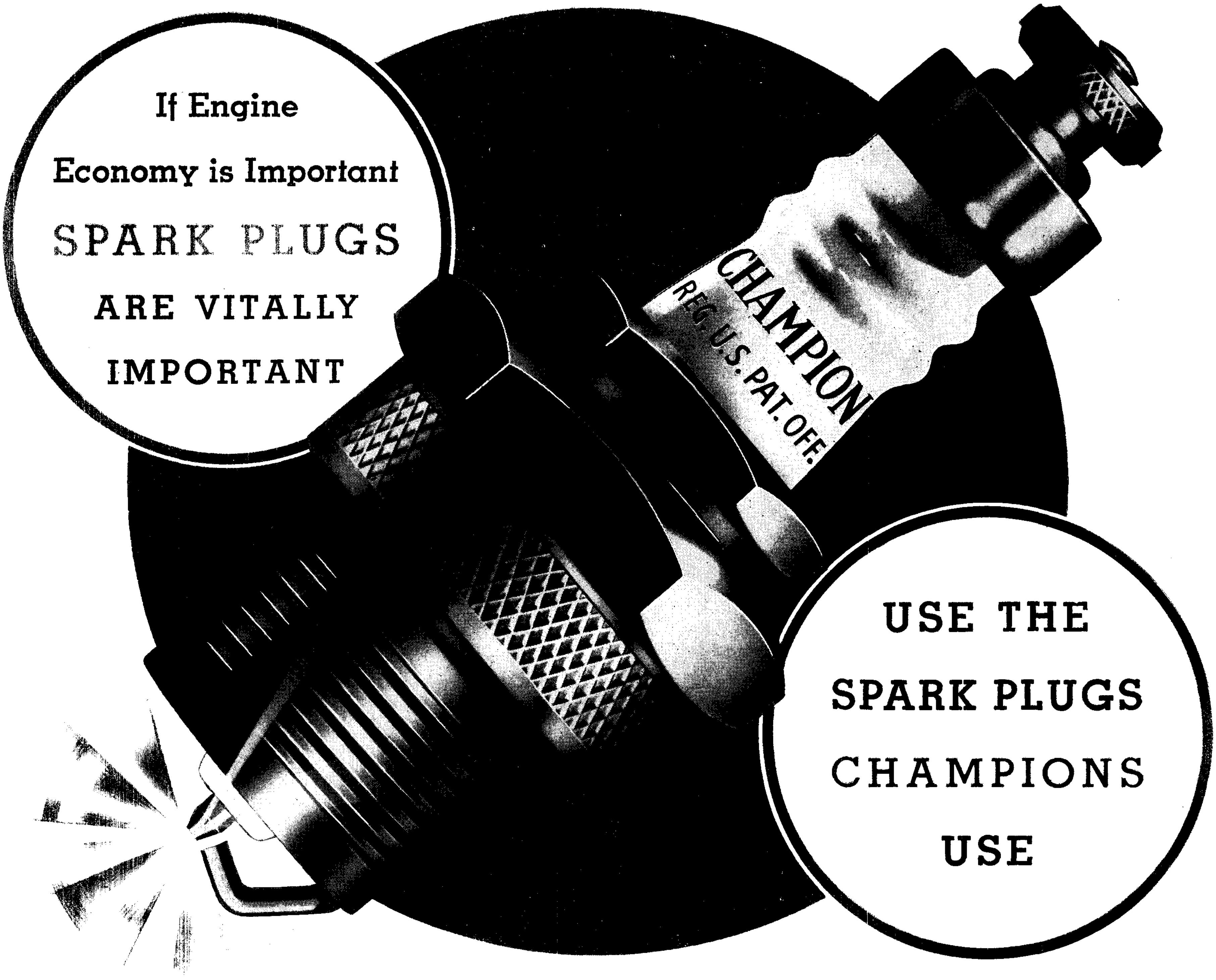
LOS ANGELES—*This grotesque looking 1500-lb. monster is powered by a 102-horse power motor car engine. Its owner, Freddy Luther, hopes to set a new world's motorcycle speed record on it at Muroc Dry Lake soon. Like other speed champions Luther uses Champions.*



FRANCE—*Tazio Nuvolari in his Champion-equipped Alfa-Romeo won the Grand Prix of Pau, a thrilling, hotly contested "around the houses" race and first Grand Prix of the European racing season. First six cars to finish were Champion-equipped.*



BRIARCLIFF, N. Y.—*15,000 enthusiastic spectators saw Langdon C. Quimby in his Champion-equipped Willys 77, win what is believed to be the first strictly amateur road race held in this country. Competing in the race were several European cars of prominent make.* •



Champion's success in the world of racing is highly impressive evidence of Champion's dependability and performance; and when you add the important fact that Champion's world sales exceed all others you have no logical reason for choosing any but Champion Spark Plugs for your car.

KEEP YOUR ENGINE YOUNG • CHANGE SPARK PLUGS EVERY 10,000 MILES

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HOW MOTORISTS SAVE MONEY 3 WAYS WITH NEW KIND OF OIL

SAVES VALVE AND RING REPAIRS
A
B
C
D

HERE'S HOW: Sludge from *plain* oil has formed on (A) valves (B) piston rings, causing them to stick and leak. Compare with *clean* valves (C) and *clean* piston rings (D) lubricated with New Pennzoil.

SERVICE MAN: "I certainly gave you the right advice on switching to New Pennzoil! You've cut your oil consumption over 50%—and you'll find you'll have less valve and piston ring trouble!"

MOTORIST: "How my gasoline mileage has improved since I started using New Pennzoil! Now I get 2 to 4 more miles per gallon—and a faster, more powerful, smoother-running car, too!"

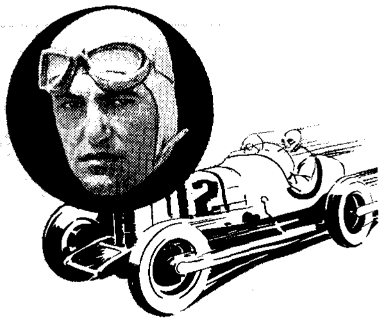
HOW THIS NEW-TYPE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

1. Cuts oil consumption up to 50%
2. Saves up to 15% on gasoline
3. Cuts valve and piston ring trouble 75 to 90%

UNTIL now, even the most modern refining methods were unable to remove from ordinary oil the elements that caused *sludge*—that sticky, gummy substance that forms in *plain* oil after it has been run for a time. This *sludgy* deposit collects on valves and piston rings and wastes power, oil and gasoline.

But now Pennzoil's revolutionary solvent process *removes* these sludge-forming elements. Result—New Pennzoil cuts your driving costs in 3 important ways! Valve and piston ring repairs are reduced 75 to 90%. There is no sludge to cause valves to stick or piston rings to leak. Then, too, with sludge eliminated, New Pennzoil's tough film is *tougher*—doesn't burn up—cuts oil consumption up to 50%. And, because valves and piston rings work freely, you get better compression, more power. Speed and pick-up are increased. You save up to 15% on gasoline!

New Pennzoil costs nothing extra—so get it today from any bonded Pennzoil dealer. Just ask for the correct grade for *your* car.



USES 55% LESS OIL TO DRIVE 500 MILES AT 102 MILES AN HOUR

In a special test run, using New Pennzoil, Deacon Litz, veteran of Indianapolis races for 15 years, not only drove 500 miles over the Indianapolis Speedway course at 102 miles an hour . . . but he actually used 55% less New Pennzoil than *any* motor oil he formerly used for this run!

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THE OIL THAT GOES FARTHER . . . FASTER . . . SAFER

BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER 100% Pure Pennsylvania PENNZOIL Safe Lubrication

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Up from Riches

Continued from page 14

announced that she had added to her holdings in the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, and was now in complete control. Moving with speed and vigor, she threw out the old management, and put in Edward P. Costigan as general counselor and John Lawson as vice-president and director. Mr. Costigan (now a senator from Colorado, by the way) had just returned to the state after resigning from the Tariff Commission in a letter that took the hide off the Coolidge administration. He had been a candidate for governor on the Progressive ticket in 1912 and 1914, attorney for the United Mine Workers in their days of desperate struggle.

John Lawson had been president of the Colorado State Federation of Labor at the time of the 1913 strike. A mine guard had been killed in one of the many battles with the strikers, their wives and even their children, and Lawson was arrested as the murderer. At no time was it contended that he had committed the crime himself. The indictment was based on the fact that a guard had been slain, that he was killed by some member of the United Mine Workers, and that Lawson, as an official of the organization, was responsible for the murder.

With these two men at her side—the smart, suave Costigan and Lawson, the blue-eyed miner—Josephine Roche proceeded to fire the first gun of an engagement that was to shake the state. A public statement set forth her belief that industrial justice was the one and only way to industrial peace; that the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company recognized the right of its workers to organize and to bargain collectively, and that the company stood ready to enter into contractual relations if and when unions were formed. In no sense was this a surrender to any compulsion. There was not a union in the field.

Strangely enough, the miners themselves were less than happy. Even with John Lawson concerned in the company's management, the majority were suspicious and remained aloof. John Lewis, cyclonic president of the United Mine Workers, frankly expressed the fear that it might be a "trap." On August 16, 1928, however, a contract was entered into between the company and the United Mine Workers of America, District 15, and the preamble declared these purposes:

Abolishing Favored Industries

To substitute reason for violence, confidence for misunderstanding, integrity and good faith for dishonest practices, and a union of effort for the chaos of the present economic warfare.

To avoid needless and wasteful strikes and lock-outs through the investigation and correction of underlying causes.

To establish genuine collective bargaining between mine workers and operators through free and independent organization.

To assure mine workers and operators continuing mutual benefits, and consumers a dependable supply of coal at reasonable and uniform prices.

In no sense, however, was it a one-sided agreement or a sappy social worker's approach to an industrial problem. The just rights of the company were insisted upon at every point, and the disciplinary powers of the employer fully protected.

With the contract duly signed, and the miners fairly singing at their work, Josephine Roche now proceeded to poke her nose into the details of the business. Not only was it an intelligent nose, but at her side loped big John Lawson, a coal miner all his life. What she wanted to find out was the cause of the coal industry's habitual demoralization. Why, with prices high and a good demand, were conditions so bad? As a result of her investigation, she came to the conclusion that the trouble was due to the existence of a "favored customer" class.

When Miss Roche gave her findings to the public, she backed them up with figures that could not be disputed. "And so," she concluded, "the vicious circle of strikes, coal shortages, high-priced imported coal to consumers, taxes on the public for the militia to break strikes, and enforced settlements bringing no solution of the problem, have continued in violation of common sense and of the simplest rules of sound business. The management of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company takes the stand that a public interest is involved, and will no longer be a party to selling coal to favored industries at the below-cost prices which mean continued demoralization."

On to Washington

At the close of 1929, the first year under the union contract, the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company's records showed an increased production over the preceding year of 29 per cent; an increased production per man per day of seven tenths of one ton, and a decrease in operating costs of nineteen cents per ton. In 1930, Colorado's production of coal fell 17 per cent below 1929. The production of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company declined less than 5 per cent. All of which, as Miss Roche pointed out, proved conclusively that the Square Deal could be made to pay dividends.

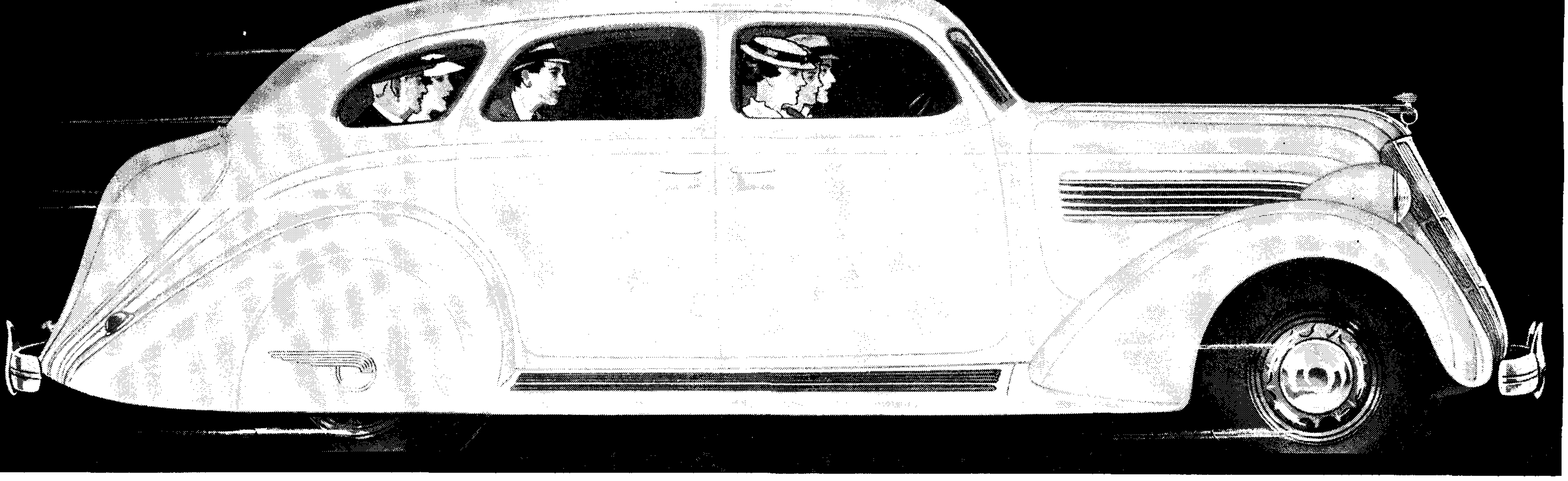
Now for the end of this thrilling tale about Little Red Ridinghood and the Big Bad Wolves. In October, 1933, the coal operators of northern Colorado met to organize under a code. Without one dissenting voice, John Lawson was elected chairman of the most important committee, and by way of climax to a happy, harmonious meeting, the gathering formally approved the preamble to the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company's contract, and adopted it as their future gospel.

In the spring of 1934 a strong demand developed that Josephine Roche make the race for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. In one of the most bitterly contested primaries in the history of the state, Miss Roche carried the cities but lost the country districts, for the mountaineers and ranchers stubbornly refused to believe that any woman could have as much brains as a man.

After her defeat Josephine Roche received telegrams from various department heads at Washington, but Henry Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury, had the luck to file first, and with an unabated passion for public service, the president of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company put by her own affairs, and brought her energy, gift of judgment and rare capacities to scrambled Washington.

Born in the West, she loves to hike and ride, but not yet has she had the chance to walk through a park or even see what a horse looks like. About the only thing she has been able to do for her own particular happiness is to take a floor in an old house and fit it up with a real kitchen, where she can mess around, and a real living-room where she can gather her friends, and talk about social progress with the same invincible faith that marked her teens.

NEWEST
NEW CAR IN YEARS!



NEW NASH "400"
JUST ANNOUNCED

$675

and up f. o. b. Factory. Subject to Change Without Notice—Special Equipment Extra

◆

TWO WEEKS AGO Nash Motors announced the Nash "400", a new and lower-priced series of Aeroform design, as an addition to the 1935 Nash group of fine cars. Five words describe it: "Newest New Car in Years". New engineering principles. New mechanical advancements. New performance attainments. *Never before has one car contributed at one time so many basic betterments.* And never before has the public's dollar bought so big a dollar's worth of motor car.

MONITOR-SEALED MOTOR—First major motor improvement in years. All manifolds sealed *inside the motor block.* Design so simplified, so clean cut, that several hundred previously necessary parts are totally eliminated. Results: Uniform efficiency *regardless of outside temperature.* Gasoline saving! Oil saving! Simplified service! Longer life!

RAPID SERVICE HOOD—"400" Rapid Service Hood design eliminates hood lifting. The radiator ornament is hinged. Oil and water filler caps are directly underneath. Oil supply gauge is on the dash.

AEROFORM DESIGN—First completely streamlined car of low price. Beauty. Efficiency. Economy. Comfort.

STEEL TOP, ALL-STEEL BODY—First car to combine the safety of an All-Steel One-Piece body with Steel Floor and a Seamless Steel Top. The body reinforces the frame and the frame reinforces the body.

ROOMIEST CAR AT THE PRICE—The widest seats. The most headroom. A big car of 117-inch wheelbase—191⅛ inches overall length.

SYNCHRONIZED SPRINGING—First introduced on 1935 Nash and Nash-built LaFayettes, Synchronized Springing, with spring action harmonized front and rear, revolutionizes the "ride"—"Puts a new road under the wheels". Back seat ride and front seat ride identical in comfort.

BALANCED WEIGHT—Nash is one of the few manufacturers who design the car weight *50-50 front and rear!* Perfect weight division is engineered into the "400".

MIDSECTION SEATING—Rear seat passengers ride ahead of rear axle, closer to center of the car. Sedans have real six-passenger capacity.

SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES—Plus Duo-Servo action which needs but slight pedal pressure. The motion of the car assists the stop!

CLUTCH-PEDAL STARTING—Any car would be a more convenient, a more comfortable, a safer car to drive with Clutch-Pedal Starting. The "400" is the only car in its price field with this fine feature.

LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT IN EVERY MODEL—Large built-in space for carrying ample luggage and spare tire.

No other car has, or ever had, what the new Nash "400" has. All your past motoring experience is not enough to enable you to judge the new Nash "400" without actually seeing it and driving it. Step into a "400" and learn what's "newest of the new" in motoring enjoyment!

◆

1935 LAFAYETTE—***built by Nash*****—Eight different models in the lowest price field—$580 to $710 f. o. b. factory—lowest priced sedan with trunk in the industry, with only one exception!**

NASH LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE!

17% MORE SPINNING POWER
GLOBE
PARAGON
SHIELDED PLATES
120 AMPERES FOR 20 MINUTES
102 A.H. AT TWENTY HOUR RATE

17% more *Spinning Power* than the Official Standard of the Battery Industry (standard set by Society of Automotive Engineers)—that's the *tested* record of GLOBE Batteries.

This reserve power, always ready at your command, means that a GLOBE Battery not merely "cranks" the engine but *spins* it! Quicker, surer starts, brighter lights, hotter spark, more power and less fuel consumption—these are direct results of 17% *extra* power in GLOBE Batteries.

One of over 16,000 GLOBE dealers is near you. Let him explain the many advantages of GLOBE *extra* power—extra power at no extra cost!

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Factories and branches in 17 cities—thousands of dealers from coast to coast

A suggestion! "Electrical Safety Clinic" this month at GLOBE dealers . . . .

You'll enjoy your trips this summer a lot more if you *know* the electrical system of your car is "short" proof.

"Shorts" can cause *fires!* "Shorts" can run down your battery and leave you stranded! "Shorts" can rob the ignition circuit and cause hard-starting, excessive fuel consumption, decreased power and loss of pep. It pays in money, in time, in patience, to be on the look-out for short circuits.

The nearest GLOBE dealer will gladly be of help. This month he is featuring "Electrical Safety Clinic." This service will include tracing for "shorts" and a check-up of the electrical system. Look for the GLOBE sign.

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GLOBE

THE BATTERY WITH SPINNING POWER *for quick starts*

Riding Backward

Continued from page 12

bothering about that any more," the stroke remarks grimly. "It doesn't matter if you do chafe after today." The coxswain calls in a voice that shakes in spite of himself: "Let go, gang. Get the oars down."

Each man lifts his heavy spruce oar from the rack in silence, greases the leather at the button where it rests in the swiveled oarlock, and carries it down to the water. The cox barks, "On the boat!" and the men march to their places beside the inverted shell, four on each side of the spidery skeleton lying on the boat rack in the boathouse, sixty-two feet of varnished and polished cedar, paper-thin. "Ready all?" calls the coxswain. "Lay hold. Lift 'er out!" The three-hundred-and-fifty-pound craft is hoisted into the air by the eight men in unison and borne down the ramp to the float. "Overhead—toss!"

With a single heave they raise it aloft, step under it, lower it gently into the water, and place their oars in the protruding metal outriggers, each supported by four fingerlike tubes bolted to the gunwales. The coxswain straps his tiny megaphone to his head, gathers his rudder ropes, lowers himself into his seat in the stern of the shell.

"Foot on the strip!" Eight stockinged feet rest accurately on a narrow runway of wood between the tracks of the slides.

"Shove 'er off!" Eight husky legs kick the shell sidewise away from the float, eight oarsmen sink deftly into the sliding seats, and slip their feet into the loose shoes fastened to the foot stretchers. "Ready all . . . row!" Eight seats slide aft, the arms stretch out, the oar blades catch the water, the slim shell glides toward the starting line.

In the stern of the waiting shell the stroke grips the handle of his oar in sweaty hands, spits cotton, and licks his lips with a dry tongue.

"We're in for it now," he mutters to himself uneasily. "We're on our own when that gun goes off. No turning back now. No time out to rest, no substitutions, no help from the coach's bench. One single fumble loses the race for the bunch of us. Four miles to go—"

Across the river the voice of the referee echoes in a warning wail: "Are you aa-aaa-all ready?" There is a puff of smoke. The shells spring forward, the gun's report sounds tardily, the train jolts with a crash of couplings, bucks, and starts down the course abreast of the crew. The race is on.

Experts All

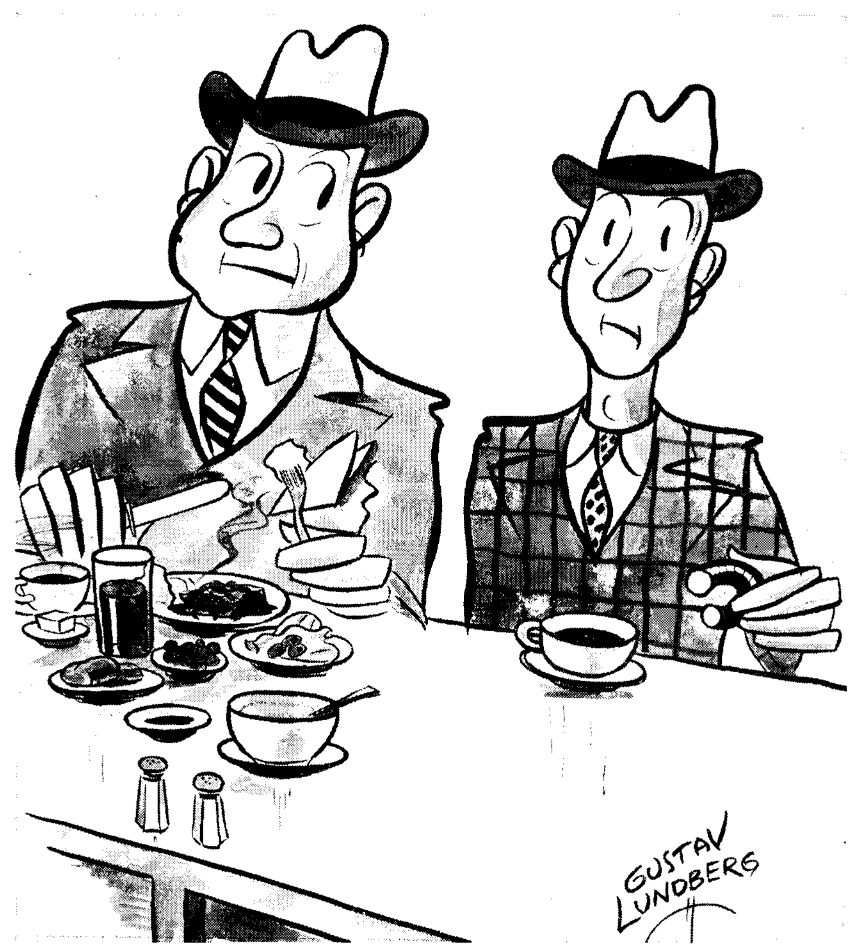
The veteran trackwalkers who patrol the stretch of railroad running past the training camps along the west shore of the Hudson observe the arrival of the new crew each year with a critical and somewhat calloused eye. They watch stolidly as the special train halts before the boathouse, one morning early in June, and some forty eager youngsters pile out of the car, toss their suitcases carelessly onto the grass, and scramble upstairs to claim the preferred locations on the sleeping porch overlooking the river.

Years of association with the crew squads have made each section hand an amateur expert on the subject of rowing. He can recognize the crews on the river at a glance, discuss the results of yesterday's time trials, talk in highly technical terms about rigging and style and type of stroke. "Them Penn boats ain't spacin' this year the way they oughter." "Looks like Navy don't get their hands away any too fast."

Sometimes he condescends to recognize a few flattered oarsmen from last season.

It is over forty years since three

(Continued on page 34)

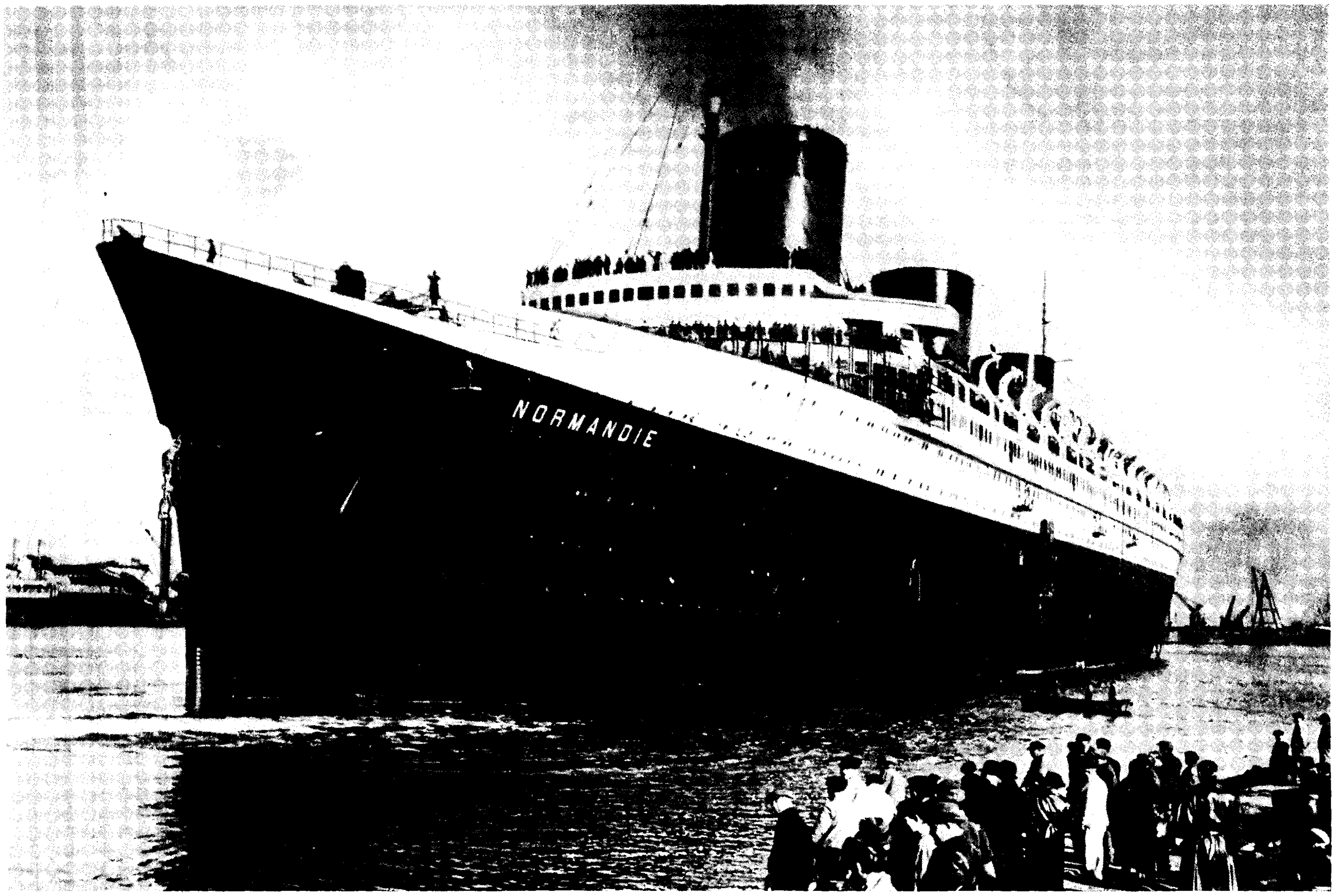


"On a diet?" . . . "No, a commission"

GUSTAV LUNDBERG

WORLD'S BIGGEST OCEAN LINER USES WORLD'S FINEST OIL

"NORMANDIE'S" MIGHTY ENGINES RELY ON SOCONY-VACUUM LUBRICATION



AS THEY HAVE DONE for the "Paris" and the "Ile de France" . . . in fact, for each of their rack liners during the past twenty-five years . . . he French Line has selected Socony-Vacuum oils nd greases to meet the exacting lubrication eeds of the new "Normandie."

Not only the four 40,000 horsepower engines . but every piece of machinery in this amazing uperliner . . . is protected by lubricants refined y the makers of Mobiloil.

The French Line . . . through long experience . . . recognizes that Socony-Vacuum keeps constantly abreast, and ahead, of engineering developments.

Wherever you go, in sixty-three different countries, you will find that major transportation systems, large industries and millions of motorists depend on this great refining organization.

Motorists saw this dramatically demonstrated two months ago.

At that time, a new Mobiloil was announced. It was the first hot-weather motor oil made by Socony-Vacuum's famous Clearosol Process . . . a lubricant especially refined for today's high-compression engines.

Try this new Mobiloil yourself. See what it means to use a lubricant *thoroughly cleansed* of impurities that have always resisted refining. Mobiloil is sold in Grades A, AF, B and BB . . . for all makes of cars . . . at absolutely no advance in price . . . wherever you see the Sign of the Red Gargoyle or the Flying Red Horse.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

Mobiloil

SOCONY-VACUUM

Sold at the Sign of the Flying Red Horse

NOTE **FREE** OFFER BELOW

NEW
HIRES
ROOT
ADE

DELICIOUS
AND
DIFFERENT

You can make it in a minute—this new-type beverage. Everybody likes it. Into a quart of ice water put a teaspoonful of Hires Root Beer Extract. Add two or three tablespoonsful of sugar and add the juice of half a lemon. Stir and serve. Very economical—costs less than ½c a glass.

An "ade" that's very refreshing. A rare, appealing flavor. And most economical. Wholesome, too — the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods accepts it and the Good Housekeeping Bureau approves it.

To get acquainted with Hires Root Ade, mail the coupon now.

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FREE . . . a generous trial bottle of Hires Extract—enough to make 3 quarts of Hires Root Ade—to all who mail the coupon, enclosing 3c to cover postage and packing.

The Charles E. Hires Co., *Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. M.*
Please send me *free* bottle of Hires Extract. I enclose 3c for postage and packing. C.—6-15

Name..
Street..
City......................State..................

Canadians should mail coupon to
The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

Riding Backward

Continued from page 32

pioneering boatloads from Columbia and Cornell and Pennsylvania, resplendent in striped turtle-neck sweaters and knee-length pants, their blond sideburns floating proudly behind them in the breeze, slammed down the four-mile course at Poughkeepsie for the first time; but the event which they initiated that June afternoon has continued, save for an unavoidable interruption during the war, to the present day.

From a local race of three eastern crews, it has grown into a great intercollegiate regatta participated in each year by over a score of shells, manned by oarsmen from the four corners of the United States, watched annually by fifty thousand enthusiastic rowing fans in observation train, launches and planes, followed by millions more through radio and newspaper, perhaps the most truly national derby in intercollegiate sport and certainly one of the richest in tradition and sentiment. You can still see the dim numerals of classes of long before the war, traced in fading blue paint on the dark face of the cliffs lining the railroad cut above Highland. You can still read "M.S. '01" chiseled into the rocks beside the ancient spring at Krum Elbow.

Day After Day

The business of training for this classic test at Poughkeepsie is a grim and exacting routine. It has to be. You take a twelve-foot oar weighing eight or ten pounds and try to pull it just once with all your strength through a bin of shifting wheat, and you will feel that you have done a pretty good piece of work. Pull the same oar a dozen times more, and you will be through for the day. The varsity oarsman, rowing thirty-four strokes to the minute down the four-mile course, must pull that oar some seven hundred times in succession before he can stop to rest; and a man must be in top shape to stand the gaff.

To be sure, occasional temptations are bound to raise their pretty heads in a town as famous for its pulchritudinous daisy chains as it is for its muscular crew regattas.

There is the sad story of the varsity oarsman who accompanied his coach to religious services in Poughkeepsie one Sunday morning during training season. As he strode up the steps of the church, handsome in crew sweater and immaculate whites, an attractive young lady smiled and beckoned to him pleasantly. He caught the coach's warning eye and faced her sternly. "I hope you understand, my dear young lady," he frowned, "that we are training here for a crew race, and that we must put aside every thought but the task that is before us." He stole a cautious glance at the coach. "We cannot allow ourselves for one moment to forget that Regatta on the twenty-first—"

The coach nodded and moved on with a satisfied smile. The oarsman lingered for a moment.

"—but if you'd let me have your phone number," he added in a whisper, "I might give you a ring on the twenty-second."

The coach's lot is not a happy one. While his healthy young charges are cavorting naked and carefree in the sunshine, with no other problems than eating and sleeping and rowing, his own mind is harassed constantly with a thousand worries and details. He must watch their diet, their drinking water, their sleep, their weight. He must bring them along gradually to their peak, and maintain that delicate balance between going stale from overwork and going stale from the lack of it. He must be a psychologist as well as a doctor, treating each man as a separate psychological problem, putting the megaphone publicly on one during practice, taking another aside for a private talk after dinner, alternately hard-boiled and sympathetic, encouraging here, criticizing there, trying to build a single unit out of eight varied and conflicting personalities which are becoming more jittery and more complex each day as the race draws nearer.

Last but not least, he must be a mechanical genius, able to adapt shell, oars and rigging to each individual body. His Number Four man, for example, has a long torso and short, chunky legs, and needs a high rig so that the oar will clear his thighs on the recovery. Number Six gets through ahead, and could row with a shorter spread. His difficulties increase daily. Hour after hour he chugs up the river after his crews during their practice spins, observing, analyzing, noting, planning. The bow man doesn't face his blade far enough. The boat lists to port at the catch. Number Three doesn't get his hands away in time. Better shift that two man to the stroke seat and get some weight out of the stern. They're not spacing enough at a thirty-six. If I only had some decent material. . . .

Hour after hour, day after day, up the river and down again, in beating sun and wind and rain, working doggedly against time and tide to find the winning combination. Day after day of practice spins, time trials, racing starts. Race day comes all too soon. The zero hour is on them before they know it. Ready all. Four miles to go. . . .

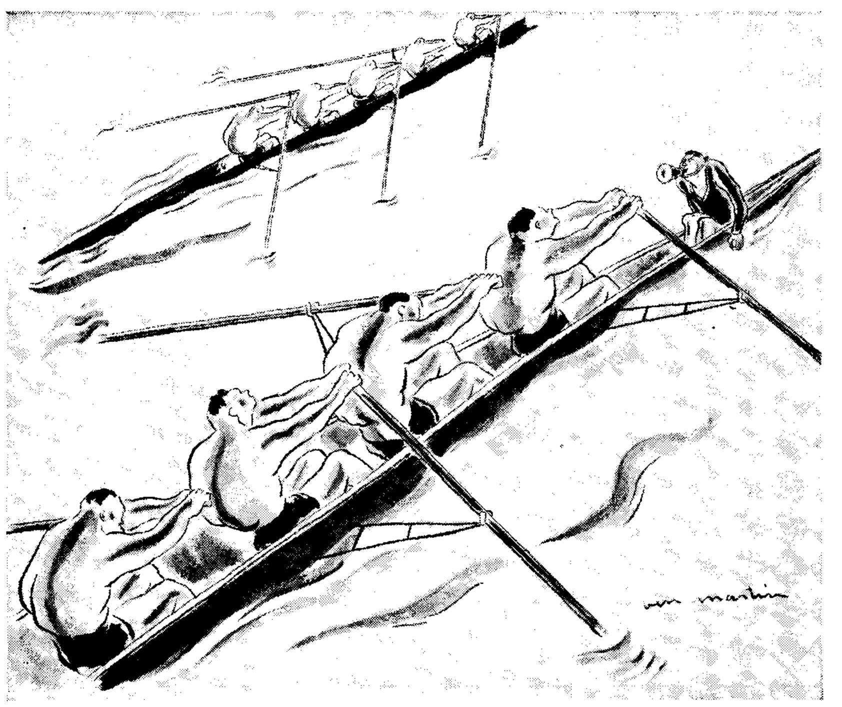
The oars flash and shovel water frantically, backs strain at the catch, seats are jammed home viciously, the slim shells jump, settle and jump again at each stroke as they slam down the Poughkeepsie course. Bombs exploding from the railroad bridge indicate the lane that is ahead at three miles. The crew in Number Six lane is creeping up. "Lift 'er a couple of points!" The blades flash faster; thirty-eight strokes to the minute now. The two leaders are seesawing neck and neck down the last mile. They're splashing in the Number Seven boat. The cox yells quickly: "Only a half mile to go!" The stroke goes up to forty. Their challenge is met by Number Six. It has a quarter length on them now. They're both rowing on nerve, praying for the finish line.

Losing Their Shirts

"In! Out! In! Out!" The stroke goes higher, higher, and still the coxswain screams for more. Number Seven crew is coming up again. They've shortened their swing, keeping the blades buried, getting in as many strokes as they can before the finish. Six and Seven lanes are dead even at a hundred yards to go. Can they make that last stretch without breaking? There's no heave at the catch now, no snap at the finish; they can hardly lift their oars. The coxswain plays his final ace. "Give 'er ten for the Old Man!" The Seven shell lifts off the water, and drops across the finish line.

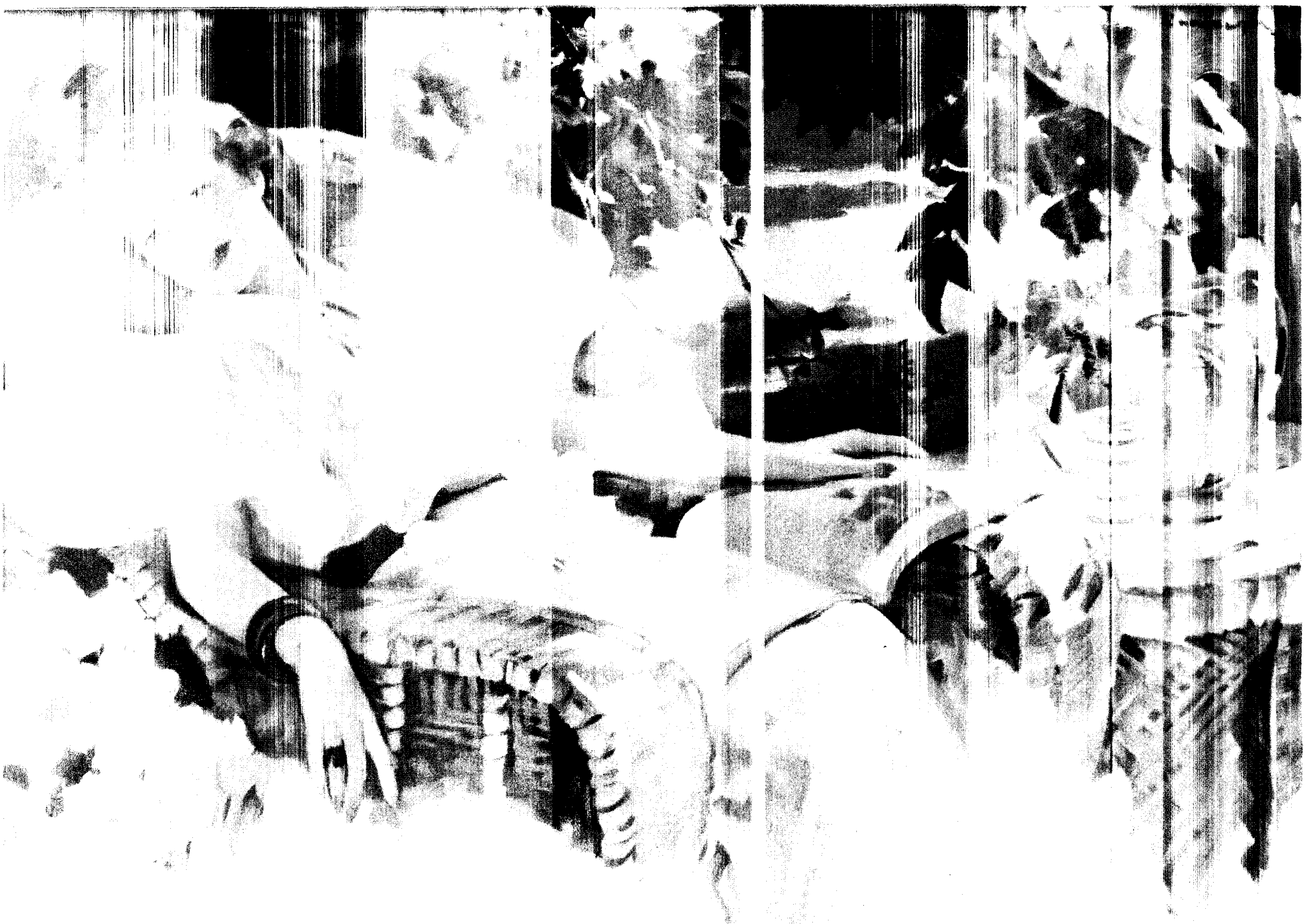
Whistles and horns and sirens screech, launches and rowboats and canoes swarm onto the river and surround the shells. On the observation train a drunken grad leads a cheer. An oarsman of the eighties relaxes his grip on the guardrail which he has rowed down the course, and sinks back in exhaustion. College pennants dangle from the bridge, one below the other, in order of the finish. The winning crew has paddled inshore, and eight naked men, glistening with sweat, lean back against the crossbars, too tired for a moment to realize what has happened. The busy coxswain collects the shirts which the losing crews toss to him solemnly as they pass.

They don't know why they did it. They cannot tell you why they went through that long period of training, that rigid discipline, those four punishing miles riding backwards down the Hudson. All they know is that they wouldn't have missed it, not for a million dollars. They know they'd row it over again tomorrow.



"Remember, fellows, Choynski and Rosenberl will faint. The rest of you just droop"

BEN MARTIN



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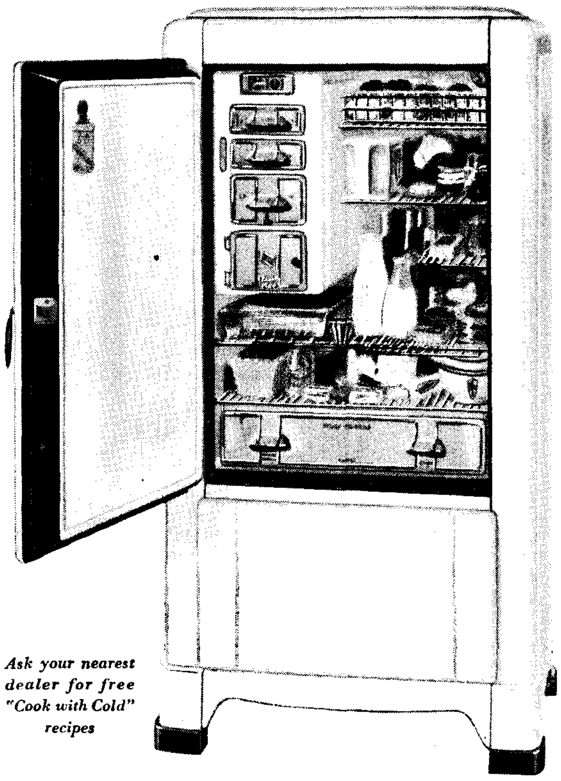

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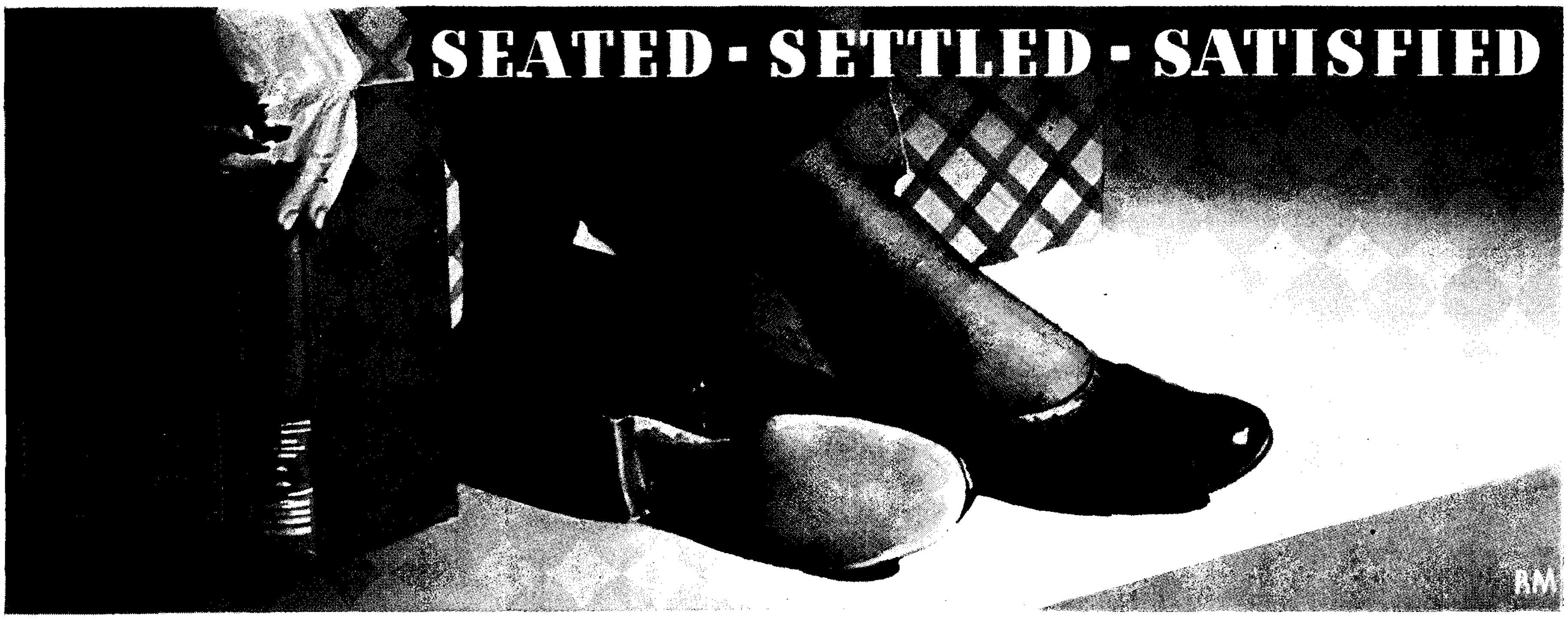

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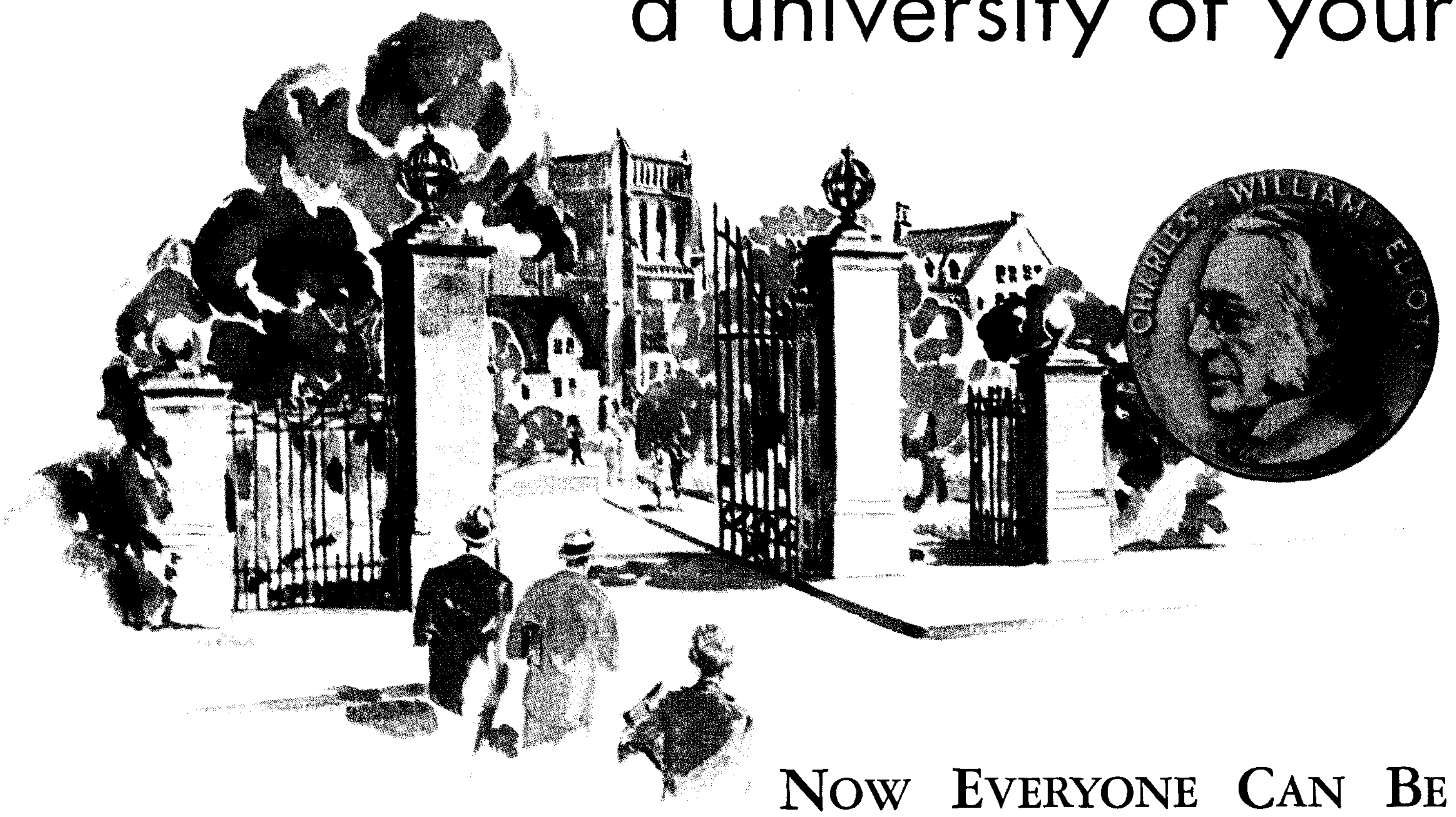

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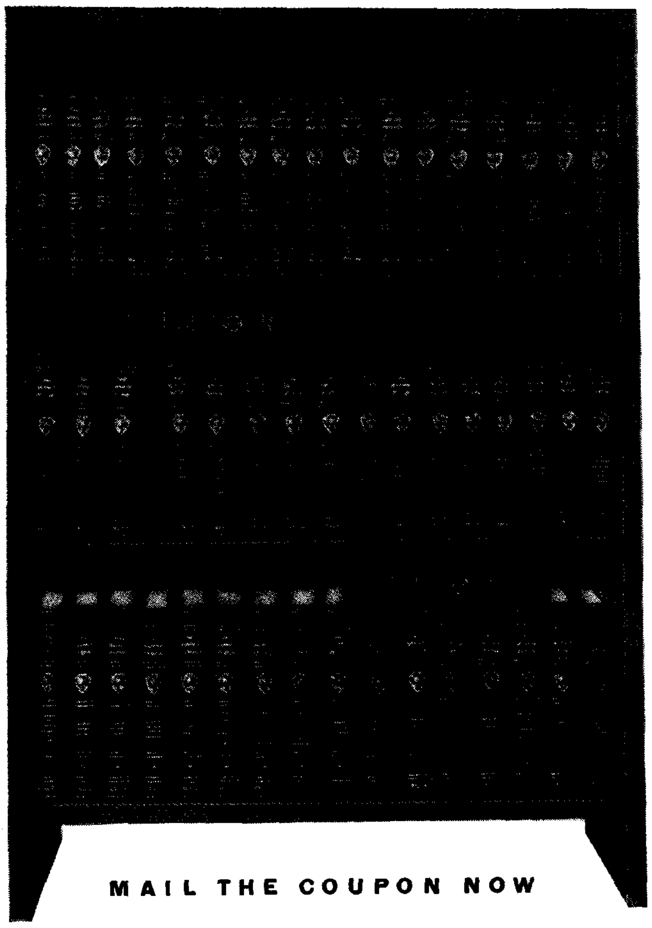

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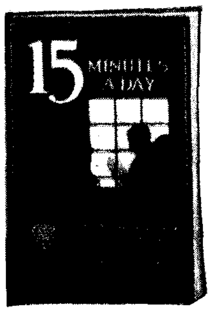

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The Harvard Classics

A Friendly Fighter

Continued from page 11

"It's awful hard to get Tim sore, Benny," she pointed out. "You know yourself how Tim is. Georgine did try and I sent Tim that letter making Zewewski out a heel just like you said."

Seaman Linn was drinking bitter beer this night.

"He'll get licked. And I bet all we had and all we could borrer."

Georgine and Millicent exchanged glances.

"I'm simply good and tired of this prize fighting business, anyway," Georgine burst out. "If Tim was to win he'd simply go on to fight for the fleet championship and if you want the plain and simple truth I think it's silly."

Millicent nodded.

"You might at least of allowed Tim to come ashore for one more date, Benny."

"Yeah? Him dancin' half the night and eating hamburgers and cheese sandwidges?"

"Tim doesn't like prize fighting, if you want the plain and simple truth, and if I was Tim I'd jest simply resign."

Seaman Linn eyed them with cold scorn.

"You gals is all alike, all alike," he said. "Thinking more of yourself than ship spirit and the U. S. Navy. I and Tim will be disgraced, but a heck of a lot you care. You'll throw us down and date Marines."

Georgine promptly informed Mr. Linn that he was simply no gentleman and she simply resented his insinuations. Millicent added that she had Tim's and Benny's best interests at heart and as for money and dates why she and Georgine could have had plenty of both and not from Marines neither and besides . . .

Seaman Linn left them flat. He wandered morosely along Broadway toward the boat landing.

"Hi-yah, Benny!"

Miss Joannie Herrick, emerging from a picture show with a party of girls, gave him hail. She detached herself to supply the following information:

"Mr. Conroy doesn't think Tim has much chance. He says Tim isn't a natural fighter but only agreed to box because you talked him into it. He says I should hedge my bet the other way—I mean—bet two dollars on Zewewski. And Daddy got sore at Commander Blake at dinner and bet I guess about five hundred dollars on Tim and Mother says Mrs. Hawkins told her the admiral is betting on the McCawley!"

IN THE very depths, still Seaman Linn's heart was pure, and still, he knew, God loves United States sailors.

"Listen, Joannie," he said. "Your daddy ain't the only one that's gonna feel bad if Tim loses. It'll just about break Mr. Conroy's heart."

Joannie gasped. Her thin, eager little face warmed to love's young dream. Her lashes drooped coyly.

"Aw, he won't care so much. Nothing worries him. He's just about the bravest and—uh—well, I don't guess any old prize fight—"

"You don't get it, Joannie. Conroy's rep is at stake, see? He was a champeen himself at the Academy and there's lots of guys saying he don't rate it."

"Who says that?"

"Lots of guys. Conroy is Tim's coach, see? If Tim was to get licked bad it'd disgrace Conroy in the service. He'd be pretty apt to resign or get a transfer to China, see?"

"China? Aw . . ."

"Lots of officers go off to China for less'n that, Joannie."

Joannie's intrepid brown eyes, like the fighting gaze of a chipmunk, narrowed.

"Tim had better come through for Mr. Conroy. He just better. I'll have Daddy put him in the brig for days and days. I'll just—"

"Now you're talking, Joannie. That's the spirit! And Tim'll win, if we can get him good and sore at Zewewski. That's all he needs, see?"

"How could we do that, Benny?"

Joannie's companions, milling aimlessly in the sidewalk crowd, called out, "*C'mon*, Joannie," and looked with officer-caste disdain at Seaman Linn.

"It's this way—Tim thinks the Polack is a good guy, see? Now, if we could dig up something that'd prove the guy is jest a heel—"

"I'll do it, Benny! I know I can do it. Mister Conroy thinks I'm just a kid and they all think they can laugh at me and treat me with impamunity—and I'd just dearly love to show some smarty people!"

"Atta girl, Joannie! If you get it, you let me know."

Joannie nodded and went trooping off with her friends. Seaman Linn stared after her with something like confidence in his bony chest. He had sensed in Joannie a resourcefulness which Millicent and Georgine did not possess.

IT WAS well that Seaman Linn had this meed of solace. For, as he passed the Navy Blue Bar on his way to the landing, he heard singing:

"Sure a little bit of heavun-n-n-n
Fell from out thuh sky one day-y-y—"

The song halted Seaman Linn in his tracks. He knew that voice. With a squawk of anguish, he dived into the garish recesses of the Navy Blue Bar:

"Tim! Oh, Judas Priest, Tim!"

A group of sailors surrounded two stalwart men of the Navy, who were seated in a booth to the rear of the place. Prying his way through, Manager Benjamin Linn beheld Fireman Dunnevan, pride and hope of the U. S. S. Trimble, with his arm around the broad shoulders of a Nordic stranger.

"Tim!"

"Oh . . . hi, Benny. Here he is, Anton! This is Benny—the pal I was telling you about. Benny, meet up with Anton Zewewski!"

Mr. Zewewski nodded blandly. A knife scar at the left corner of his mouth gave him a permanent, if crooked, smile.

"Tim here says you don't like Polish fellas, hey?" said Mr. Zewewski, gently.

"No, I don't," said Seaman Linn, not so gently, and then, to Fireman Dunnevan, "So this is the way you keep training rules two nights before the fight?"

Fireman Dunnevan's faithful St. Bernard eyes traveled slowly from his half-filled stein to the wreckage of a planked steak with fries and then to his manager's face.

"Anton et jest as much, Benny. And drank one more stein. Hey, Anton?"

"Sure, fella, sure!"

A sailor tapped Seaman Linn on the shoulder.

"You his manager?"

"Yeah."

"Well, for Pete's sake, get him outa here. We can't persuade Anton to go back to the ship." Five other sailors nodded, worriedly. They were all shipmates of Seaman Zewewski from the McCawley.

Seaman Linn spoke levelly and in dead earnest.

"I *was* his manager, but no more!"

He turned and walked from the Navy Blue Bar.

"Hey, Benny. Hey now, Benny—"

No word came from Seaman Linn for a whole block. Fireman Dunnevan, contrite and sentimental, lumbered after him, pleading for forgiveness.

"He sent word to the ship would I meet him, Benny. He says he sure likes me and hopes the best man wins. I had to be polite to the guy, Benny."

"Loving a Polack. Palling up with the guy you gotta fight!"

"But he knows about Erland, Benny. He was there twicet and I ain't never been to Erland. And he's a good guy."

"All right, all right. Lay down for him. I won't be in your corner. I should worry."

Fireman Dunnevan halted his buddy by main strength and awkwardness.

"He wants me to win, Benny! He says he don't like to fight a guy he ain't got nothing against. He's jest like me, Benny. Yerse!"

Seaman Linn was shaken, as never before. This friendship between Dunnevan and Zewewski, rivals for the force championship, was preposterous, flabbergasting. It violated every rule of the game. Appalled, Seaman Linn searched for a word, an epithet:

"*Pacifist!*" he spat out.

"Who, me?"

"Both uh you! I bet Zewewski is a com-*mun*-ist to boot!"

Fireman Dunnevan gulped.

"That's a lie, Benny. Zewewski says he'd like to scrap the Japs or the Britishers or the Frogs or the Russkys. He's orful patriotic, Benny. Honest."

"Yeah? In a pig's eye. It's a dirty Polack trick. He'll get you in that ring and—"

A shore patrol sailor ended the argument. The shore patrol ordered Fireman Dunnevan and Seaman Linn into the Trimble's boat.

THE next day and the next night and the next morning went by, and Seaman Linn's Adam's apple sank to zero-zero. Aroused by his manager's caustic exhortations and Ensign Conroy's glum comments, Fireman Dunnevan trained faithfully through the tuning-up process. But no lashing of tongues could penetrate his puzzled amiability. He kept saying, with patient unconcern: "Yerse, Benny, but I don't want to kill no guy in a box fight. That'd be orful."

No word had come from Seaman Linn's last forlorn hope—Miss Joannie Herrick. Desperate, that Saturday afternoon, he tackled Ensign Conroy:

"Please, sir, is there any way I could get in touch with Miss Joan? It's—uh—a favor I promised to do her, sir. And I tried to call her up twicet, but there wasn't any answer."

Ensign Conroy grinned.

"Joannie got in some sort of jam at home and is being disciplined. Her mother took her to the country."

"Oh—she ain't gonna be at the fight tonight?"

"Afraid not."

"Th-thank you, sir."

Gazing seaward from the Trimble's well deck, Manager Linn noted a great bustle of activity aboard the Salt Lake City. The cruiser was taking on her gala rig for the admiral's Happy Hour. Over there on her quarterdeck, Fireman Dunnevan was to do battle. . . .

It was almost time for the Trimble's fighter and party to be leaving for the Salt Lake City. Seaman Linn, trying to look cocksure and defiant, was watching Fireman Dunnevan dress in the black

(Continued on page 40)

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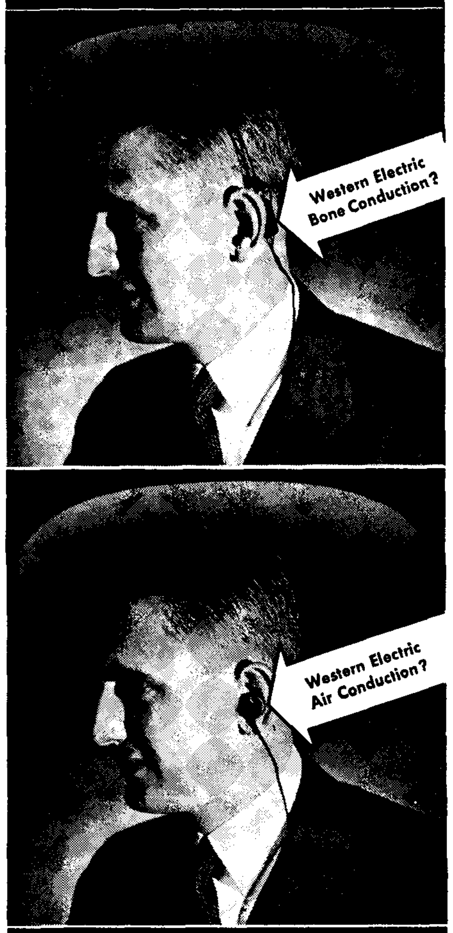
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(Continued from page 39)

gang's quarters aft. Fireman Dunnevan looked calm and complacent. Too calm, too complacent. He lacked the vital spark.

"Listen, Tim, if the Polack clarets your nose and knocks you down three times and closes your eyes in the first round, you *will* get a little peeved, won't you?"

Fireman Dunnevan chuckled.

"That'd sure be funny, after how modest Zewewski talked. I never heard a guy talk so modest, Benny. He says right out—"

"Skip it!"

Seaman Jones appeared on the ladder.

"Message for you, Benny."

He tossed Manager Linn a rather smudgy envelope. Hopelessly, Seaman Linn put it in his pocket.

"Ain't you gonna open it, Benny?"

"Naw. Bad luck. After the fight. Let's get going."

"Shucks, gimme it. I'll open it. Maybe it's from Zewewski wishing me luck."

"Judas Priest!"

Seaman Linn opened the letter:

Dear Benny:

The Polok is a mean bum. He has 2 wives, and maybe 3 (three) The first wife is named Hannah and is in Dublin which is in Ireland. The second wife is named Bridget and she is in Belfast which I think is in Europe. My friends that told me of this do not know name of third wife but she is Polok and lives here but I could not telephone her as Mother found out I had been to McCawley without permission and I am in hack. I expect to be let out in time for fight. Tell Tim to sock him double for me.

I am sincerely,
Joan Suydam Herrick

"Now, what d'ya think of your dear pal Zewewski, Tim? Two trips to Ireland, hey? And each trip he victimizes and betrays the honor of an Irish colleen!"

Fireman Dunnevan read the letter twice, his lips moving to say each word. He was shaken, but not convinced.

"Lookie here, Benny, it don't say he never got a divorce. See, Benny? He probably got a divorce each time." Then with profound faith, "Zewewski wouldn't marry no Erish colleen without no divorce!"

Seaman Linn collapsed into moaning, profane anguish.

THEY were in the ring. Commander Dudley was the referee. Gold braid had turned out four rows deep at ringside. Bluejackets perched on turrets and benches. A summer moon and Japanese lanterns splashed colors on fair women and brave men. The admiral's Happy Hour had reached its climax.

Manager Linn crouched beside the brawny bulk of Fireman Dunnevan.

"Sure he done it, Tim. Look at him. If that guy ain't a bigamist I never saw one!"

"I'll ast him, Benny. Soon as they—"

"Go get him, Dunnevan. Yay-y-y-y, Fireman Dunnevan. Yay-y-y-y, Champ Dunnevan!"

The referee spoke.

"You fellows come to the center of the ring."

Battling Zewewski, bold and bland and blond, left his corner. His supporters yipped. Fireman Dunnevan heaved to his feet, grinning friendship for all the world. Manager Linn kept watching some vacant chairs close to the ring. The referee claimed his attention.

Suddenly, as Battling Zewewski and Fireman Dunnevan shook hands, a shrill, girlish voice piped: "Hi-yah, Tim! Say—Zewewski—how's Hannah? How's Bridget? How are all your wives? How—"

The sound was cut off abruptly. Ringsiders laughed. Battling Zewewski and Fireman Dunnevan turned their heads. They saw an excited maiden in a pink frock being shushed by an embarrassed mother in Officers' Row.

Manager Linn stepped across to Zewewski.

"How about it, Zewewski? Try to tell Tim it ain't so!"

Battling Zewewski lost his sweet smile. He glowered at Manager Linn. He shoved Manager Linn away. Commander Dudley said: "Don't pay any attention to kidding, Zewewski. Pipe down, sailor!"

Fireman Dunnevan stood there blinking. The mask had fallen from Battling Zewewski. A beautiful friendship hung in the balance. He stepped over and tapped Zewewski on the shoulder.

"That ain't true, is it, Anton?"

"Hi-yah, Zewewski—how'reall your—"

"She is liar. I have one wife."

"Joannie? You calling *Joannie* a liar?"

Referee Dudley snapped out: "Attention, men. No hitting in clinches. Break clean. If any knockdowns—"

"She is liar!"

Pow! The good right fist of Fireman Dunnevan caught Battling Zewewski squarely on the chin. Battling Zewewski's head snapped back. The crowd gasped. Pow! Fireman Dunnevan's left crossed to the side of Battling Zewewski's head. Like a splendid ivory tower most efficiently dynamited, Battling Zewewski went down to the canvas in a swirl of navy blue bathrobe. The bathrobe fluttered, but Battling Zewewski did not. He lay like a ruined column, as if in pieces.

Pandemonium broke loose. Officers shouted for order. The stricken fighter's seconds lifted him up, bore him to his corner. He was out cold.

Commander Dudley acted with admirable decision. He walked to Battling Zewewski and lifted his limp right arm.

"The winner and the champion! On a foul!"

DARK was the storeroom used by the destroyer Trimble's commander as a brig. Sad the slap of Pacific waves against the Trimble's sides. Deep the gloom where in durance vile sat Fireman Dunnevan and Seaman Linn.

"Benny?"

"Yeah."

"You sore at me, Benny?"

"What do *you* think? Judas Priest."

"I know I done wrong. I know now that Joannie *was* a liar. But no lug from the McCawley is gonna call *my* skipper's little gal a liar. A Trimble sailor can't take *that*. Benny."

"Yeah. But why didn't cha wait till the bell? Then you'd of had ten rounds to paste him in and won the champeenship besides."

Fireman Dunnevan sighed.

"I got sore, Benny. I oughtn't never to get sore. You ain't sore now, are you, Benny?"

Seaman Linn reflected. Broke, disgraced and in the brig, still his heart was pure. And it was a good time to point a moral. He reached out and slapped Fireman Dunnevan on the shoulder.

"You was all force and no brains, Tim. Get it? If you'd of waited till the fight started official, you'd of been force *and* brains. Get it?"

Fireman Dunnevan breathed heavily through his nose.

"Yerse," he said slowly, "but if I'd of waited Zewewski would of apologized and then I wouldn't of been sore and—"

Seaman Linn groaned.

"You keep on being the force and let me be the brains, Tim."

"Yerse, Benny!" said Fireman Dunnevan, happily.

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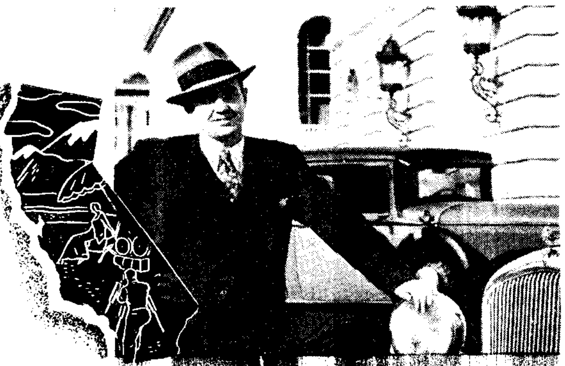

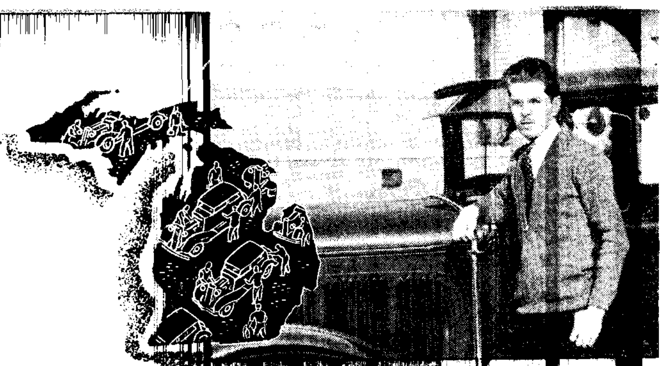

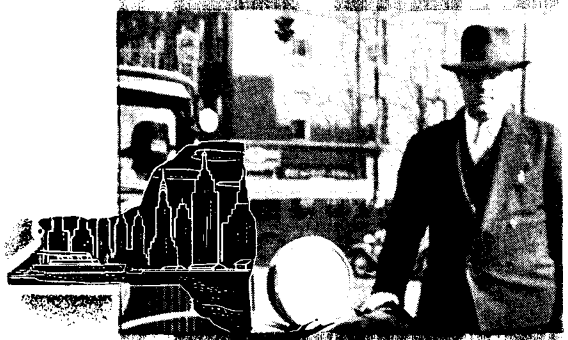

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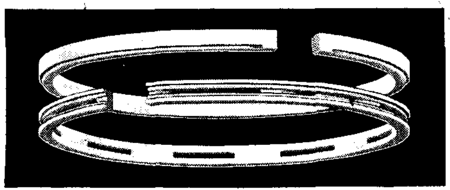

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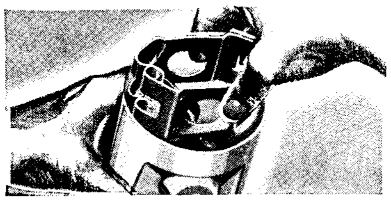

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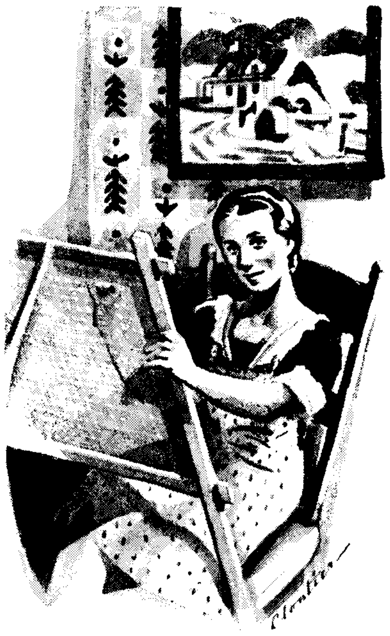

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The Bat Flies Low

Continued from page 24

about four o'clock this morning. He didn't know about this safe, and couldn't say if anything had been stolen."

"But Lobb?"

"He's the way Ann was," growled Maguire, "but worse. That's to say, he's as dead as a man can be without having actually passed across."

"Dr. Adderley been called in? He has had experience with this type of case."

"I told them. He's there now."

"You mean that Lobb—"

"Still dead as a mummy. Going to be touch and go, Hayes. If it's go, the case comes within the province of the Homicide Bureau. This time, your Egyptian friend, Mohammed Ahmes Bey, won't get away so easily."

"Has he been found?"

"No. There's not a trace of him. But he's a conspicuous-looking bird, and unless one of his tricks is becoming invisible we'll have him in the next few hours."

"Is Sergeant Hawley on the job?"

"He is." Maguire smiled grimly. "He didn't get his bite the first time. He's been sharpening his teeth ever since. However you look at it, Hayes, it's robbery with violence as it stands."

Silence fell. Lincoln Hayes with the toe of a leather slipper was aimlessly turning over the pages of newsprint littered about his feet. Maguire drank rum and milk and smoked furiously, walking up and down before the curtained windows.

THAT day was a day destined long to be remembered, not only by the principal actors in the secret drama, the scene of which had again been transferred to New York City, but by thousands of people totally unconnected in any way with the play or players.

The inexplicable outrage at Simon Lobb's apartment was a headline topic. Bulletins were issued. It was known that the president of Lobb's Central, one of New York's big business men, hovered between life and death, the victim of a form of attack beyond the experience of modern medicine. In spite of Maguire's efforts, the story had leaked.

Lincoln Hayes declined to be interviewed.

Ulric Stefanson was in the house. But, since his change of speech would have been a story in itself, he remained secluded. The newspapermen were in a very evil humor, being baffled at every move.

Platoons of them had besieged the Lobb experimental works in New Jersey. But the works manager, McSweeney, a dour and formidable product of Alaska, had interviewed them through barbed-wire entanglements. Important experiments were in progress, and nobody could be admitted.

This scanty news alone rewarded their enterprise. The Western Stefanson works were running normally. So that an attempt by one newspaper to build up a story of a neck-and-neck race for a new discovery between the two big rival concerns collapsed in the writing and never saw print.

Somewhere about six o'clock the material witness, Michael Truefitt, was lovingly deposited in the Venetian lobby of Hayes' house by two police officers and District Attorney Maguire.

Lincoln Hayes lolled on the settee, between the Benvenuto Cellini candlesticks; Ann Wayland sat at the little table near by. The police officers withdrew. The man they had known as Mr. Mick came forward, followed by Maguire's dominating figure. Mr. Mick remained pale but he had lost his drooping aspect. He met the frank stare of Lincoln Hayes' gray eyes, and looked aside. Ann Wayland was watching him pathetically.

"I kind of feel you expect something like an apology," he said. "You've worked it out that I imposed on your hospitality and your kindness. And I can't deny you're right. But when a man takes up my trade, Miss Wayland, Mr. Hayes, he's got to put all that stuff in his pocket. Otherwise, he would be of no use to his employers."

Ann's eyes were very bright, but:

"Don't apologize," drawled Lincoln Hayes. "Hardened to Donoghue's methods. Just tell me what I want to know. Lobb had the lamp last night?"

"We took it to his apartment from the works."

"It's been stolen, but Steiner knows the principle."

"The plans are complete. There's day and night work going on there."

"Any idea when Steiner expects to be ready?"

"No, sir. He's using some kind of light metal—I don't know its name. It's the nearest to the stuff the original lamp was made of. I don't know how the light is produced. I packed the lamp in cotton wool and never touched it, until it was in Mr. Lobb's hands."

"But Steiner *has* produced light with it?"

"I believe so."

"Thinks he can amplify?"

"So I understand."

"I want you to realize just one thing," came a bass roar. "If Simon Lobb passes out, you'll be called upon to repeat these statements before a jury. If you're keeping anything back—God help you! Have you anything to say?"

"Nothing," Mr. Mick returned, quietly. "I have done what I was paid to do, and 've told you all I know. I am employed by William Donoghue. If anything has gone wrong, he's the responsible party."

"He knows it!" bellowed Maguire. "If he sticks to pay rolls and divorce, I've got nothing to say. But when he muscles in on attempted homicide, I've got a lot to say!"

"There's no such charge against him, sir. Following the attack on Mr. Lobb, the police were called in immediately."

"That so?" drawled Maguire, glaring at the speaker. "You've got one redeeming virtue, and I'll say you need it. You stick up for the man who pays you. Cut it short. Can you tell us any more?"

"No, sir."

"All right, then, get out. You'll be wanted later."

MR. MICK bowed to Ann Wayland; but she was not looking at him. He bowed to Lincoln Hayes, but could not sustain the disconcerting stare of those ingenuous eyes. He went out.

Maguire walked up and down the lobby like a bear in its den.

"Get me clear on this," he boomed. "I came in at the start as a friend, not as an official. It looks to me as though now the case would come properly into my province. If I'm to help I want facts. Lobb may die or he may live. If he dies—" he turned in his promenade close to Lincoln Hayes, and glared down at the immobile face—"who will have killed him?"

Lincoln Hayes leaned farther back, staring up at the painted ceiling. Ann watched him anxiously, then:

"Death will be due to natural but unusual causes," he replied quietly.

"Causes produced by whom?"

Hayes' silence was so long that Maguire supplied the answer.

"Mohammed Ahmes Bey," he growled, "whoever he may be. And this is what I want to get clear: Is Mohammed Ahmes Bey a straight man or a crook?"

"Straight man," the monotonous voice replied. "Fighting not for himself but for the welfare of humanity."

"Is that so? Then why does he work under cover?"

"All doing the same, or have been. I was, Lobb was. Cunning against cunning."

"Is that so?"

Maguire continued to glare, then:

"Another question," he said. "Where is Captain Rorke?"

Ann Wayland answered:

"He is searching New York for Mohammed Ahmes Bey. He believes, rightly or wrongly, that Ahmes Bey is very anxious indeed to see him."

"And I wish to see *him!*" bellowed Maguire.

A car drew up before the house. Dusk was just creeping into the street. At the dim sound of the bell, Slim crossed the lobby and went out. There was a curious silence. All three people in the lobby were watching the entrance door. Then Slim came back, and:

"Captain Rorke is 'ere, sir," he reported, "and Mo'ammed Ahmes Bey."

IN THE library, dim in growing dusk, a hushed silence had fallen.

"I trust," the organ notes of the voice of Mohammed Ahmes Bey broke in upon it, "that I have made my meaning clear to all. Every man is entitled to protect that which has been placed in his care for safekeeping. You need not fear for the life of Simon Lobb. I have communicated with Dr. Adderley, and steps will be taken to correct his condition. He is a man in whom excessively high living has induced blood pressure. This I did not know—but I know it now. He will recover tonight. So that you see, Mr. Maguire, there will be no charge of homicide against me."

Maguire did not reply.

In a shadowy corner, Stefanson stood, peering at the speaker. He had been silent for more than fifteen minutes. Ann Wayland from the settee watched Mohammed Ahmes Bey as devotees of old watched the First Prophet. Rorke sat on the back of the settee, one hand grasping her shoulder. Lincoln Hayes was behind the big table, in deep shadow. A moving point of light indicated the end of his cigar.

"Man is learning to control the elements," the dominating voice went on; "he gains his knowledge step by step. To leap to it is impossible. Although I am the curator of some of nature's secrets which the world had forgotten, I am, except for one or two small accomplishments, as helpless as any other in such an impasse as this. I have secured the property which is mine by right divine and human. But the man, Dr. Eric Steiner, a scientist with a nearly first-class brain, has entrenched himself in the experimental laboratory in New Jersey, and, working with plans based upon the lamp now fortunately again in my possession, is aiming to revolutionize the lighting systems of the world. In such a case I turn to the authorities."

He stared into a shadowy corner where a dim figure was visible.

"Mr. Maguire. I will show you that Dr. Steiner's experiment will have the most disastrous and fatal consequences

(Continued on page 44)

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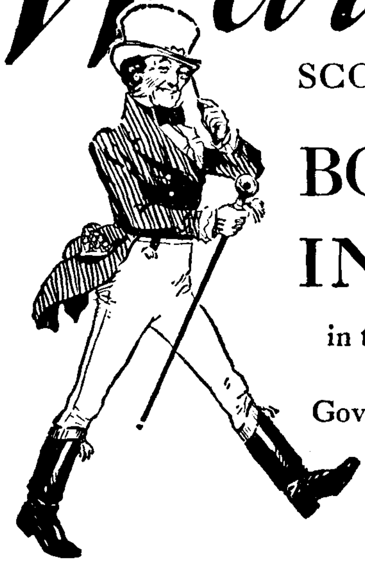

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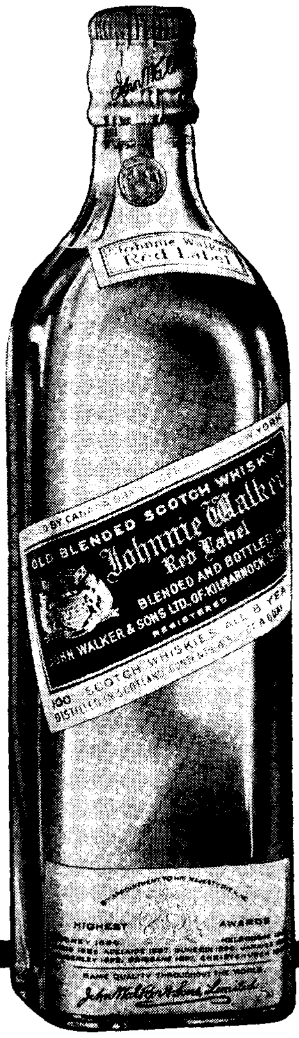

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The Bat Flies Low

Continued from page 42

unless it is checked. I gather that under your American law you have no power to force an entrance to the works, although armed opposition confronts you. Upon this point I admit my ignorance. But, in detail, the metal of which Dr. Steiner is constructing his tripod is unsuitable. The metal of which the original lamp was made is an amalgam, the secret of which is known only to myself. Assuming his orientation of this giant lamp to be correct, he may produce light—I cannot deny this—but I tremble for the consequences. You have all realized, I think, that I speak with sincerity. I am not concerned with the unveiling of a secret guarded for many generations: my concern is for the fate of hundreds—perhaps thousands—of harmless people, ignorant of the monstrous thing which this man is planning to do."

The district attorney emerged from the shadow.

"I have certain powers," he growled, "although in these days my wings are trimmed pretty severely. I believe in you, sir, or I wouldn't say what I am going to say. It's this: I'll slip along to the governor. Only he can help in this case. If Lobb had died (and the police thought he was dead when they grabbed Mr. Mick) it would have freed my hands. As matters stand, I can't extract that clam, Steiner, from his shell without special authority. If he likes to gum in behind that barbed wire, he can stay there quite a while."

District Attorney Maguire walked out, closing the library door behind him.

The room was growing ever more dark, and out of its shadows came the voice of the Egyptian:

"Mr. Lincoln Hayes. I know that you appreciate the truth. Will you give me your word of honor that you will never attempt to exploit the Light, privately or otherwise, except with my consent?"

"I give my word."

"Mr. Ulric Stefanson. To your scientific zeal, such a pledge will be difficult. Will you give it?"

Stefanson, enthralled, hesitated for thirty long seconds. And then:

"I give it," he said.

"Captain Rorke—"

"Yes."

"Miss Wayland—it is almost unnecessary. But I should like your assurance also—"

"I promise," said Ann in a very faint voice. "I will never have anything whatever to do with this thing as long as I live."

THERE was a moment of silence, which was truly awesome, and then:

"Mr. Hayes," Mohammed Ahmes Bey stepped towards the table. "Attend to me closely for a moment."

Lincoln Hayes looked up. In the reflected light, the eyes of Mohammed Ahmes Bey glowed like lamps.

"I accept your word and rely upon your silence," said the Egyptian.

He turned to Stefanson, staring at him fixedly.

"Mr. Stefanson," he said, "you are also a man of honor, and so I have no doubt of you."

He glanced at Captain Rorke and Ann Wayland, his strange eyes dancing in what might have been a smile; then:

"I wish you both every happiness," he said, "and I know I can always count upon you. . . ."

Lincoln Hayes suddenly stood bolt upright. His fists were clenched. An expression quite indefinable—it might have been of pain or of rapture—momentarily stirred the stoic mask of his features.

Miraculously unfolding before him like a moving picture—but more real, more vital than any picture ever made—he saw those lost episodes of his life! He felt Hatasu's kiss upon his forehead; he was led by her to the rose-lighted temple; he shared her fears of phantom footsteps which disturbed that sacred silence; he knelt before the golden veil, and gave her his promise to come back, to suffer the dreary noviti-ate which alone could bring her to his arms; he saw and felt the scarab ring pressed upon his finger; the memory of her kisses was fresh as though her lovely lips had but that moment been withdrawn from his!

"L-l-look here!" Stefanson burst out, springing into the middle of the room, and peering about him, wild-eyed. "I've re-remembered everything that's ha-ha-happened! On the sh-ship and all! I can remember part of the f-for-formula. Oh, h-hell! Am I g-going mad?"

Ann was breathing rapidly, her heart was beating very fast. Rorke bent over her and whispered in her ear:

"Don't be afraid, darling. It was only a form of hypnotism. Mohammed Bey is a remarkable man, but also an Egyptian gentleman."

Low as he had spoken, Mohammed Bey had overheard his words.

"Thank you, Captain Rorke," he said. "In a commercial age, with a profit-making conscience, I think I may say that collectively we represent a code of decency which, if it could be made general, would result in greater happiness for all. Knowledge which gives life can also give death. Although death in itself is nothing to be feared. Mr. Hayes—" he turned—"I feel that in this matter we are going to fail, but it is incumbent upon us to do our best."

ANN WAYLAND crouched on the library carpet, her arms resting upon Lincoln Hayes' knees. She looked up at him pathetically.

"Lincoln, dear," she said, "I feel that you have made up your mind to do something terrible, and somehow—I can't bear it."

Hayes rested his hand upon her head, ruffling mahogany curls affectionately.

"My mind is made up, yes," he admitted; "but not to do anything terrible."

"You mean you are going back to Egypt?"

Ann's big eyes were fixed upon him imploringly.

"Yes."

"You are going to marry that strange woman?"

"If she will marry me."

"You don't mean that . . . you will stay there?"

"Of course not." He ruffled her hair. "Shall return and bring her with me."

"Oh, Lincoln, dear, I can't bear it! You are just a big, honest, silent child, and now . . . I can't help you!"

Her head dropped.

"You have the wrong angle, Ann. Really nothing strange or mysterious about her. Just a woman with more brains and grit than the average. Knows things I don't know—but that's an accident of environment. You will love her. Straight and decent right through."

"Somehow it seems all wrong, Lincoln. I am so fond of you. I am worried."

"Stop worrying. Best little pal I ever had—so I know you mean it."

"Of course I mean it, Lincoln. There's

nobody in the world I care about so much except Paddy. If Paddy had never come there wouldn't have been anybody—"

"My fault, maybe," Hayes said dryly.

"It was, really, Lincoln. But Paddy's my man, I know that. Otherwise, of course there's nobody else in the world—and I'm worried about you. I can see you love her, Lincoln, but can you ever be happy with her?"

"Never be happy without her, Ann."

Ann sighed and nestled her face down into her crossed arms.

"In almost everything else I trust you blindly," she said; "you are strong, and cool, and clever. But this woman terrifies me."

"Just . . . jealousy, Ann!" said Hayes, deliberately provocative.

"Oh, you pig! How could you!"

Ann looked up swiftly. Tears were streaming from her eyes, but quivering lips threatened a smile.

"It isn't—it isn't!"

"Paddy!" Hayes called.

The door opened and Rorke came in. He grinned at Hayes: he had expected the tableau.

"Making love to the hated rival, again?" he said lightly.

"Paddy!" Ann sprang up, ran to him and threw herself into his arms. "Paddy dear, stop him! Don't let him go! Don't let him go!"

"She thinks," said Hayes monotonously, "I'm going to marry a cannibal queen."

Ann turned and almost glared at him.

"I don't think," said Rorke, a serious note entering his light voice, "there's anything to worry about, Ann. Lincoln has always known what he wanted, and taken it. So far, he has made few mistakes."

"You see, Ann," said Hayes, lying back on the settee and staring up at the ceiling, "in all that has been left to me, and in all that I have done myself, have never found satisfaction. In what I aim to do, hope to find it. Not just love, whatever that may be (meaning varies in every man's mind), but knowledge. Have always hungered for knowledge. My father did before me. Can't make it clear to you what this thing means. I am so fond of you, Ann, that I dare to say this: wouldn't willingly see you go to any man but Paddy."

He dismissed the personal by exercise of that steadfast will which marked him out as an unusual man, as one born to eminence.

"What's the latest?"

Ann swallowed hard, and then:

"As a matter of fact," she said, "*I* have the latest news."

"What is it?"

"Mr. Maguire is on his way here. He has state authority to enter the Lobb works."

"Good. Where is Mohammed Ahmes Bey?"

There came a rap on the door and Slim entered.

"Mo'ammed Ahmes Bey," he announced.

THE Egyptian came in; his hawk features were set in a black frown.

"There is one chance in a thousand," he declared, "that we can prevent a catastrophe. Failing to prevent it, we may share in it."

"What do you mean?" Hayes asked.

"This brilliant fool will have completed his pylon, as he calls it, by tonight, some time before midnight. I can only hope it is wrongly constructed—but this I doubt. He knows his business. I cannot say, I do not profess to know, if under these conditions he will secure the Light. But if he does . . ."

He paused for a long time, and:

"I know," said Stefanson, "I know!"

"Your knowledge," the musical voice replied coldly, "is not perhaps so great as that of Eric Steiner, but you have a better brain, by which I mean a greater imagination. You say you know. What do you know?"

Ann Wayland was standing very near to Rorke; her eyes were fixed fascinatedly upon Mohammed Ahmes Bey.

"Th-th-this," Stefanson answered: "He will cr-create a vac-vacuum!"

"You are correct. In the literal sense, these people are playing with fire. They will pay the penalty. This does not matter—but others who are innocent will suffer with them."

"Let's move," said Lincoln Hayes monotonously.

"We have to wait for Maguire." Rorke was the speaker.

"Only hope," said Lincoln Hayes, "he gets here soon. Steiner working like a madman to complete experiment with no interruption. Won't come to phone—inaccessible."

At that moment the booming voice of Maguire made itself audible.

"I've been through hell," he was shouting long before he became visible. "But I've got a bunch of state police now; hurry up, everybody!"

THIS night was destined to find a place in the records of New Jersey as a very dark night. Clouds obscured the sky; not a star was to be seen. It was a lowering, ominous night, a night of a kind which might have been predestined for tragic happenings.

The road out of New York was not unduly congested. It was that lull hour which comes between the dinner rush and the disgorging of the theaters. One evening paper was featuring: "Simon Lobb dead—returns to life." Another had the headline: "Egyptian magic in New York."

In the leading car, driven by Slim, were Lincoln Hayes, Mohammed Ahmes Bey, Captain Rorke, Stefanson behind, and District Attorney Maguire.

"I'll say this," boomed Maguire over the roar of the city: "Whatever happens tonight, you're going to find it hard to avoid a prosecution, Mohammed Bey."

"Who will prosecute me?" the effortless voice inquired.

"Simon Lobb—for sure!"

"Permit me to contradict you, Mr. Maguire. He will not. . . ."

They had reached a stage in their journey at which town was giving place to countryside, buildings becoming infrequent, and long stretches of road were met with in which there were few habitations, when:

"Stop!" came a cry.

It was the bell note of Mohammed Ahmes Bey.

"Shall I stop, sir?"

Slim spoke the words to Lincoln Hayes.

"Yes."

Slim signaled to the following cars. All became stationary.

"What's this?" cried a voice from behind. "Why have we stopped?"

No one spoke in Hayes' car for a moment, then:

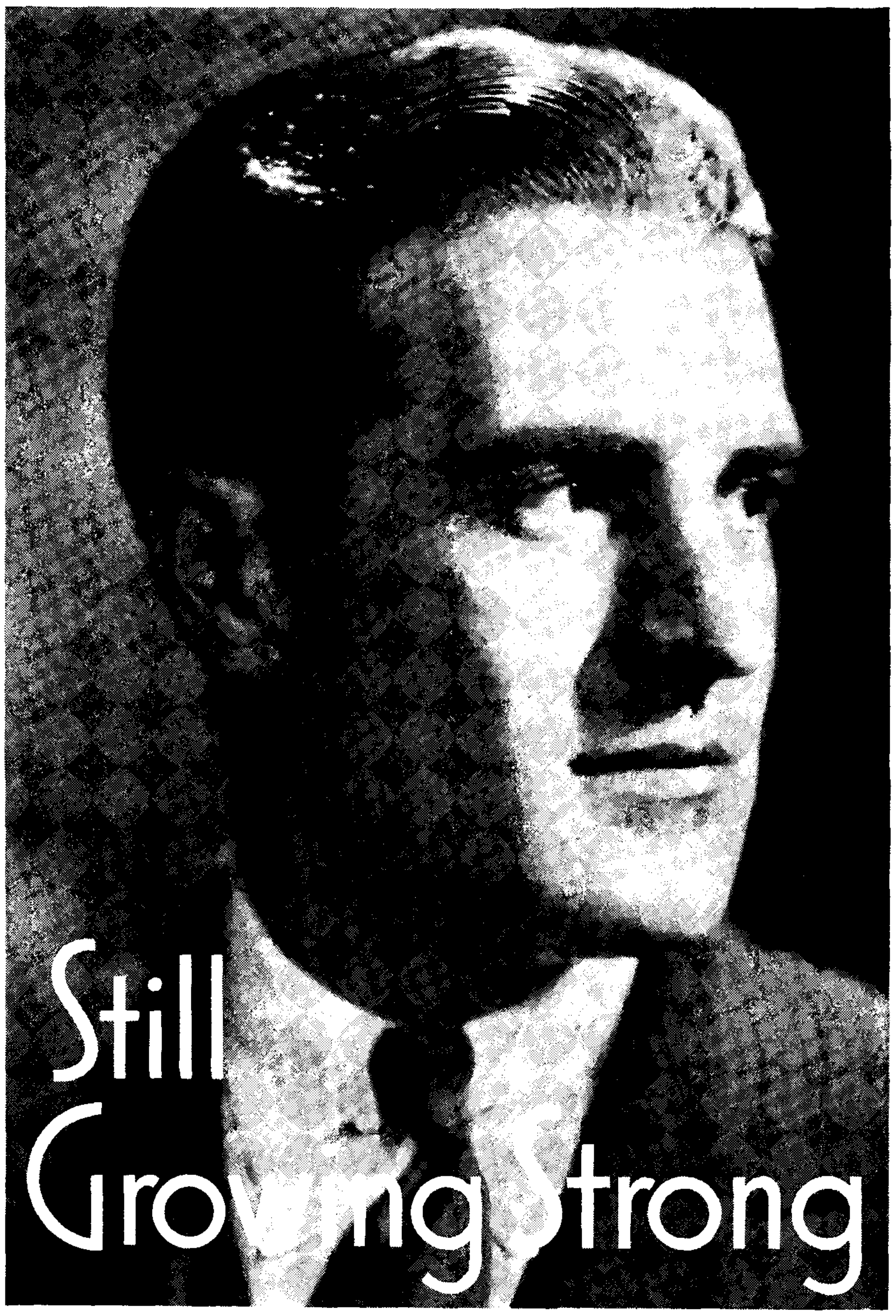
"As I feared, as I know now," said Mohammed Ahmes Bey, "we are too late! Mr. Lincoln Hayes, the choice is yours. In the long run your decision means nothing. The position is this: I ask you all to be silent, to listen, and to feel, if you have sensibilities."

Rorke's light voice suddenly arose, in the traditional army roar:

"Silence, back there!" came the order. "Everybody quiet!"

Silence followed. They were on a long, straight country road, but not so far from New York City that its muted bombilation failed to reach them. Except for this distant hammering of a million engines in some thousands of streets, nothing disturbed the peace of the countryside. In all, there were

(*Continued on page 46*)



There's no denying the attractiveness of a vigorous growth of hair . . . sleek, thick and strong . . . it puts you head and shoulders, as it were, above the other fellow. One of the best ways to insure a steady, healthy growth of hair is by keeping the scalp fit with regular 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage. At least once a week . . . and daily is not too often . . . apply 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic directly to the scalp and massage gently but firmly until the scalp tingles pleasantly. This treatment exercises the muscles and tiny glands upon whose proper functioning hair growth depends, and overcomes any tendency to dryness and dandruff. Shampoo once a week.

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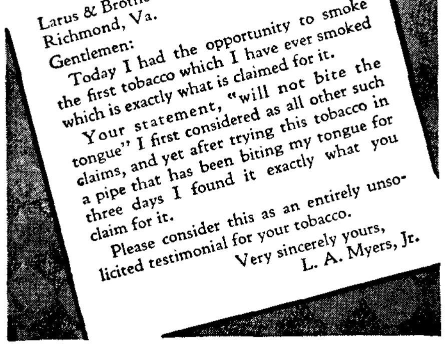
FOR TOBACCO CLAIMS
said Mr. Myers of Bristol, Tennessee-Virginia
MY PIPE HAD BEEN BITING MY TONGUE FOR THREE DAYS
THEN HE TRIED THE TOBACCO IN THIS TIN
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED, WILL NOT BITE TONGUE
AND BOY! HOW IT FILLED THE BILL

WE REGRET that Mr. Myers ever thought Edgeworth claims were exaggerated. Let us assure him, and all others, that extravagant claims have no place in our business. For many years Edgeworth advertising has consisted of genuine letters from pipe smokers, who give us permission to reprint their words simply because they want others to enjoy the same pleasure they enjoy—as a man who reads a good book wants to lend it to a friend. We have never paid even a crumb of tobacco for any letter. The pure goodness of a pipeful of Edgeworth is the best advertising any tobacco ever had. Larus & Brother Co., Richmond, Va. Tobacconists since 1877. *Here's Mr. Myers' letter:*



BLACK DIAMOND TRAILER CO.
Bristol, Tennessee-Virginia
January 16, 1935

Larus & Brother Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

Today I had the opportunity to smoke the first tobacco which I have ever smoked which is exactly what is claimed for it.

Your statement, "will not bite the tongue" I first considered as all other such claims, and yet after trying this tobacco in a pipe that has been biting my tongue for three days I found it exactly what you claim for it.

Please consider this as an entirely unsolicited testimonial for your tobacco.

Very sincerely yours,
L. A. Myers, Jr.

(Continued from page 45)

twenty men in that team of cars, men of various temperaments and powers of receptivity. But, in the minute which followed, every one of them heard, or sensed, that eerie *throbbing.* The atmosphere seemed to be laden with some new but subdued power.

"He has harnessed the force."

The voice of Mohammed Ahmes Bey, although very low, was very distinct.

"Meaning what?" came Lincoln Hayes' unmusical monotone.

"At any moment, it may be the next, he will take the fatal step. We are too late. We can do nothing to save others —but we may save ourselves."

That strange throbbing seemed to be growing in power.

"Let there be no argument," the voice of Mohammed Ahmes Bey continued. "Those of you who desire to survive, turn about and fly for your lives!"

THE thing which happened less than twenty minutes later is common knowledge.

Ships two to three hundred miles out at sea experienced broad daylight for periods varying from three to five minutes, followed by mountainous seas. Seismic instruments all over the world registered an earthquake in the west. Towering buildings in New York rocked upon their foundations, although in the city itself casualties were comparatively few, these being due in the most part to falling masonry. On the riverfront, however, the loss of life was tragically heavy.

That unnatural dawn, which through five states in greater or lesser degree appeared as a light resembling that of a tropical noonday during the darkest hours of a very dark night, filled the churches with unfamiliar worshipers. The cathedral in New York became packed to overflowing, so that frightened people who believed that this was the Day of Judgment crowded kneeling in rows on the sidewalks outside.

All traffic was stopped. In all towns of the states affected, people knelt in trains, in cars, in taxis; some recited the Lord's Prayer, others sang hymns in unison.

During the time that the Light lasted, and before the coming of the awesome storm which followed it, which shook the very rocks upon which New York City is built, which brought terror to ten million hearts and destruction to unnumbered buildings, amazing scenes were witnessed in the streets.

Then came that titanic thunder—and the Great Cyclone.

The worst catastrophes were in the New Jersey area. Many country houses with their occupants were literally wiped out of existence. The great Lobb experimental works disappeared, leaving nothing but vast mounds of débris and contorted metal to show where the works had been. No one of the staff survived, and of the scientific genius, Eric Steiner, the world heard no more.

Roofs of homes many miles from the center of the disturbance were stripped off and whirled into the air.

Finally, of course preceded by a terrifying roar, came the tidal wave—which, among other things awesome and ghastly, swept a five-thousand-ton steamer from its moorings and bore it, the doomed crew aboard, to disaster four miles above Hoboken. . . .

The most distant reports collected of this phenomenal and artificially produced typhoon came respectively from a farmer in Toronto, from the meteorological observatory in Los Angeles, and from the skipper of a British freighter making for Halifax, Nova Scotia, and one hundred and fifty miles from land. Almost every observatory in the world recorded it, the Japanese accounts being the most accurate. . . .

There was complete silence in the Hayes library. No one stirred.

"The catastrophe was of a kind which has not occurred," Mohammed Ahmes Bey concluded, "for more than a thousand years."

"I suppose," Rorke's voice broke in, "I am directly responsible."

"The responsibility can only be allocated by the gods. As the Moslems say, 'It was written.' Certainly, Captain Rorke, you started the chain of events which led to this disaster, but your culpability is no greater than my own. At a certain price you have learned that there are forces in nature with which your boasted modern machinery is not equipped to deal. If the Higher Law had demanded that I should arrive here in time to intercept the work of Dr. Steiner, it would have been so. I did all in my power to help, before my arrival and afterwards. Mr. Maguire"—he turned—"am I at liberty to leave?"

"You have my consent to do so, Mohammed Bey."

"Mr. Stefanson," he fixed his piercing gaze upon the thick pebbles of Stefanson's spectacles, "you have, unless I am mistaken, evolved a theory to account for the tragic failure of Dr. Steiner's experiment."

"That's t-true!" Stefanson replied.

"Let it remain locked in your brain. Let us say that Dr. Steiner was too ambitious. Humanity must learn to crawl before it can walk—and walk before it can run."

Ann Wayland spoke in a very low voice.

"Mohammed Ahmes Bey," she said, "you have knowledge which makes me realize that all of us, even the clever ones, are children."

"There was a world, Miss Wayland, before that which *you* call the world; a civilization higher and finer than this. One day your gropers who call themselves scientists will rediscover what the old world knew. They will cease to worship the things that mean nothing, and will concentrate upon the truths which are life. It may not be today, or even tomorrow, but sooner or later it must come."

The voice was the authentic voice of a prophet. None could doubt the knowledge which lay behind the words, for they were fresh from a ghastly demonstration of misuse of one of the powers which this man controlled.

"I am unhappy," Mohammed Ahmes Bey continued, "for in some way I have failed. I must return to the place I came from and meditate upon this matter."

Outside, the streets were hives of rumor. The theory most widely accepted was that a volcano had broken out in New Jersey, that its eruption had been followed by a violent electrical storm. Some reporters were hurrying to the dreadful waterfront. Every unit of the fire department was on duty. Others sought frenziedly for transport to New Jersey. The telephone service was in a state of chaos.

In some way, from the destruction of the Simon Lobb works clues had led the tireless newspapermen to Lincoln Hayes. Slim was dealing with them out in the lobby. Lincoln Hayes was seeing no one.

"I LEAVE America tomorrow," said Mohammed Ahmes Bey. "I have done my best."

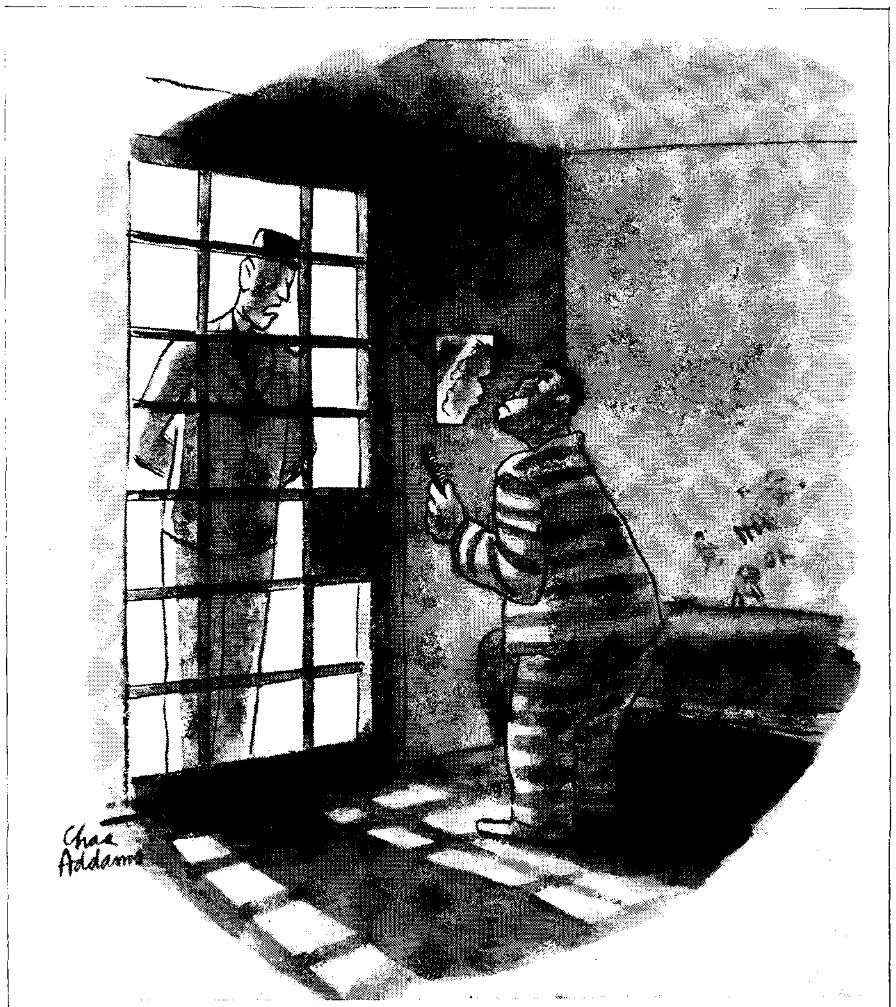
Lincoln Hayes lay back in the chair behind the big table; his eyes were closed. In spirit he stood before a golden veil. Hatasu's soft arms were about him. He felt again the pressure of her lips.

"You sail tomorrow evening, Mohammed Ahmes Bey?" came the monotonous voice.

"Unless political obstacles are placed in my way, yes."

"I sail with you."

THE END



"You needn't spend so much time in primping, Mr. Tonetti. We have no pretenses here, you know" CHARLES ADDAMS

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5 RE-DISTRIBUTION OF WEIGHT

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They find, for example, that one make of car has hydraulic brakes—but old-fashioned body construction. Another has an all-steel body, but ordinary brakes.

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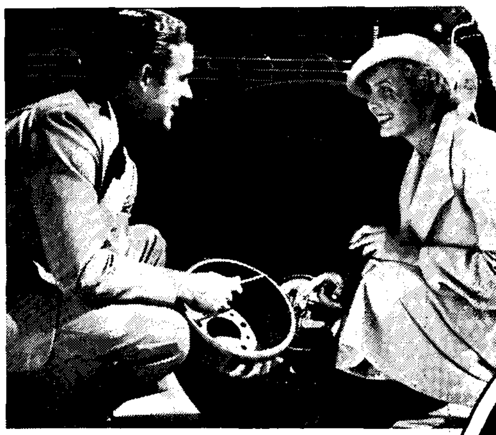

(*Above*) Airstream Chrysler 4-door Touring Sedan $860; other models $745 up; list at factory.

(*Left*) Genuine Hydraulic Brakes and Centrifuse Drums for safety as well as for economy.

(*Below*) Weight Re-distribution gives a smooth, easy ride.

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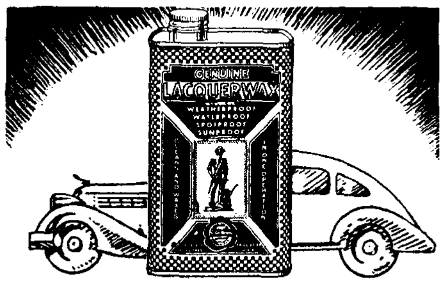

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MINUTE MAN PRODUCTS CO.
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Clowning

Continued from page 22

This was Savo's great chance and he was just settling down to it when the gentlemen who were conducting America's war activities decided that democracy would never have a chance without Jimmy. As a soldier he looked like an Eagle Scout who had been underfed, but he went off to Camp Meade and was attached to the heavy artillery. The heroes who were already on hand treated all newcomers impartially, giving them the heavy end of the cannons to carry and looking on in admiration. Jimmy had once been part of a weight-lifting team in vaudeville but he also knew his rights as a midget. He gave one desperate heft to the cannon, uttered a despairing moan and swooned. When next seen he was wearing a brassard marked M. P., and was in charge of a gang of tough babies working in the woods.

"I was a cop, see," says Savo, eagerly reminiscent. "And I carry around a little stick, a baton or something. The rest of these guys are walking around there with axes. When I say: 'Halt! Who goes there?' and one of these lugs come along, I just say: 'Go right ahead, mister!' "

When the war ended, he found himself back in vaudeville with a partner. The act was Cook & Savo and was a success from the start.

"One of those flip acts," says Jimmy. " 'Where you goin'?' 'Over there.' 'You just came from over there.' . . . Like that. We made it up ourselves. Great stuff."

Private Practice

The Cook & Savo combination broke up and Jimmy was next seen with a girl partner in an act known as Jimmy Savo & Co. Joan Franza was the company and the act lasted twelve years, playing in points known only to the American Express Company and ending when Miss Franza acquired operatic ambitions and eventually sang with Gigli in concert.

It was during the course of the Savo & Co. career that Jimmy developed the style of comedy that has made him famous. In Memphis he picked up the pair of pants, eight sizes too large, which he is still wearing and which are as much a part of him as his face or feet. When he comes sidling in with his derby cocked at an aristocratic angle from his forehead and his face wreathed in the mock-modest smile of a politician riding down Pennsylvania Avenue, you know that Savo has arrived. When his oration is ruined by his chin catching in his over-large collar, you get an idea of the ridiculousness of all speech-making and all pretense. When, in Parade, he undertakes to run his own factory in place of his striking workmen, he reaches the high point of fame. The picture of the bewildered little man chasing desperately back and forth on his own assembly line and finally pulling the levers which bring the whole factory crashing down about his ears is not only a hilarious moment but almost a complete essay on the machine age.

Savo has great inventiveness. Starting with a piece of string, he can build up an entire routine, using it as a worm on his coat, a tight-rope when laid on the floor, or as a complicated conjuring trick by twisting it around his fingers. In Parade he sings a song about the cops, which ends with Savo flat on his face and nothing showing but his startled eyes appearing above the footlight trough. His general gait on the stage is that of a little girl skipping down the street. His baggy pants flop about his legs, his arms swish through the tails of his coat and his head bobs up and down gaily as he barges along.

When Miss Franza left Savo and Company he sat around waiting for a chance to do a single act and got it when the Four Diamond Brothers collapsed under the strain of playing the Palace and the Alhambra in New York at the same time. They gave up the Alhambra and Savo went in.

"Sure, I can do a single," said Savo. "I been doing it for years."

"Where?" said the agent, suspiciously.

"I been doing it in private," said Jimmy. "I been practicing."

He went up with no routine in mind, started fooling with a piece of string and a fake card-trick bit and has been a success ever since.

Savo has been on the stage twenty-eight years, leaving it for a year in 1931 to live on his walnut grove in California and almost going insane because he missed the roar of the elevated trains. He had a brother who got as far as Newark in the International League as a ball player under the name of Sava, which is the family name, but he himself confines his energy to picking up stray mutts and trying to get them back on their feet. The idea is to restore their morale and give them to admiring friends, but it doesn't always work.

Women really should stay out of gold camps. But they never do. And neither does trouble.

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POOR MAN'S GOLD

Beginning in
NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

"I got eight on my hands right now," says Jimmy ruefully. "They aren't very handsome but I love 'em. Do you know anybody who might want a dog?"

His first real production chance was with Vogues of 1924, in which he was paired with Fred Allen. There was a star comedian in the show who got all the good material and Savo and Allen were used only for the interludes while they were changing the scenes backstage. Allen wrote the material and nobody paid any attention to them during rehearsals. On opening night they stole the show.

"What's that you got under your arm?" says Allen.

"Ten pounds of sugar for my coffee," says Jimmy.

"What's that you got under the other arm?" says Allen.

"Ten pounds of sugar for my tea," says Jimmy.

"Well, here," says Allen, tapping him over the head with a mallet, "is a lump for your cocoa."

After that came Almanacs, a revue, and Earl Carroll's Vanities, with Jack Benny, Herb Williams and Patsy Kelly. Savo was developing his pantomime to the point where critics, because of his name, were referring to him as the great European star. Savo, in truth, has never been out of the country. He has built his business up from observation, having a keen sense of the ridiculousness of life and watching people constantly. He also has been long enough on the stage to know that the only way you get along is by protecting yourself in the clinches.

When an actress in the Ritz Revue ruined Savo's lines by dropping irrelevant remarks during the course of them and taking the audience's attention away from him, Savo retaliated by lifting the curtain in the middle of one of her intimate scenes and saying pointedly: "I don't talk during *your* scenes." She stopped it after that. When a producer instructed him not to take a bow when the rest of the cast was bowing all over the stage, Jimmy took up the time when a dancing group of six was supposed to be on the stage in doing a pantomime to the music of Hearts and Flowers, which practically annihilated the audience with mirth.

A Break for Shakespeare?

His experience at the Casino de Paree, the New York night club, in which he was in intimate touch with the audience and could bring his pantomime to a fine point, won the affection of the New York critics and got him a picture contract with Hecht and MacArthur in Once in a Blue Moon. When the first sound rushes were run off, it was plain that the accent of Balieff, the Russian comedian, sounded like a remote Chinese dialect, but the producers went bravely ahead. When they finished, they had an excellent picture for students of Esperanto but nothing much for an American audience. Balieff might as well have been talking into a stove pipe for all anybody could understand him. Secret operatives slink through the byways to report that Savo is good in the film, but his career hesitates while Balieff's part is dubbed in sound, which means that he will be acting but somebody else will be talking.

Savo never got beyond the seventh grade and is slow in learning his lines but he is ambitious to be an actor and is hunting around for a play which will be able to use his special talents. It's the old business of the funny man wanting to play Hamlet and Savo playing Hamlet would be something to see.

"An actor," cries Jimmy, starting to careen about the stage at an angle of forty-five degrees, with no observer able to tell where his knees start and his ankles end in his baggy pants and with his derby cocked at an attitude of defiance and pride. "Sure, an actor. Mebbe John P. Barrymore or J. Edward Gable. When did that Shakespeare ever get a real break?"

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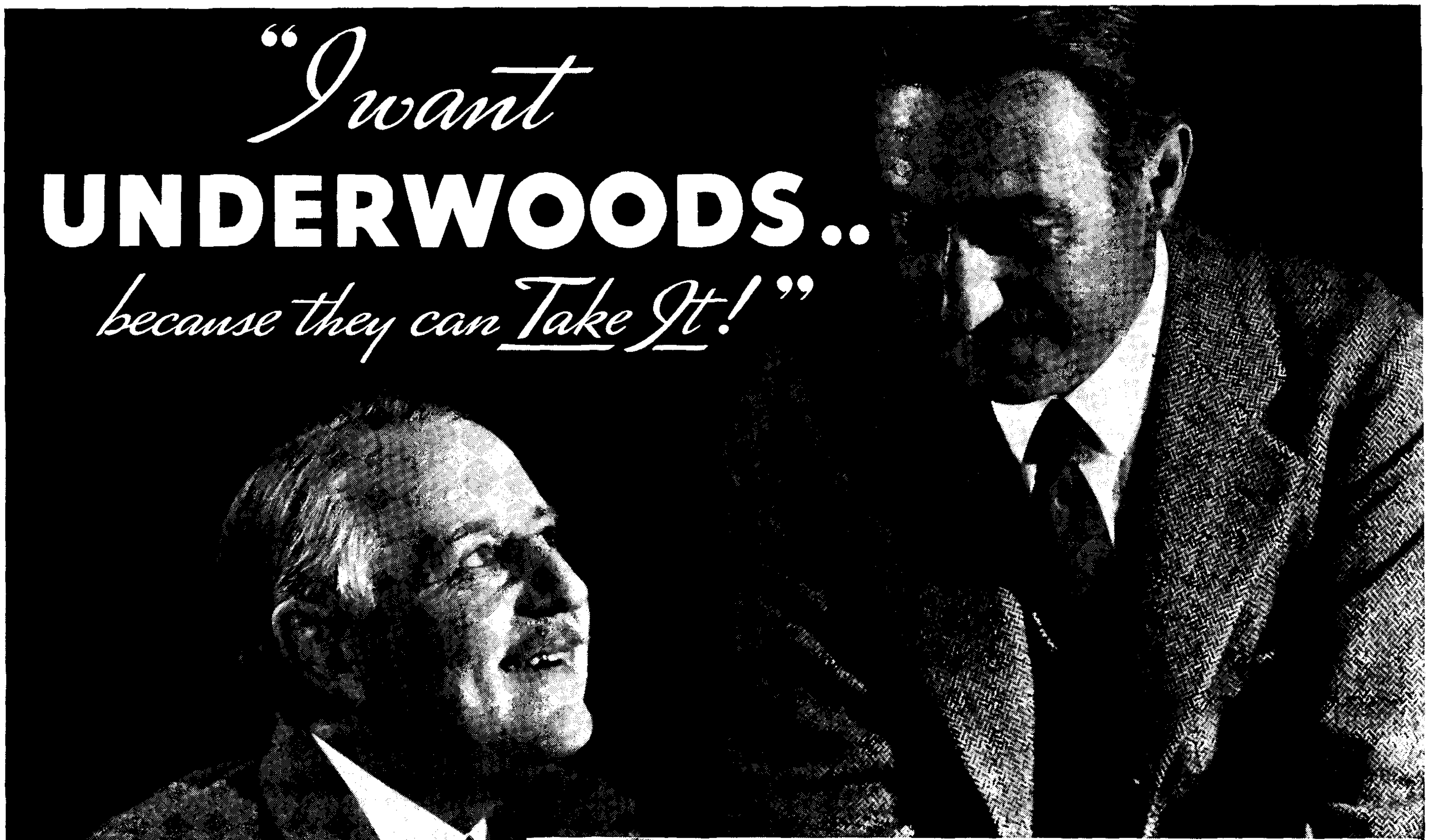

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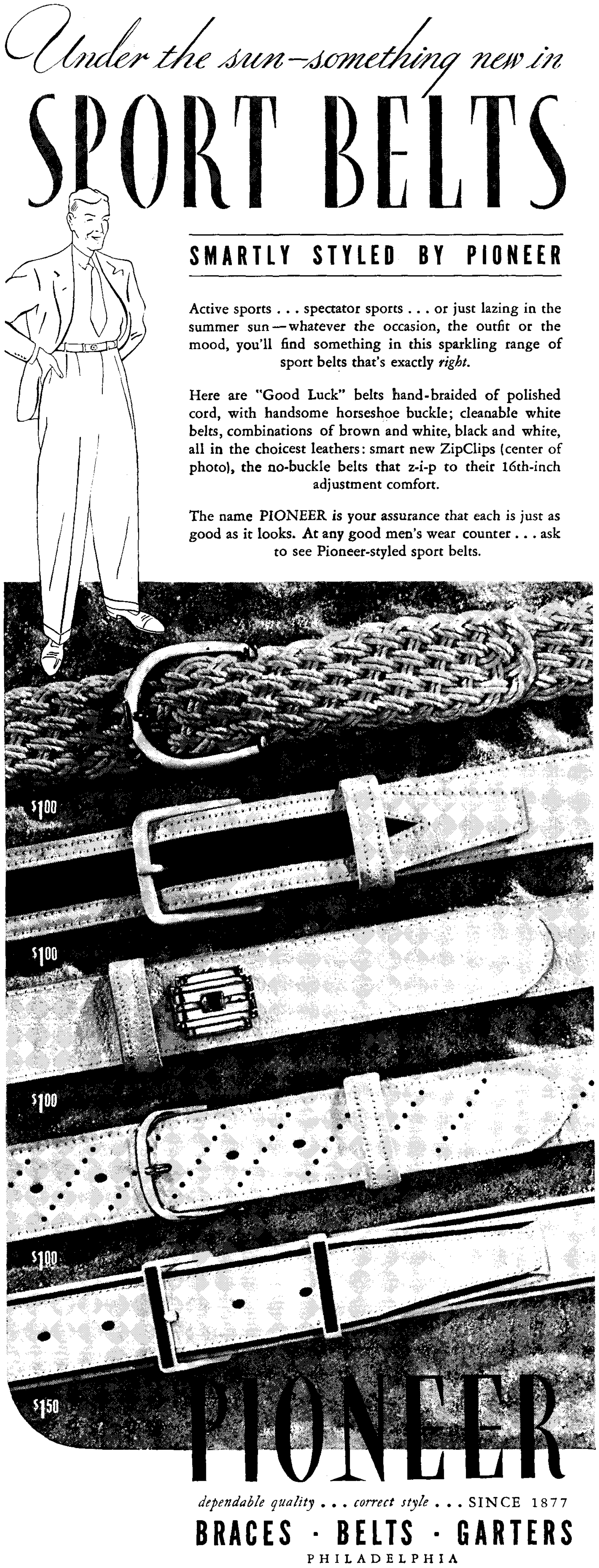

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BRACES · BELTS · GARTERS

PHILADELPHIA

My Country, 'tis from Thee

Continued from page 8

might consider what has already happened.

To start with opposition in its simplest form, we might consider the farmer. The farmer complains daily and with considerable heat that what drought, dust-storms, erosion and the acreage limitations set by Mr. Henry Wallace's AAA have left of his tillable lands is very likely to be so much wasted opportunity if he cannot engage helpers. And he insists that he can't hire farm hands in competition with the government. Before Mr. Hopkins got his huge almoner machinery working it was possible to get farm labor for next to nothing—a phrase not used idly because the FERA has records to show that men and women, glad to have a roof above them and three meals a day, were hiring out to farmers for as little as two cents an hour. This less than munificent wage caused considerable speculation in the research branches of the FERA and explanations were forthcoming from both sides.

It Pays to Stay Idle

Said such farmers: "It isn't right for a man to work for nothing, but when you can't afford to pay him anything what are you going to do?" And said such workers: "We were willing to work for bed and board. It's better than freezing and starving. And the twenty or twenty-two cents a day keeps you in tobacco."

But when the FERA funds plus local additions became available it was no longer necessary for a man to work for nothing. All he had to do was to leave the farm and present himself and family at his neighborhood's almoner's office and be rewarded with a varying sum, from thirty to sixty dollars a month, depending upon the size of said family and the standards of his local relief boards. And this left the farmer without help.

In the South, where the tenant farmer and the share-cropper lend variety and add complications to the farm labor situation, the FERA found a somewhat different situation. Here it was the general procedure for the planter or owner of the farm to furnish his tenants or share-croppers. By furnishing we mean providing the tenant with his between-crops necessities — food, clothing, seed, fertilizer and so on. Of course when the final reckoning was struck, after the crop, the tenant paid for such furnishing by turning over to the planter a stipulated portion of his crops. But Mr. Hopkins' investigators soon discovered that thousands of the planters had decided that the local relief boards, with state and federal moneys, were the logical agencies to do this furnishing.

The planters were getting the frozen price of twelve cents a pound for cotton—the government's pegged price—and agreeing that they were singularly fortunate. But why, they asked, should they spend any of it on furnishing their tenants when all the tenant had to do was to sing a song of no sixpence to the relief administrator? Further, many of these planters were forcing their tenants, chiefly Negroes, to go on relief. The process was quite simple. The farm owner had but to serve notice upon the tenant that he must choose between vacating the shack that now sheltered him and registering with the relief authorities. This, you see, put the whole problem of caring for the tenant upon the government. Neat, efficient and economical.

The net result of this petty skulduggery was not something highly to be desired. The tenant, sulking under what he considered indignities and wholly suspicious that in the whole transaction he had been defrauded, declared that the moment he could get a government job at reforestation, reclamation, flood control, erosion prevention or what not, he would burn the road in his haste to be at it. And the cotton planter, protesting that, pegged prices or no pegged prices, he is the ultimate and inevitable victim of the processing taxes, is demanding that the government keep its hands off his so-called hired help—further, of course, than to feed and clothe them.

It dawns upon you as you continue to look into the business of relief that Mr. Shakespeare's duke was speaking more or less rhetorically when he gave us "sweet are the uses of adversity." The repulsive truth is that we've become pretty mean. It may be that the FERA was meandering into foreign pastures when it adopted as one of its relief side issues the policy of food gardens for the share-cropper. But this it did, spending a great deal of money in the process. The idea was that the share-cropper should devote a certain portion of his time and a half-acre or so of his land to a personal food crop. But the weary landowner, fed up with oft-repeated formulas for week-end regenerations, chased the home-garden missionaries down the road, occasionally taking a stick to them, and told his tenants to keep on growing cotton right up to their window sills. Or else.

But here again Mr. Hopkins passed a ruling. Being advised that Mississippi had been particularly impolite to his truck-garden preachers, he denied relief moneys to twenty-seven of that state's counties. I am told that the planters duly surrendered and that those twenty-seven counties now contain their share of the two million truck gardens that are providing the country's relief takers with material comfort.

Not as Bad as It Might Be

Generally speaking, the official investigators and field agents of the FERA (and this is even more consistently true of Mr. Hopkins' department heads) are prone to show you but one side of the uninspiring picture. This, you discover, is more or less to be expected. The overwhelming majority of the important relief officials are, like Mr. Hopkins, trained professional social workers. A large number of the personnel of the FERA offices contributing to these closer associates of Mr. Hopkins have either had considerable experience in social work or are taken from related circles. It becomes apparent in time that their sympathies are more likely to be with the workers as a group or class than with industry. Among them you find young lawyers of limited legal experience, personnel directors from large retail stores and manufacturing establishments, journalists with liberal viewpoints, students whom the depression has graduated prematurely from their classrooms, independent labor organizers frequently with an undisguised disdain for the American Federation of Labor. People like that. Hard-working people. Earnest folk. But it is not likely you'd find them there were the selection to be left to the United States Chamber of Commerce, the Liberty League, the American Manufacturers' Association or, say, the American Legion.

You may not agree that such people—

bright, earnest, educated and socially conscious—are of a sort best warranted to coöperate in a revival of what is loosely called The Good Old Days. But there is plenty of reason for rejoicing that Mr. Hopkins' personnel (less than heroic though some of them be) is what it is. After you've been in the FERA offices an hour or so you're bound to collide with a thought of what a horror the place might be.

Imagine the place manned by political lame ducks—as it would have been in The Good Old Days. Just try thinking of the FERA as the playground and fattening meadows of the political spoilsters, the patronage boys. Suppose Tammany Hall had the run of the place. Or the Honorable Jim Pendergast's Kansas City Machine. Or the Baton Rouge crowd. Or better still, guess what would have happened to the $4,000,000,000 (to say nothing of the billions already spent) were it administered by certain of those gentlemen of the Ohio gang that followed the unhappy Mr. Harding to Washington. For example, fancy the Honorable Jess Smith, the "Now-let's-get-together-boys" host of the Harding regime's Little Green House on K Street, sitting in Mr. Hopkins' chair.

The Odds Are with the Worker

But the immediate point is that Mr. Hopkins' associates are not of the conventional political job-holder mold. And being what they are is doubtless responsible for the fact that they are prone to show you but one side of the uninspiring picture. They speak in the bloodless terms of case historians. Relief becomes objective, something to which a known formula is to be applied, a mess for the laboratory scientist to reduce with standard reagents. And there are quite a few of Mr. Hopkins' associates who frankly regard the entire United States of America as a waif to be rehabilitated, a case history.

Therefore, in FERA headquarters you hear much—perhaps too much—of the reverse side—of the nonconformity of sawmill owners, tobacco manufacturers, beet sugar growers, hotel proprietors, mine operators and so on. That the employers of labor, actual and hopeful, have an entirely different philosophy, have a wholly opposed interpretation of social service and think of recovery in trade terms rather than sociological, is not taken into account to any noticeable degree. While there doubtless is a direct relationship between what the professional case workers in Mr. Hopkins' office are doing and the general scheme of recovery, you do not readily find material evidence of teamwork between the FERA and the other recovery agencies of the Administration. You do, however, discover a certain amount of interagency jealousy and rivalry that seems unnecessarily personal.

Doubtless in certain states where the rulings are propitious and the local relief committees strongly industrial you find that a complaint from the employer will get as rigid investigation as the charges and laments of the worker—perhaps more rigid. But in impersonal and completely objective headquarters in Washington the case for the relief beneficiary is dominant. Only rarely is it suggested that perhaps the employer who offers ten to twenty cents an hour may be quite as bankrupt as his employee whose fragmentary wage must be supplemented by the government.

You are assured in Mr. Hopkins' offices that the vast majority of the relief participants would prefer jobs to charity. But you aren't offered proof. A number of standard and sometimes bedraggled reasons are offered to explain why there are a million more persons on relief rolls now than there were a year ago. And this with business conditions admittedly better and fairly consistent in upward progress. You've probably heard the reasons for the lengthened relief lists: The accretion due to the exhaustion of the savings of an erstwhile reluctant class and the progressive decline of wages, for example. However, the facts are not loyal to such argument. Neither is Mr. Hopkins' staff a unit in the theory that we would rather work for our victuals than live on handouts. Thousands of us have notified FERA that the world owes us a living and it's up to the United States government to provide it.

From a dozen states come warnings that work relief should be adopted as a policy quickly if it is going to receive a genuine welcome. There's plenty of evidence that many of us are getting out of practice. Mr. Hopkins' agents, sent out to consider the temper of the relief receivers, assure you that there is a noticeable disinclination to accept work as long as an equal income or even slightly less is assured by the relief bureaus. And FERA headquarters will tell you that it would be idle to adopt a national policy of refusing relief to those who decline jobs. You are told that there is no federal law under which you can force a man to take a job. And if he won't work it is not the policy of the government to punish him with starvation.

Thus, when Mr. Russell J. Eldridge, New Jersey state director of the state labor department and of the national reëmployment service, announced that 10,187 jobs had been rejected by the unemployed in his state, the FERA officials were neither surprised nor deeply concerned.

They will tell you that it is not for the government to say that relief shall be withheld from these persons refusing jobs. The states may adopt such policies, as many of them recently have. And the several states may rule further that when the work-relief plans are complete, no man or woman may quit a private job merely to get on the government pay roll because the latter pays better wages and the work is likely to be steadier. Several states are prepared to announce such policies.

Incentives to Unemployment

The reason why 10,187 of New Jersey's unemployed snubbed Mr. Eldridge's offerings are universal. Every investigator reporting back to Mr. Hopkins' offices tells the same tale: The wages offered are too low and the conditions of employment unreasonable. For example, here's a corporation in Maryland asking the reëmployment bureau for waitresses. It offers three hours' work a day, six days a week, at twenty-five cents an hour and no tips. Out of this daily wage the waitresses must pay an average of twenty cents a day carfare. Yet they must take the job or forfeit hopes of future government relief. And in California a garage company wants motor mechanics to report at eight in the morning and hang around until six in the evening, although they will receive no pay except for the time they spend actually working on a car. They may not get more than three or four jobs a week—but it's called employment. An increasing number of states have decreed that the state labor department shall rule whether the proffered wage in private industry is fair or otherwise. If it is ruled fair and the worker refuses to accept it he is stricken from the relief-eligible rolls. The worker's reply is usually received in Mr. Hopkins' office, to the effect that the state labor offices are themselves dominated by private industry and are, therefore, none too kindly disposed toward the in-

(Continued on page 52)

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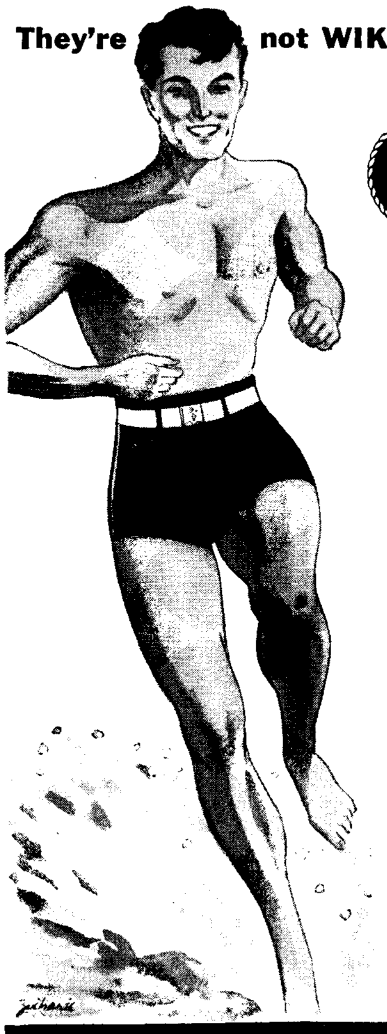

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(*Continued from page* 51)

dividual work seeker, particularly unorganized labor.

The reports have it that the unemployed huskies decline jobs, pleading physical disability. There is, of course, a great deal of gold-bricking and shirking. Faced with an ultimatum—take the job or get out—the reluctant one will work a couple of days and then return limping to headquarters complaining that the labor is killing him. He may even have a supporting certificate from a physician who, like those splendid men of medicine who for the modest sum of two dollars give pension-seeking war veterans fraudulent certificates of war-incurred disabilities, is willing to attest to the low physical state of the work dodger at bargain rates—one dollar. Doctors, too, need relief.

And yet the files of the FERA produce plenty of evidence that honest men, fearfully hiding weak hearts, bad lungs and the ravages of malnutrition, will take on a longshoreman's job in their eagerness for work and wages—wages of any dimensions. The names of these unhappy men who have dropped dead at their jobs or have died in the night of exhaustion make a long and heroic list. It is inevitable, of course, that all the drum-whanging and official sobbing should concern the employer who offers less and the worker who demands more. The simple heart that balks at charity to the last and is eager to take his chances with long hours and inadequate wages, trusting (poor sap) that his proud industry and rugged individualism is going to be rewarded, is apt to be regarded as the neighborhood boob and treated accordingly. One of the most unpleasant signs of the entire relief trend is the rapid change in the public's attitude toward the acceptance of charity.

A New Mark of Distinction

The FERA's investigators assure you that as lately as two years ago the family that was compelled to seek public relief frequently went to incredible lengths to cloak the fact. Today there are innumerable evidences that "getting on relief" may be regarded as a feat in which to take considerable pride and that family that gets most is the most envied. Here's a report (one of many) where a wife publicly berates her husband for being less agile than his neighbor:

"You would take a job at ten dollars a week," she cries at the poor wretch who thinks he has achieved a triumph in getting a job at all. "Why, the Hunkakoffs next door are drawing down fifteen a week from relief. Where's your enterprise?"

Then you find a local relief worker who thinks she has done something commendable by reducing her visiting list from twenty to eighteen. She has managed to lure two families off direct relief and into jobs. But the local political boss descends upon her with a fine fury.

"Listen," he says, "never mind getting people off relief. Our quota is sixty thousand relief cases and that's what the government's paying us on. We gotta make our quota."

"But these two families wanted work, not doles," the high-minded young woman protested.

"Well, if anybody drops out get somebody on to take their place," the honorable patriot replied. "We gotta keep up our quota of government money."

Scenes like this—and they are many—tend to demoralize even the beholder. And you get even more of a jolt when you discover relief agents soliciting families to demand doles. There is the record of several counties (one in Virginia illustrating it particularly well) where, owing to a revival of business, not one family remained on relief. This, as anybody can see, was bad business for the almoners whose jobs were consequently imperiled. Therefore they went about telling the poorer families how foolish they were not to accept public moneys. With a little industry they revived the relief business and their jobs were saved.

We haven't the space to tell you much of the artful dodgings of both employers and workers to develop the full benefits of our state relief systems. But they are endless. For example, the thousands that draw income from private industry and relief moneys at the same time. The greatest difficulty these wide-awake persons encounter is how to be in two places at one time—to hold a work-relief job and a private one too. But with true Yankee ingenuity they've worked it out. They merely hire someone unemployed but ineligible for relief to man the government job. The latter draws the pay and divides it equally with the resourceful one who lets him occupy the job.

Where Relief Supplies Go

And then there are families who have been drawing everything from groceries to coal and coke from relief headquarters but, not needing it, selling it. And government food has mysteriously found its way to the shelves of obscure grocery stores. These are but samples. It is very easy to ask why something isn't done about it. If the government—the FERA—were to try to prosecute all the contemptible petty crime that state and municipal administration of relief breeds, the courts would be foundered for years.

The FERA has made scores of surveys seeking sociological data and least common multiples. Much of the information is too general to have particular significance to the ordinary citizen. Much of it means little to any but trained social workers to whom it has long ago ceased to be news. Some of it has "cross-section" qualities and is interesting but nonproductive of solution for the fundamental problems of poverty and wealth. At least one of them, though, revealed fleetingly the general situation stripped of all its spangles.

It involved a study of 1,154,000 persons of the 4,600,000 families on relief. These persons live in seventy-nine cities and towns, selected with a view to producing figures and effects which might be called typical. There are, all told, about 21,040,000 of us on relief in the United States. This comprises the 4,600,000 families and 800,000 unmarried or unattached persons.

Of the 1,154,000 relief receivers in the survey, fourteen per cent had jobs of various sorts but the income of none was adequate to support the worker and his dependents. Therefore their incomes were supplemented from public funds. The median earnings of these people, part-time and full-time workers, was approximately nine dollars a week. To be more explicit, thirty per cent got less than five dollars a week, thirty-five per cent got between five and ten dollars, fifteen per cent got from ten to fifteen dollars and twenty per cent got fifteen dollars or more. The average pay of the whites was almost two and a half times that of the Negroes. Women invariably got a lower wage than the men even when they were the only workers in the family.

The largest occupational section of this surveyed group was in the domestic and personal service—household servants, hotel employees, laundry workers and the like. One of Mr. Hopkins' investigators asked me whether I minded if she swore a bit. I assured her I would be glad to help her out if she didn't know many words. But she cursed quite fluently without prompting as she told me of domestic servants getting two, three and four dollars a week for six and a half days' work and an average workday of eleven hours. These women were expected to do all the work, including furnace tending and laundry. They were twenty-eight per cent of the employed whose incomes the government was supplementing.

She became quite profane again as she told me of hotel workers—laundresses, chambermaids, bellboys, coatroom attendants and porters getting as little as three dollars a week. But their lot, she added, was less deplorable because some of them were exposed to tips.

A sister investigator enlisted in the free damning contest by citing a few of her experiences looking into the department stores.

"Right here in Washington," she said, "there is a department store, fifteen per cent of whose employees were on the relief rolls. What made me mad —and I'm supposed to be a Republican —is that the day after we discovered that, this store advertised in proud words that it had had a most profitable year and was declaring a dividend to its stockholders. For this it thanked its patrons profusely, too."

But we wander from our subject. In the beginning Mr. Hopkins announced on several occasions in a variety of words that he was eternally opposed to subsidizing private industry with relief money. But there wasn't much he could do about it and still work at his job of relieving want whatever the cause. Therefore in this fourteen per cent of the surveyed 1,154,000, you had, in addition to personal service workers, representatives of almost all the standard industries short of those whose employees are well unionized. For example, clerks in retail shops and in wholesalers' warehouses. Office workers. Filling station attendants. Theater ushers. Janitors. Continue the list in your spare time. We have even policemen on our relief rolls although they are not included in the fourteen per cent we write of here. And the plight of these unorganized workers was made the more depressing by another practice of the hard-pressed merchant and office manager. From high-school and college vocational advisers, the FERA has learned that boys and girls were taking jobs behind counters and at desks at no salary at all, or at best for carfare and lunch money. The theory was that this was the only way these bewildered youngsters could get the experience they would need when business should regain its health. And at that happy time, they were told, the experienced would be the first to be employed.

Mr. Hoover Was Right

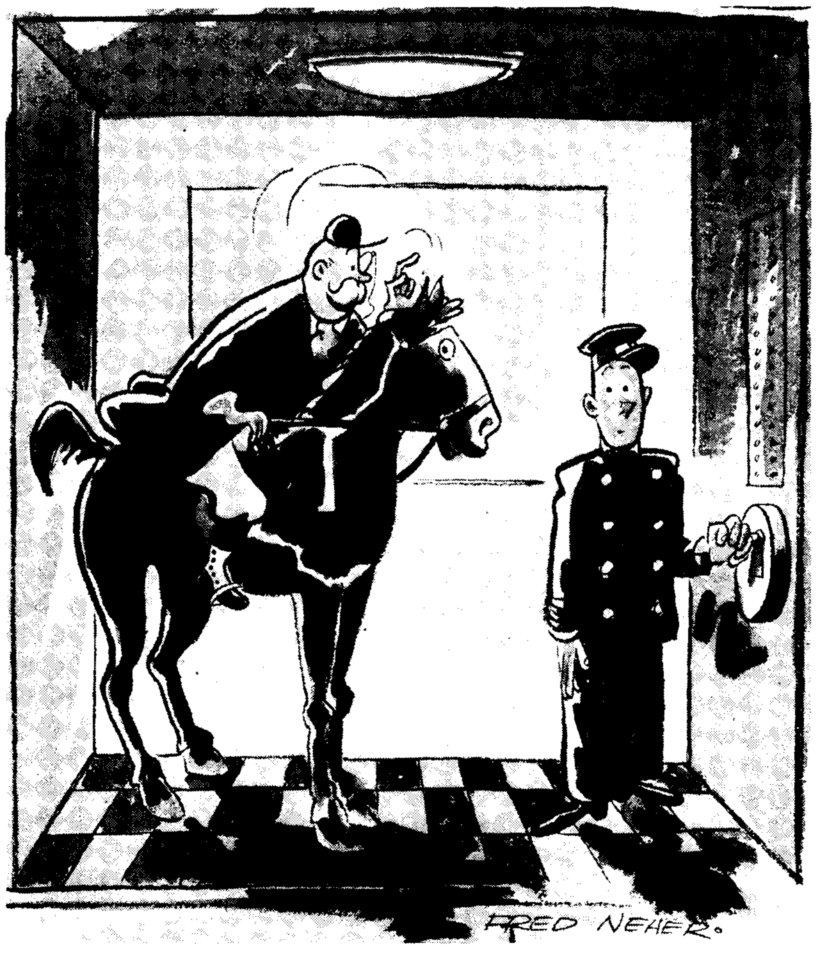
This then, is at least a sketch of the relief situation we have created for ourselves. We are now busy spending $4,880,000,000 "to end relief." The Administration insists that the spending shall be ruled by the knowledge we have acquired in the dispensing of the $3,390,000,000 distributed through CWA, PWA and FERA. The short-lived CWA was nothing to remember with undiluted satisfaction. The PWA did not move as many mountains as its barkers predicted. And the FERA has discovered that the country is not populated exclusively by self-sacrificing patriots.

"At any rate," said one of Mr. Roosevelt's best friends in Congress, "it all proves beyond further debate that Mr. Hoover didn't know what he was talking about when he said in 1932 that the relief situation could be taken care of by private contributions."

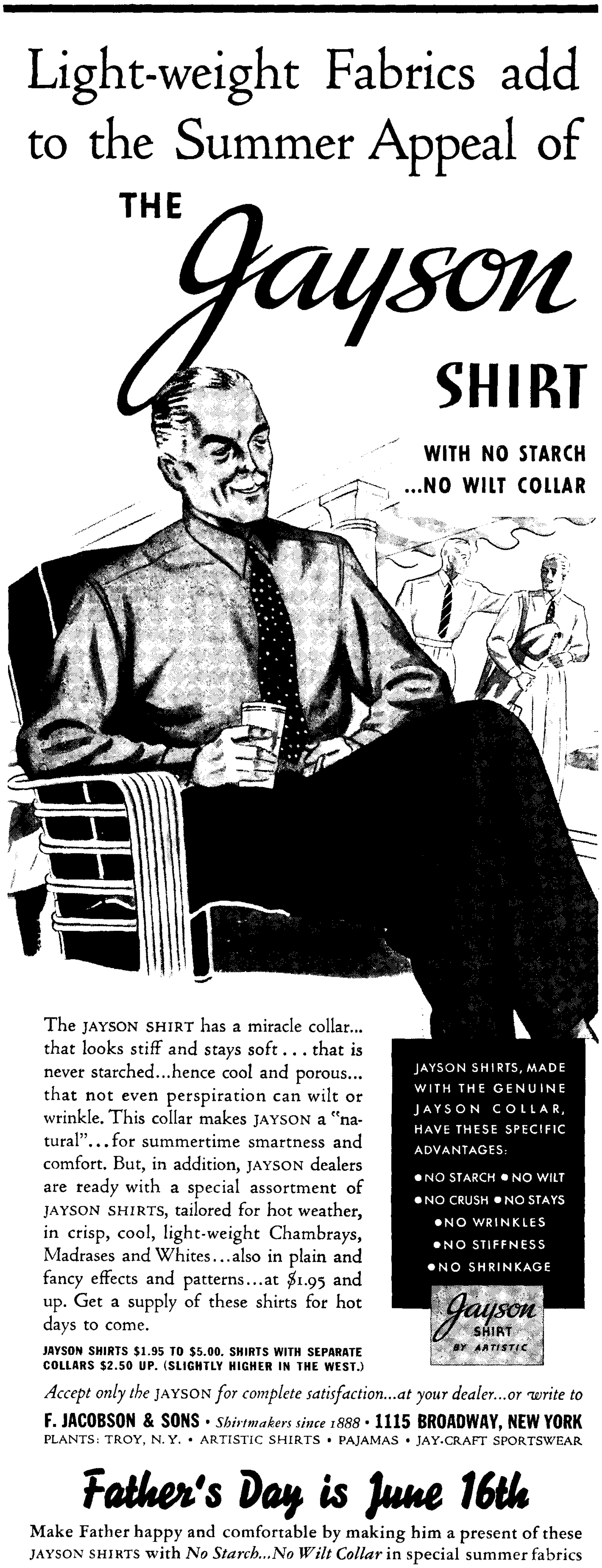
"Well?" demanded the unquenchable Republican.

"Well, it isn't being done by private contributions."

"Oh, yes?" said Mr. Hoover's friend. "How did you get out of paying an income tax? And wait until you see the rates next year."



"Can you tell me what floor the blacksmith shop is on?" FRED NEHER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*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. **KRO-FLITE**

Tomorrow Comes to San Diego

Continued from page 21

I have seen job-relief antics in many places; I have never seen anything as moving as the enthusiasm of these SERA laborers, whose devotion and interest match those of the regular payroll members of the Exposition. Since integrity and beauty and durability must rule the finished aspect of the fair, ingenuity rather than scrimping had to be called upon. Among other strokes, therefore, all the "art" was designed and manufactured right on the grounds. You will see huge tile plant boxes in garden corners; massive antique chandeliers in vast Spanish halls; enchanting brackets and lanterns and objects will halt your eyes on every wall. Made from composition board, my friends, the lot of them; delicately cut, from artists' patterns, by SERA fists that had never before hefted anything lighter than sledges.

Ten Million Pilgrims

The small flame of these beginnings shone clear across the continent to the shores of the St. Clair River, where it lighted the fancy of a great industrialist and fetched him to San Diego with an investment of two million dollars; its gleam kindled in the open eyes of other men of big business everywhere, and they came marching with plans and exhibits until the total of their investment outmatched a dozen times the original contribution of San Diego. The sum is a multitude of benefits and thrills, and much pleasure and fun, at the end of your westward trail this summer.

San Diego and the Coast expect ten million people, less or more, to come to the fair; and because circumstances—unfavorable exchange, surly national humors in Europe—make this a very good year for Americans to play in their own country, it is possible the gates of Balboa Park will actually click ten million times. This multitude would not mean crowded roads, any more than ten million airplanes would mean crowded skies; the Far West is as spacious as that, dear children. Profits to the Exposition proper would begin with the three millionth visitor; but, since this is a non-personal-gain affair, excess income will be dropped into a Community Advertising Fund. That might be a two-edged sword. After the 1915 Exposition, so many visitors forever put off going home that the population here soon doubled. If the same thing happens this time, with the spur of advertising to boot, San Diego might find itself with a water problem; an eventuality with which its voters have not yet shown any eagerness to wrestle.

You can go to San Diego as cheaply or as luxuriously, as comfortably or as primitively as you wish. You can travel in a gilt and red plush sedan chair, borne aloft by All-America tackles, if you're that kind of heiress; or you can go in a bus, the modern version of the romantic stagecoach. In Europe you would have no idea from hour to hour what your dollar might buy. Here, your dollar will be a dollar; and more than a dollar over the line in Agua Caliente, where you can watch the boys and girls who are "in the money" in Hollywood lugubriously practice their week-end sinning—just as they have seen it done in their own movies. Many bargain tours, by all means of conveyance, will be offered; some of the large tourist agencies have figured out nice things for you, and bought up thousands of hotel rooms here so that you will be certain of shelter.

San Diego claims it can accommodate 50,000 visitors a day. It has tourist experience. A quarter of a million persons drove into the town, on United States Highway 80, last year; nearly five million crossed the frontier into Agua Caliente, which is San Diego's night spot. The numerous auto camps hereabouts and the passenger ships that will be anchored as floating hotels in the harbor will help. There is a 300-unit tent city on Coronado's famous Silver Strand, a few minutes by ferry. But Los Angeles, which looks upon San Diego as a soldier ant looks upon a cow aphis, says that most of you will stay with her; indeed, that you will have to pass through her in order to reach the Exposition. Los Angeles is almost right; although I can tell you how to sneak in here by way of El Centro. It will cost you from 50 cents each per night in the better auto camps, to three dollars each per night in the quality hotels. Food is unusually reasonable here. One grand feature will please you—every place, camp, hotel and restaurant is clean.

The Exposition has on file, among others equally alarming, a letter from a woman in Connecticut who wishes to know if the natives of San Diego speak English. Maybe, therefore, I'd better school you in fundamentals. San Diego is at the end of all chief means of continental land travel; air, rail, bus, highway. It has steamship facilities, too; thirteen days or so from New York—with the Panama Canal, Spanish America and Cuba thrown in. On air-conditioned trains you may come in about four days from the east coast, for about $120 round trip, $124.40 from New York City. From Chicago, three days and $86; St. Louis, $81.50; New Orleans, $85.15. These fares are for standard Pullman and do not include berth tariffs. You can arrange, in most cases, for those fares, to cross north or south and return the other way; and see the whole Pacific Coast in your jaunt.

High Life at Low Cost

Fares in air-conditioned coaches are about $30 less. The western railroads have agreed to pool and interchange their scenic routes, with stopover privileges, for Exposition tourists. By air it will cost you $288 round trip from New York, more from Boston, less from other eastern seaboard points; but don't forget, Sandy, you will save on incidentals, for you can board the high-flying airliners at New York late one afternoon, and be set down in San Diego the following morning. Bus fares, in general, will probably average about three fifths the cost of first-class rail and Pullman fares; with somewhat longer running time, and far more intimacy.

If you want to come here in the little bit of home which your own car represents, just make your way to the nearest transcontinental highway and steer toward the sunset. When you come into the western land you will find special bulletins and illuminated signs to guide you toward "America's 1935 Exposition." Food and lodging, taking advantage of the nicest the highways offer, might be kept down, perhaps, to $2.50 a day; much less if you camp, and roadside conditions are ideal for that from the Mississippi westward. If you're a softy, you can spend five dollars and more.

Take sun glasses for every day, sweaters for the mountains, and when you have dropped from the highlands of New Mexico and Arizona toward the

When you go
"COTTON PICKIN'"...
select
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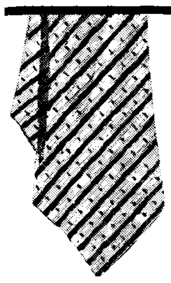
WASHABLE TIES 39¢ 3 for $1.10



Smart men will wear cotton ties this summer . . . and the smartest ties for the smartest men are the genuine LORRAINE SHIR-O-SHAKKARS . . . now on display at the smartest shops.

● Comfortable . . . economical . . . and fashionable . . . you'd want an assortment of these ties . . . even if they cost much more than the pittance for which they are obtainable.

[*See them at your favorite store or write and we will gladly direct you.*]

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.22 BOLT ACTION REPEATER

SO *many* shooters have wanted—inquired for—a .22 repeater of Winchester dependability and accuracy built to sell in the same low price range with the popular *new* Winchester single-shot .22s. Here it is! A full size, accurate, Winchester precision-built, all-around rifle, smartly styled and surprisingly low-priced. Length of barrel 25 inches. New special Winchester sights. Ask your dealer to show you this 1935 Winchester Model 69—the new, big-value, low-priced box magazine repeater for general target, farm pest and small-game shooting.

NEW MODEL 69

.22 Rim Fire Rifle. Has Target Type Box Magazine. Six shots. Take down.

GET THESE FOLDERS

Complete information on the new Model 69 Repeater. Folders on the very low priced Winchester single shot .22s — Models 68 and 67. AND the fascinating 1935 Winchester rotogravure tabloid "Shooting Holidays" — 24 pages of pictures, information, inspiration. Send coupon TODAY.

WINCHESTER 69
SHOOTING HOLIDAYS
The New Winchester Model 67
YOU
WINCHESTER

Popular Single Shot .22 WINCHESTERS

MODEL 68 is at first glance a single-shot mate to the new Winchester Model 69 .22 Repeater shown above. Very similar in size, lines and fine appearance, but single shot, different bolt action and 27-inch barrel. Easy handling. Snappy action. 4-way safety. Same adjustable peep sight and covered front sight as Model 69. A man's size rifle at a boy's price. Model 67 at an even lower price is another fine Winchester value. Built in all ways like Model 68, except with simpler, though highly efficient, sights. A fine performer—thoroughly Winchester. See these remarkable buys at your gun dealer's. Mail the coupon for descriptive folders.

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Dept. 35-C **NEW HAVEN, CONN., U. S. A.**

You bet I want your new Shooting Holidays and Folders on Models 69, 68 and 67!

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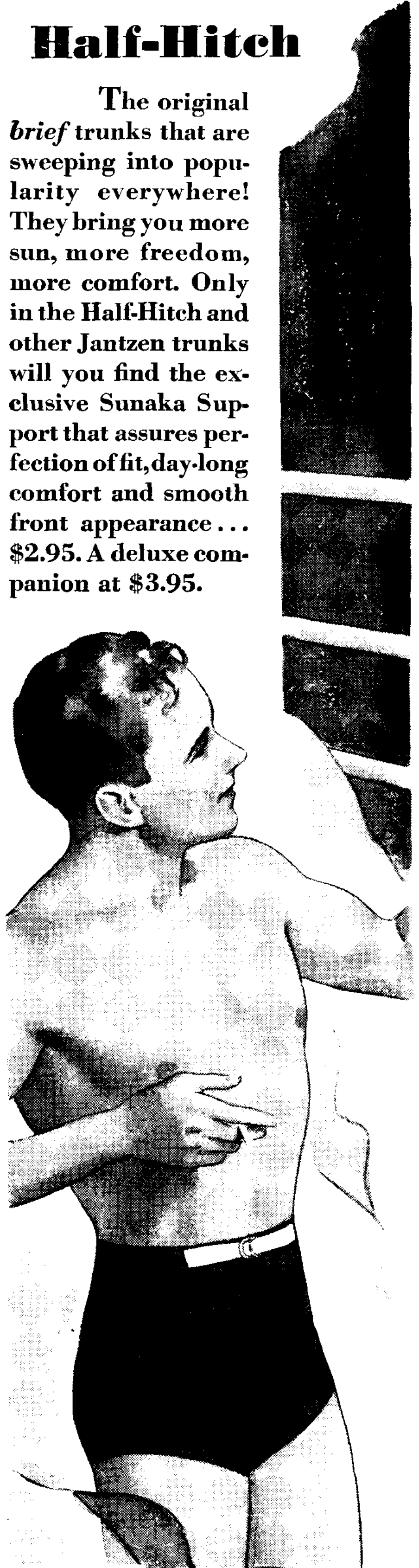
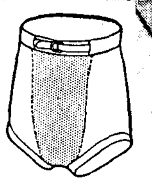
Jantzen
Half-Hitch

The original *brief* trunks that are sweeping into popularity everywhere! They bring you more sun, more freedom, more comfort. Only in the Half-Hitch and other Jantzen trunks will you find the exclusive Sunaka Support that assures perfection of fit, day-long comfort and smooth front appearance . . . $2.95. A deluxe companion at $3.95.





X-ray view of the exclusive Sunaka Support

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Name
Address

Colorado River on the desert floor, put up by day and drive by night. That is how Westerners and savvy trippers cross the Mojave and other hot stretches. Pick a moonlight night, for the good of your immortal soul. Don't worry about bandits, or water; the arterial highways across the wastes are well patrolled by the motorcycle police; and open fuel stations are not too infrequent.

You will be prepared for San Diego, and for the Exposition, in a way, if you will read Dana's Two Years Before the Mast concurrently with making your plans and budget for the trip. The town has changed a bit, of course, since the brig Alert took hides aboard here; for one thing, it has moved two miles south. You might expect it to be hot but it won't be. San Diego has mild coastal weather. In the annals of the local weather station there have been only two days when the temperature reached 90°. July temperatures, in sixty years of records, have been 72.5—62.5. The annual means are 67.7—54.7. You will find in San Diego all those extraordinary contradictions and peculiarities which harass people who can't make up their minds whether to love Southern California or hate it. Ugliness across the street from elegance; graciousness next door to auto graveyards.

You search for the character of San Diego through many scenes. Two sailors fishing pennies from Ramona's Wishing Well, by means of chewing gum stuck on the end of sticks. An old gentleman, whiskers tucked in vest, napkin wrapped around his neck, while the dining-room of the town's fashionable hotel reverberates to his eating. No street-name signs, except illegible stencilings on the curbs. The maddest automobile drivers in this timid reporter's experience—sailors, in hired cars; Mexicans, in relics; ex-residents of the prairie states, who drive cars as they used to drive hayracks—and steer down the side and main streets, oblivious of right or left, their eyes fixed dead ahead on an imaginary horse's rump. There is a daily slaughter at the intersections; a shambles every week-end.

A Miracle of Gardening

Yet none of these is the keynote. You must go up to the Exposition for that. Better leave your automobile in a garage—to preserve your neck—and take a street car, or walk; Balboa Park is near, handy, surrounded by the city. Enter, the first time, from the west; across Cabrillo Bridge. This is a favorite jumping-off place for San Diegans who grow impatient with the natural rate of progress toward immortality. You will content yourself this morning, I hope, with looking down upon the lagoon shingled with lotus flowers, and when you raise your eyes a fraction you may see pines crowding palms in the deep arroyo, cypresses and eucalypti shading date palms and bamboo.

Egypt, New England, the South Seas, Italy, Australia, the Canary Islands and China share the garden miracle of San Diego's Balboa Park, which only yesterday was an eyesore mesa of sage and sand. These 1,400 acres, virtually "downtown," were put aside as parkland many years ago; chiefly because they were too barren to sell, and that in a young town where a barrel of water and an acre of ground once fetched the same price: a quarter. When the last exposition opened, Balboa Park, horticulturally speaking, was in short pants. It has since been tended into one of the most verdant and lovely spots in Christendom.

The California Building is right here on our left as we come to the end of the Puenta Cabrillo; and we climb its 200-foot tower. Up here we find a solution of San Diego's character. We are 500 feet above the sea at our feet; and clouds drifting by the arches of the bulbous loft give us an illusion of being free in space. The California morning pours through your veins like iced wine, and you gaze forth and your exalted mind conquers time as well as distance; your eyes see across the years as well as over the miles.

Two little Spanish galleons scuttle on the western horizon, like upturned cocked hats jerked by a boy's string. Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo heads in for the lee of Point Loma, to make the first landing of white men; it is September, 1542, and they call the place San Miguel. Two lost generations, then, until the second white man comes, in November, 1602. He is Don Sebastian Viscaino; and because this is the feast day of St. James of Alcala, he names the place San Diego.

California's Greatest Hero

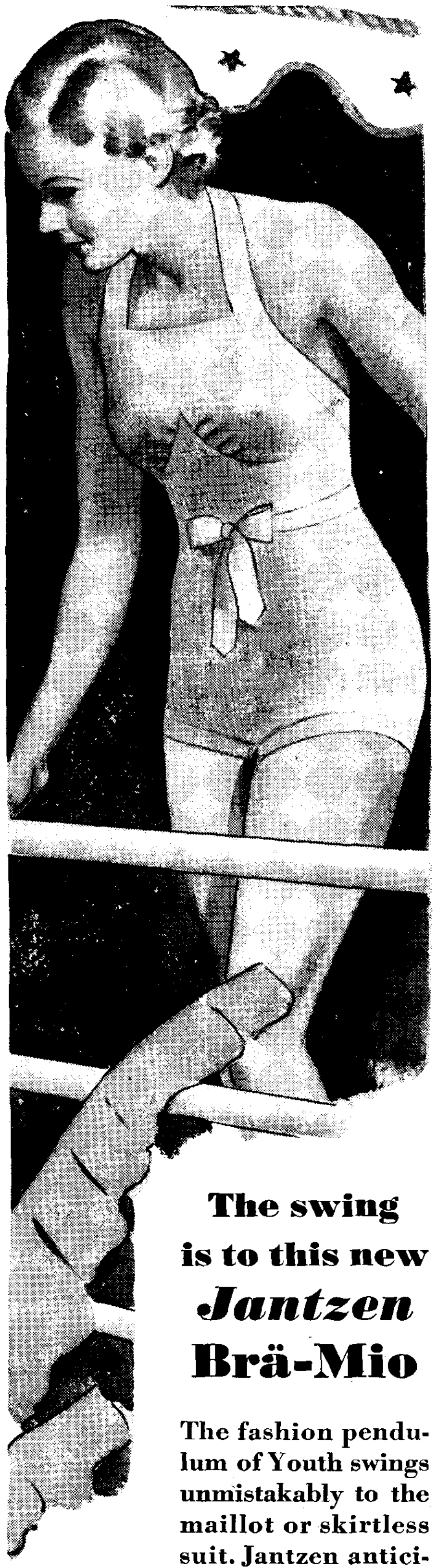
Another whirl of vacant years, until 1769, when the first permanent settlement in Alta California is made at San Diego, and many brave names enter local history; though one, that of Father Junipero Serra, must always be written above all the rest. This gray-robed Franciscan zealot, builder of the chains of missions north to San Francisco, is California's greatest, most beloved, hero. There was a black day; sickness, diminishing supplies, led Captain Portola to declare the settlement must be abandoned. Father Serra begged delay; Portola agreed to wait until March 19, 1770, then start for Mexico if relief had not come. On the late afternoon of the last day, Serra knelt upon Presidio Hill, looking seaward, praying. A sail appeared; the San Antonio, having lost an anchor while northward bound, came into San Diego and accidentally saved the colony.

There was a blacker night; there in the valley that runs from the sea to the mountains of Mexico, and marks the Camino Real. A thousand Indians swarmed from the back country to attack the mission, six miles up the valley from the Presidio. Father Luis Jaume walked in the face of their frenzy, and said, "Children, love God," and was the first Christian martyr of California. "Now," said Father Serra when the news was brought to him, "the field has been irrigated!" These are the matters you reflect upon when you stand in the California Tower in the morning. Without turning your head, you see the place where Cabrillo landed four hundred years ago and *expanded* the world; and you see the field where, in our own age, Lindbergh took off for Paris and *shrank* the world. This is the answer to San Diego's fiber; to her expositions, and her place in the chronicle.

Now your reveries are shattered—a thousand planes in formation etch huge Chinese laundry marks against the sky. The Navy on review. You quit the Tower, to meet the living men whose enterprise and dreams of beauty made this holiday possible for you. There are many, of course, whose services are fully as devoted and valuable as those who are sung. It is our misfortune to have time only for power heads.

Juan B. Larrinaga, the artist, who spilled colors and floodlights and buildings with abandon over the 300 acres of Balboa Park that were set aside for the Exposition, scrambled them with mad joy, and then said presto and stepped aside and you saw by day a fairyland of ordered genius, and by night a quaking aurora. Larrinaga is a Mexican, who left home in Lower California at seventeen aboard a donkey and starved

(Continued on page 56)



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Brä-Mio

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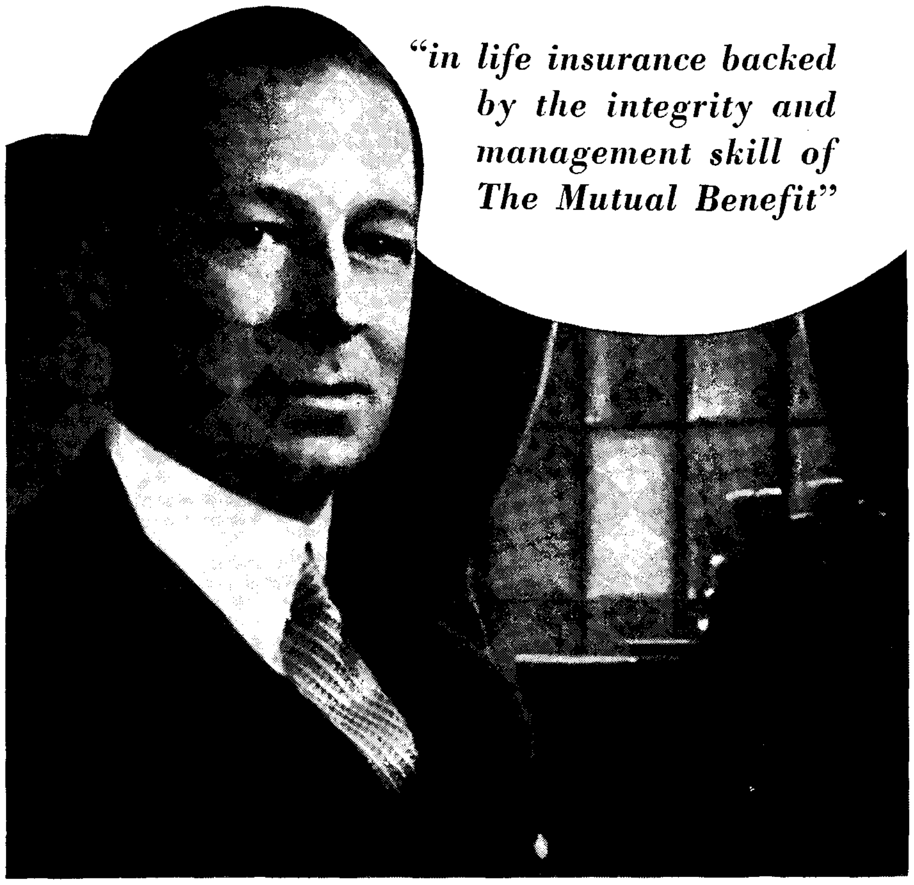

Mr. Henry Mueller, son of the founder and for fifteen years President of the C. F. Mueller Company of Jersey City.

"NO MAN, in my opinion, can make a sounder investment than adequate life insurance," continues Mr. Mueller. "It's his guarantee of future security to his family and to himself.

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Ninety years ago the first president of The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company laid down its guiding principle—"The first object of a life insurance company is *safety*." How firm this principle has stood through the years is shown by the fact that the Mutual Benefit has never adopted a type of insurance which later proved unsound—

that it has kept itself strictly a life insurance company—

that it has administered its contracts with unusual liberality—

that it has declared a dividend for every one of its ninety years—and that even during the last few trying years the company has increased its surplus.

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The MUTUAL BENEFIT
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
302 BROADWAY, NEWARK, N. J.
1845 · LIBERAL CONTRACTS FOR NINETY YEARS · 1935

(Continued from page 55)

and fought his way from painting murals in Texas saloons and sets in border honky-tonks to a foremost place in western American stage and movie design.

Richard Requa, the architect of the Exposition, has added to the Spanish Colonial and Spanish Renaissance of the old fair the American prehistoric ingredients of Aztec, Mayan and Pueblo architecture. In his conception, he has patterned the steps along which architecture has developed, from the most ancient expressions, to the most modern, in our Southwest. He has had the witty courage to take advantage of the climate and gain adornment and coloring for his buildings by the use of living plants. Foliage not only binds the foundations to the ground setting; but flowers stream down from boxes hidden along the parapets so that the walls of every palazzo are vivid cataracts.

The Man Behind the Idea

Zack J. Farmer gathered the Exposition into his strong hands and hurled it over the deadline. He is the managing director. He is one of the extraordinary men of the Pacific Coast. You may not consider it a favor, but Farmer is responsible for your having heard so much about Los Angeles in the last decade. He organized community development thought up there; and persuaded the town's editors to declare truce in that one field—a miracle when you reflect that in Los Angeles American journalism has reached its Bowery. Alone, he put over the Olympic Games—which everybody said would be 1932's outstanding failure—and turned a profit of nearly two million.

For the Coast, the San Diego's Exposition's success as a show and spectacle—if nothing else—was guaranteed when Los Angeles gave him leave of absence to come down here. Farmer is from Colorado. He is lean as an ear of Indian maize, dusty as a tumbleweed, with a homespun face. He likes to sit on a rock in the desert and mope. He has known the hatred and rancor of ranch-fencing warfare; he has known the peace that comes to a man who looks up from the desert floor to where sunset breaks on range peaks and spills down the slopes and fades there. He is a boy, a zealot, a visionary, a poet. He is brown enough to be a Hindu, and you think there must be something of the snake charmer in him; for he has blown on the flutes of grit and imagination and out of the green jungle of Balboa Park white spires have writhed, opalescent tile domes have swelled.

It will cost you fifty cents for each general admission to the Exposition grounds—although I might rent you my pass for two bits a day. All the major "palacios" are free; while private concessions on the Midway and elsewhere will make you fork over ten cents or more each. You cannot take your car inside the grounds. Parking space will be available outside. Inside, busses patrol the main stems; but you won't need them unless you are infirm. The Exposition layout is in the shape of a letter "S" and you can take short cuts through cool, shaded woods. Indeed, the principal assets of this fair are, first, its lush setting; and second, the completeness of its buildings.

Unlike Chicago, and other fairs—where, if you walked to the rear of the rim buildings you found yourself looking into the unpainted innards; studding, cardboard, sawdust—the San Diego Exposition is as callipygian as she is refined and elegant in profile. You will not have to roast on vast sun-griddled pavements. You will never be more than a pace length from shade. A hundred feet from walls that enclose the latest gadgets of science, you may lose yourself in primitive canyons; pick wild flowers, with no cops to say boo; glimpse coyotes, or scare up wild bunnies. Take your camera; wherever you point it here an unforgettable picture will be framed. Remember to judge your exposures for Latitude 30 degrees.

This hardened old collector of world's fairs believes you gain from them in proportion to what you bring to them; and San Diego's Exposition, more than any other in my opinion, will reward you abundantly as you come with heart or mind open, or merely on pleasure bent. If you want a Midway—there is one. Exposition midways change with morals and with the advance of entertainment science. This one will have familiar things, including peep shows that are just educational, mind you. It will have thrills, and rides, and fakes; but it will also have Boulder Dam, and Crime Never Pays, and lion and snake farms, and Alfy the homeless Mechanical Man.

If I were to tell you all the wonders and beauties, natural and feminine, that you will find you would not have to come to the fair and that would not be good for American business. One nobly thoughtful feature: you can sit your way down all through the Exposition. There will be 1,500 benches—each large enough for eight Westerners, or six Easterners. There will be splendid gardens; faithful copies of the noted Casa del Rey Moro back yard, of Ronda, Spain, and of the Alcazar, in Seville. There will be a Japanese tea garden and a Japanese school ship down in the harbor on a mission of friendliness.

In the Café of the World, which you will only think is al fresco, you may order the dish you liked best in Shepheard's in Cairo or in the Foreign Club in Shanghai. There will be terrace and garden dining. Music, too. The Spreckels Organ, facing the Plaza del Pacifico, is unique, famous throughout the world. In the Ford Bowl you may sit on moonlit nights and see the hunched ridges of the Inkopah Mountains holding up the sky to the south; catch the sheen of the ocean to the west; and inhale the fragrance of the intervale carried to you by trade winds, as you listen to concerts by symphony orchestras.

A Trip Through the Fair

There will be special fiestas for each of the fair's 167 days. And there is no end of beautiful and imposing palaces—"palacios," we call them out here, and the streets are avenidas. No doubt you too will pick up a few Spanish words. In the palacios you will find the usual demonstrations of home-making, exhibits of travel and industry, and of art and science. In the Motion Picture Hall of Fame you will see actual movies in the making, by Hollywood squads. In the $350,000 Federal Building you will find more than twenty government department exhibits, including a post office in actual operation; and a Model Town in which you are instructed by the Housing Bureau in ten minutes how, with a loan of $2,000 from your government, you may convert a down-at-the-heels community into a fit subject for anybody's picture postcards.

Along the "Pacific Roads," with typical Exposition informality, you will travel, in half a mile, through China, Japan, Hawaii and the old Mexican treasure trail from San Blas to Vera Cruz. The Republic of Mexico, by the way, has one of the outstanding exhibits; including the priceless Monte Alban jewels, Mayan antiquities sent in an armored train under the guard of Mexican soldiery; a show-off team of *charros*, trick horsemen; and the famous Tipica orchestra.

The House of Pacific Relations, a

group of fifteen tiny haciendas around a green plaza, will always remain for me the most seraphic picture the Exposition affords. These *casitas* are like patrician thoughts, given substance, and dropped to jell in emerald arbors. You might not appreciate what Cuba and Jugoslavia have to do with Pacific Relations, until you learn Pacific is used in the meaning of peace, not of geography. There is a suspicion the Nudist Colony might not be so pacific with holy men and police to pacify. The idea was to get genuine Nudists from their lairs in Germany and Indiana; but they would have nothing to do with commercialized exhibitionism. So these Exposition Nudists are hirelings from the stage; but the result is the same.

The Exposition says it is all in the interests of good health, clean living, right thinking and that the colony is really a semi-religious affair. Well, even though your worshipful faculties might be deficient, it will be worth your while to enter this amphitheater, deep in a sylvan glen, to see what Nudists do with their time besides play. I know a spot—the top of the frontier express company blockhouse in Gold Gulch—from which you can peep into the Nudist Colony.

In the Days of Forty-nine

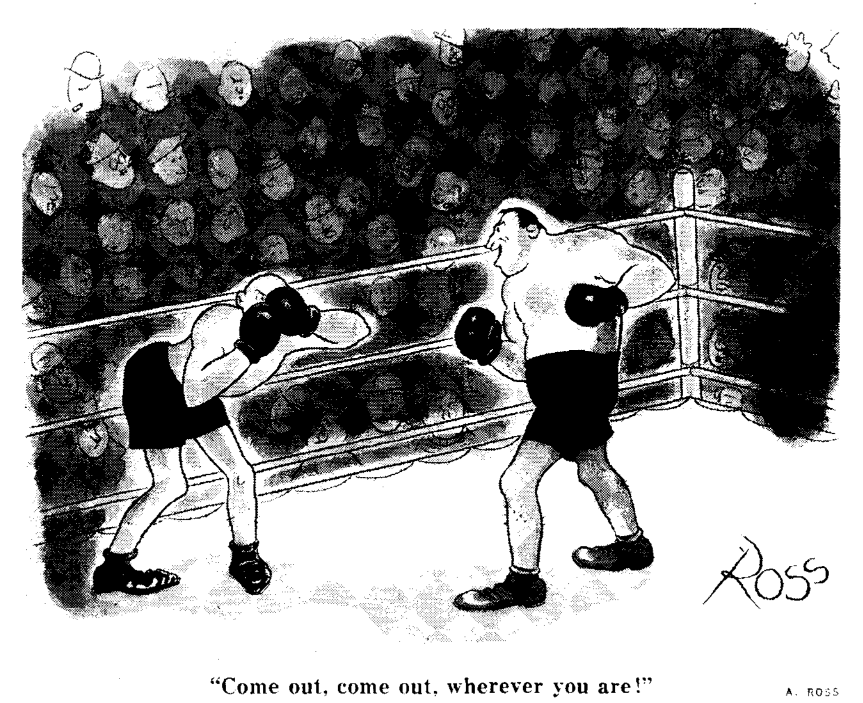
Gold Gulch, by the way, is the most distinctive and truly authentic of the concessions. In it you may share the ribald fun of the Forty-niners. It covers twenty-one acres close to the main gate of the Exposition, yet lost in a winding arroyo from which you may see, try though you will, no sign of modern life, no pole or wire; not even a corner of the rest of the fair. From the moment you board the ramshackle old stagecoach, or the pack burro, and rattle down the rough trail shouting "Yip-pee!" you have a very real illusion of moving down three quarters of a century of time. Gold Gulch is a reproduction of a mining camp of '49; not just a set, but a living, actual, lode-country post where bearded miners are at work and you might see Bret Harte or Mark Twain any moment. Down here you may gamble, carouse, pinch the dance-hall girls, drink rotgut and shoot out the lights. There is a bad boys' store, dealing in air rifles, and sling shots, and such like. Down here you can uncork all your suppressed desires to be mean and tough and ornery.

San Diego's California Pacific International Exposition is not the largest the nation has ever known; but it is the most glamorous. You will not find here the most colossal this, the most stupendous that; your soul will be touched, rather than your muscles. You will not perceive in this fair the bounce of St. Louis', the ambition of Philadelphia's, the gusto of San Francisco's, the vastness of Chicago's; but you will be aware of the spunkiest fist the Far West has yet shaken at national economic bogeymen. You will discover the pioneer lilt of the Forty-niners and the homeyness of Middle West state fairs astonishingly and strangely blended and translated for the first time into an International Exposition. You will be vastly entertained, mildly educated, wholly charmed. San Diego, convinced that exquisite Balboa Park justifies all her claims as an international exposition city, has Browning in her backbone: "If you get simple beauty and naught else, you get about the best thing God invents."

Values You Cannot Weigh

Moreover, you cannot reach this quaint little cul-de-sac of empire without viewing at first hand, and coming thus to understand, many of our national problems as well as much of our historical background. You will talk to people in the dust-storm belt, then drive along the Santa Fe Trail through dreams of the pageantry and bull-whackers and redskins and bad men of long ago. You will talk to people—average people like yourself—in the Imperial Valley, in the Salt River Valley, as well as say "Ah" upon the rim of the Grand Canyon. You must see the villages in Minnesota lately deserted by the homesteaders who have gone to Alaska, before you can reach Yellowstone or Glacier parks to feed cookies to the bears.

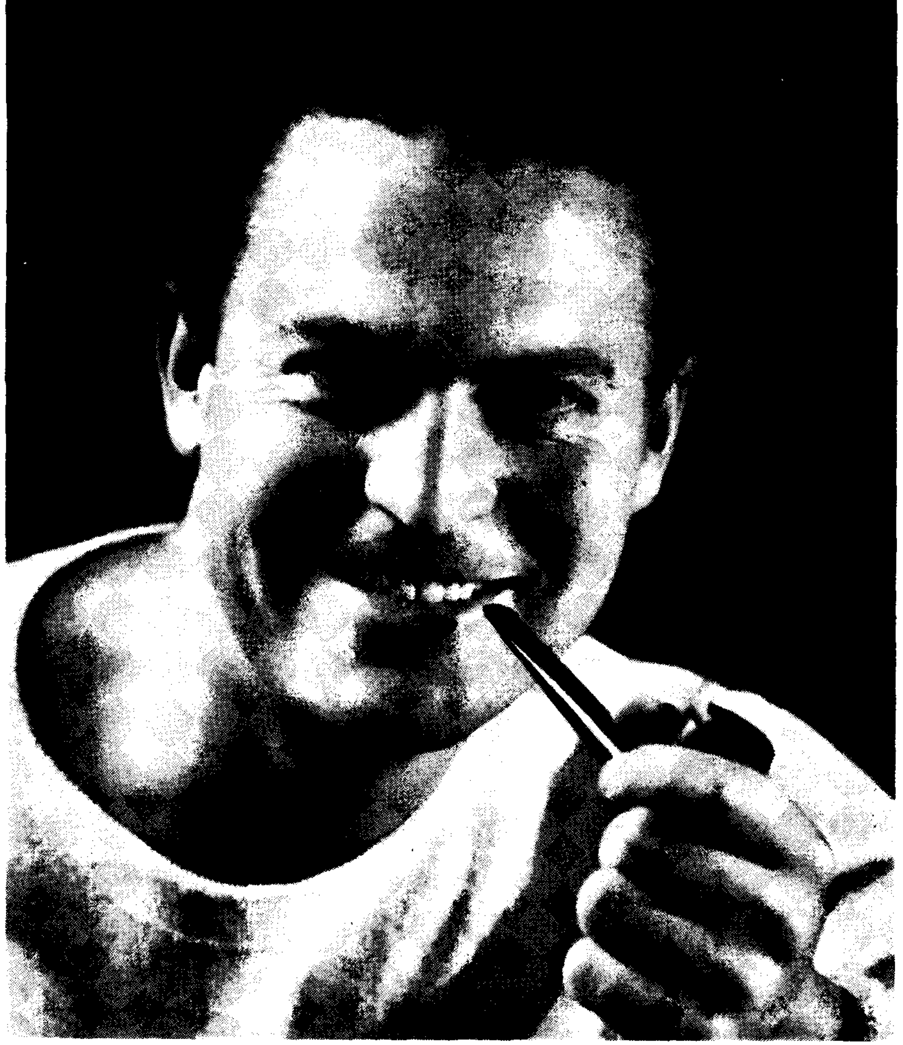
Along the transcontinental way, however you travel, you will learn gentle lessons of tolerance and neighborliness: desert men with squint-wrinkled eyes, in which lie secretly all the twilights of all time, will teach you how to converse again without mechanical appliances; old Indians will smile into your heart the resolve that after you get home you will never again rush to do today what can be put off until next week. The alarums of the Old World, the ash-heap posturings of dictators, will seem remote and unreal. Only this is real, this, your own nation of many sides. You will know America first when you have been to San Diego's fiesta down here in this good country of the sun, in this land of long and pleasant tomorrows.



"Come out, come out, wherever you are!"

A. ROSS

"And only a dime? that's something!"

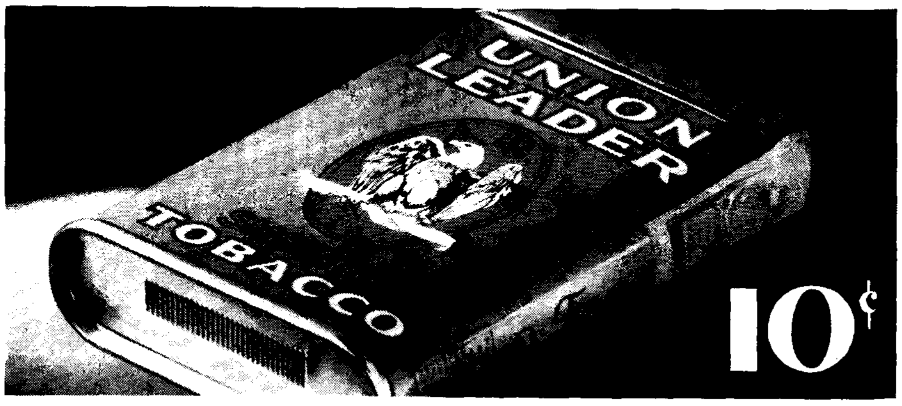


Chester Morris, Universal Pictures Star, has smoked Union Leader since 1933

Sure, I used to go for all those expensive pipe mixtures—thought they *had* to be better because they cost more! Then I tried Union Leader and discovered it's the *tobacco,* not the price tag, that counts. You can't buy more pipe contentment at any price than you get in this fine, *old,* mellow Kentucky Burley. So, my motto is: when you can buy the best for a dime, why part with more? (It's great in cigarettes, too.)

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

UNION LEADER



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A Horse for Felipa

Continued from page 17

delivered, and she couldn't object to being taken to San Geronimo if her story was true. She did object, decidedly.

"I cannot go to San Geronimo," she said. "If you won't take me where I want to go, very well. I will stay here."

She sat down and watched silently while they packed, and the dogs sat one on each side of her. She made a picture that Waldron had trouble holding out against.

"I can find the main trail for you in the dark," she announced. "Not from here, of course, because I cannot be sure of directions. But we can go first to the place where I intend to stop for the night, and then it will be quite easy."

Ramon had been almost ready to believe that she was honest and unfortunate, after all. Now it appeared that she had been deliberately playing him till it got dark so he would have to take her where she wanted to go. "You're clever, aren't you?" he observed. "I think I'll just leave you here. We'll make out without you, and we'll see if you're clever enough to get along by yourself."

"Wait a minute, now," Waldron interposed. He liked this girl; he didn't think she was a horse thief at all. He felt pretty sure he could find the trail unassisted, if he wanted to, but he hated to spoil a well-organized piece of strategy for her. "We'll wear these horses out pokin' around in the dark, and they've got to travel tomorrow. This girl's offered to help you; why don't you let her do it?"

"She'll probably help us into an ambush," Ramon said cynically. "Well, go ahead. We can't lose anything but the pack horses and your dogs, so there isn't much that we need to worry about."

THERE was no ambush, and since it was a strain to ride along in the dark without talking, Ramon fell into conversation with her. He told about the lake country where he lived and where it snowed in winter, and she told him more details about her getting caught afoot in the desert. She had been on a visit, but it had to be cut short and she couldn't wait until her people sent after her.

She didn't appear to feel any doubt that Ramon believed every word of her narrative, and he seemed willing to, possibly because talking to her alone made it hard to feel suspicious of her. They let her down at a whitewashed hut beside a little creek. A scrapy-voiced old woman inspected her through a crack of the door before letting her in, and while they waited for her Ramon confided to Waldron that he believed she was all right after all.

"This is probably a weaning camp for some hacienda," he observed, inspecting the layout with a lighted match. "Yonder looks like a branding corral. No thieves in this country would have that, or a brand either."

Waldron examined the branding irons. Most of them were of one pattern—a spur, of the kind that had been embroidered in gold on old Morales' hat. That seemed natural enough, since the hut must be on his range. Still, as Waldron considered it advisable to point out, the fact that the place was all right didn't necessarily mean that the girl was.

She came out presently and said she had arranged to stop there. "Your trail is straight ahead down this stream," she directed them. "Where it crosses there are some corrals where men are branding cattle, and these people tell me your horses are camped there. So you will find it easily, and I will ask you to do one more favor for me. Give this ring and this paper to an old man named José, who has charge of the saddle shed at the corrals."

Waldron might have shied from such a blind commission, but she didn't offer the things to him. She gave them to Ramon, and he assured her that he would deliver them and that he didn't want to look at them. He was offended when Waldron, as soon as they got well away from the hut, insisted on seeing what message the paper contained. He handed it over haughtily, and it didn't contain any. It was nothing but the label off a sack of caballo Negro cigarette tobacco. There was no writing on it, only the printed name and trade mark, which was a bad engraving of a brunette horse reared up on his hind legs. Waldron gave it back and said he would feel a good deal safer about it if he could see any sense in it. Since he couldn't, he advised throwing the paper away and handing José merely the ring.

"Maybe people in this country keep their promises that way, but I don't," Ramon said stiffly.

AT THE corrals, with Waldron watching silently, Ramon laid the ring and tobacco label on the saddle rack where the mozo would see it when he hung up their horse furniture. He rolled into his blankets and slept soundly, being tired out, and morning brought a discovery that made him wish he hadn't banked so heavily on his ability to size up character. His saddle horse was missing from the corrals.

No other horses were gone, so the meaning of the tobacco label seemed fully explained. It had carried a picture of a black horse, and he had been riding the only completely black horse in the bunch. The girl had worked him in on the job of stealing from himself, and she had managed it so easily that he hated to be reminded of the details. When Waldron suggested that they could use the hounds to run the stolen horse down, he refused to consider it.

"I've got no time to fool away on it," he said. "We've got a herd of horses to deliver at San Geronimo, and we've got to get at it. This was my own fault, and I'd sooner you didn't say anything to old Morales about it. I don't want him to think I'm a total fool, so let's let the whole thing go."

Old Morales refused to let the whole thing go. He had tried to acquire Ramon's horses for himself, and he had invited them to his corrals for the night. The disappearance of one of them made his invitation look a shade suspicious and, being anxious to prove that it had been entirely aboveboard, he had his own herd run in for Ramon to pick a new mount from until he could recover the stolen horse. Ramon tried to explain that it didn't really matter, but he insisted that it did.

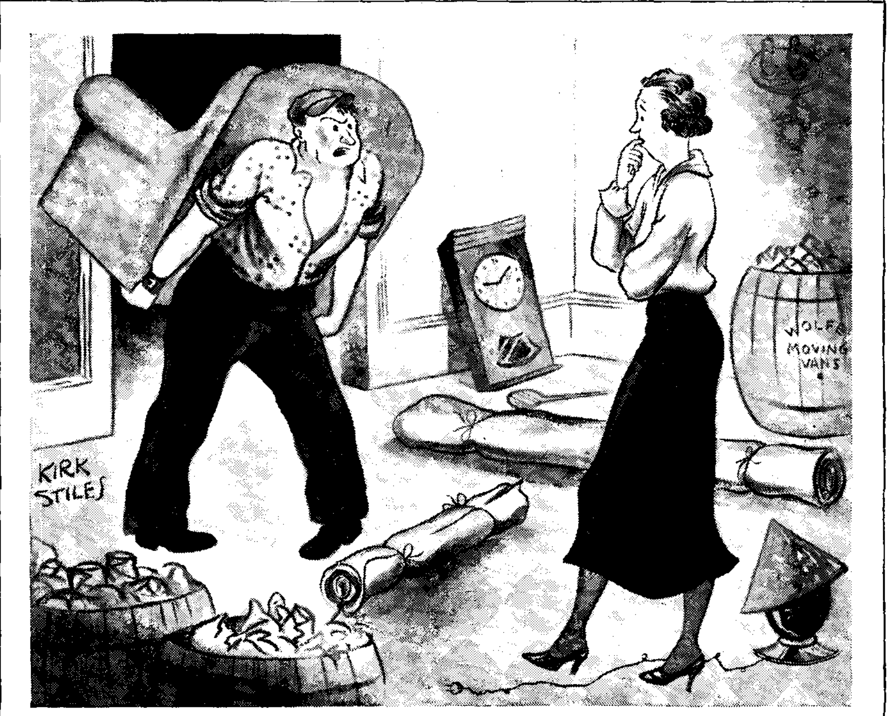
"If they steal one horse from my corrals without being punished, they will come back to steal more," he said. "I will call in all my men to find your horse. When we find him I will either deliver him to you or send you the money to pay for him. As for the thief, we will hang him. I will mail you his ears."

Ramon said urgently that he wouldn't know what to do with such trinkets, and would rather not have to decide. The old gentleman waved the objection aside.

"Your dogs will know what to do with them," he predicted. "Whatever person we find with that horse, we will hang, and you will receive the ears as proof of the hanging. I am calling my men in immediately. Keep a close watch when you camp at night, and be careful that the young man at San Geronimo does not swindle you. He cannot afford to buy such horses as these, and it is almost certain that he will try."

THEY made camp that night in a grove of dwarf cypress, scaring a flock of south-bound wild geese from the little spring where they took the horses to water. Waldron made no objection to having a man on outpost, and even offered, for the sake of extra security, to take the shift himself. He gave in when Ramon insisted on doing it, but he made some preparations of his own be-

(Continued on page 60)



"Make up your mind quick, lady, or come over here and scratch my left ear"

KIRK STILES

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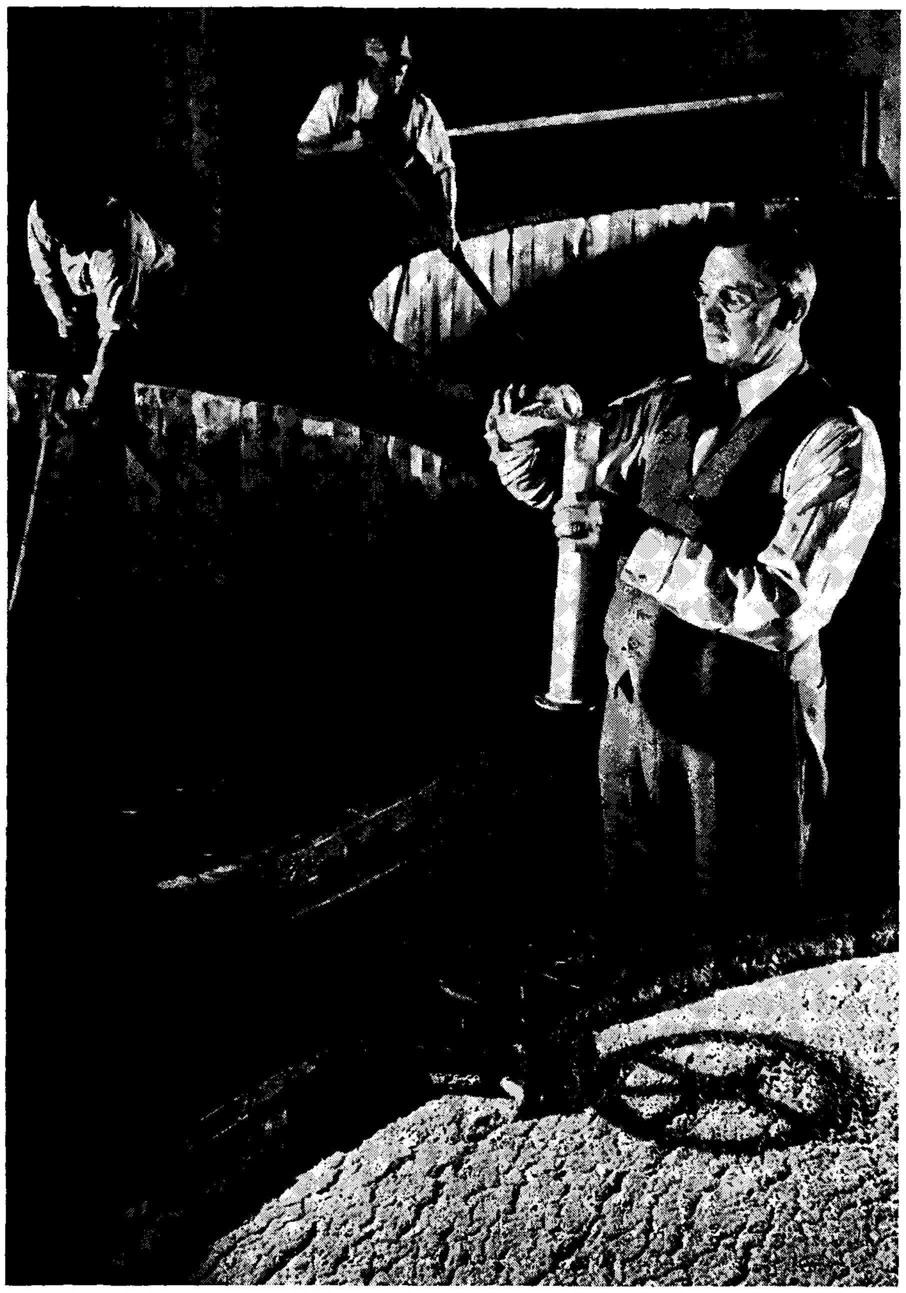

Thirty years it is since Jack Stephenson commenced work with Hiram Walker. Although chief distiller, he personally inspects the mash vats where fermentation begins.

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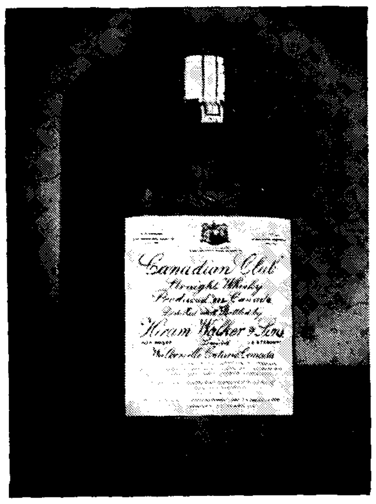
Age alone doesn't yield fine liquor. Time works its miracles only for those to whom it has taught the whisky-maker's arts. Many veterans at Walkerville have been with this distillery more than half our 77 years. Their knowledge and knack, their "feel" for fine whisky, have a great deal to do with the delight you find in a bottle of Hiram Walker's.



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Hiram Walker's BONDED WHISKIES

A Horse for Felipa

Continued from page 58

fore turning in. He led the hounds painstakingly around the camp site twice to impress upon them that they were to bay anything that moved, and instead of yoking them he left them loose. That was bad for the horses, but it was better to have scared horses than none at all.

THE hounds kept things lively during the early part of the night, charging stray lizards and coveys of quail that tried to roost close to the water. Afterward they subsided, and when Waldron woke with the first streak of dawn they were gone. He got up to look for them, and saw Ramon's black saddle-horse standing on the rise of ground where Ramon had established his observation post. He stared, wondering if the black might have winded the other horses and broken loose from his captor to join them, and the black suddenly reared and tried to pull the reins loose from somebody who was holding them. It wasn't Ramon, for he stood up with his rifle held ready to shoot. Almost as if they had been waiting for him, the hounds bayed far off in the chaparral for a hot trail. Waldron yelled to the night herder to go see what Ramon was up to, and then ran for his horse to go out after the dogs.

The dogs had been remiss in letting the black horse get so close without raising an alarm, but they were scarcely to blame. The horse was familiar to them, and so was the girl who rode him. They watched her sneak up on Ramon's lookout, all ready to make a fuss about it if he did, and when he made none they decided it must be all right.

That was giving him credit for more discernment than he had, for she worked an old desert trick on him to get close without being seen. She went through the chaparral past his post at a gallop, driving an old range steer ahead of her. Then she pulled up short and let the steer run, depending on his brush-cracking to hold Ramon's attention while she worked carefully out into the clearing behind him. He lay glaring down his gun at the noise when she rode up on him, and when she spoke he flopped over convulsively.

"Don't shoot me," she said. "You must change horses with me and then break camp quickly and leave here. Some men are going to raid your horses again. I passed them in the dark and heard them talking, so I came back. Where is the horse they gave you at the corrals?"

"He's down with the *caballada*," Ramon said, not very effusively. "Climb off that horse and take that saddle of yours or you'll get in trouble. Do you know that some men from the corrals are after you, and that if they catch you with this horse they'll hang you? What did you want to steal him for, anyhow?"

"I didn't want to steal him," she said. "I wanted José to bring one of the common corral horses, and I sent him the tobacco picture because he can't read. Was it my fault that the tobacco company made their horse black? Now you can give me the corral horse, and then you must take your herd somewhere into the chaparral."

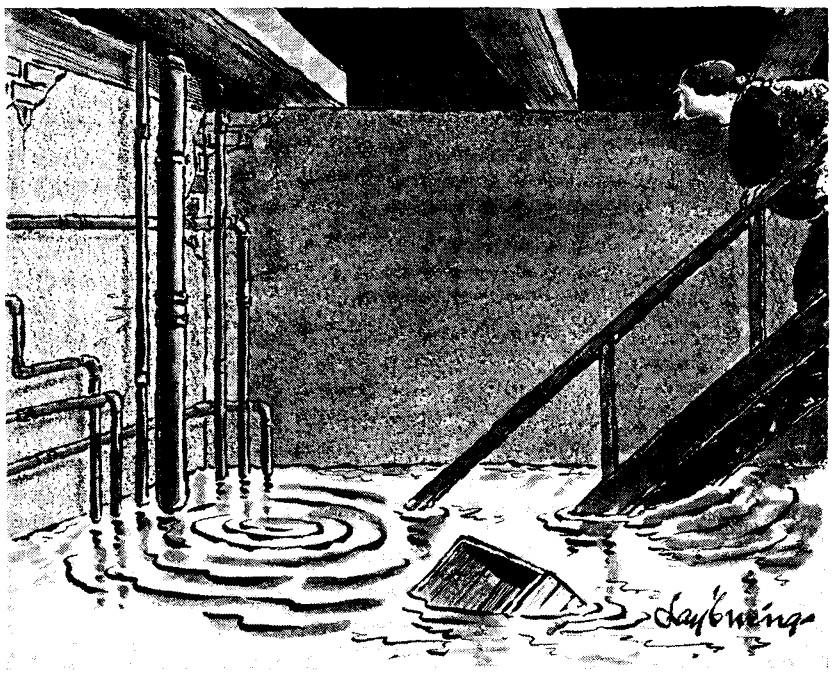
"So your friends can get a crack at us without the trouble of stampeding us, is that it?" he inquired. "Do you think I don't know the kind of shebang you're working with? Do you think it's any better to steal from the corrals than from me? Peel your saddle, and then get out of here and let me alone!"

A LIGHT wind blew across the chaparral, as it always does in the desert about dawn, and the black horse reared and set back on the reins with his nostrils widened in terror. The girl held him, dragging through the grass at the end of the reins. All the horses in the corral surged uneasily, and the sound of the hounds baying came on the wind almost as if they were working up some kind of long-range panic for a joke. Ramon knew they weren't, because the horses were too used to them. He yelled a warning at Waldron, who rode past spanking his horse to a gallop with the barrel of his rifle.

"We think there's thieves out there!" he called. "Let your dogs go or you're liable to get in trouble!"

"Thieves, hell!" Waldron yelled back. "Them dogs is runnin' a mountain lion! Watch your horses!"

He wallowed out of sight into the chaparral, and the noise of the dogs



"Herbert! You'll have to come up and answer the doorbell. I'm not dressed"

JAY IRVING

got louder. They were running something, whether it was lion or not. Also, it sounded as if they were running it right into camp. A spatter of distant shooting drifted out from the brush, and they knew it wasn't lion.

"You've got to get out of here," Ramon said. "Look here, I don't know whether you're telling the truth or not, and I don't care. There's men from the corrals out hunting you to hang you. That may be them."

She sat down and picked up his rifle. "You are going to see that I've been telling you the truth," she said, "and you are going to see what outfit I belong to. I am not afraid of the men from the corrals, and you will see that too. Now leave the rifle alone, and watch!"

THE hounds yapped feverishly quite close, and there was a slappity-slap of brush beating on leather. A runaway horse broke into the clearing, heading toward them. On him was a tall, scared-looking man who sawed at the reins with one hand and tried with the other to tear loose a yellow-brown robe that hung back from his shoulders like a cape. The black horse tore the reins loose and ran, and the horse herd snorted and almost broke the corral rope. Ramon grabbed for the rifle, but she pulled it out of his reach and leveled it.

"Now you will see," she said, and pressed the trigger. The horse went in a heap, and the tall man pitched off over its head and lay with the yellow-brown robe still wrapped around his arm and shoulder. It was the green hide of a mountain lion. Waldron's dogs charged out of the brush and fell on it, ripping it to pieces between them, and Waldron leaned down from his saddle, grabbed it, and dragged it and them off into the brush where the scent wouldn't scare the horses. The girl laid the rifle in the grass and looked at the man and the dead horse.

"I know that man," she said. "But now the men with him are all frightened away, and you will never know that they were really here at all. He is killed, and it is for nothing. The dogs spoiled it."

She looked so shaken and woebegone that Ramon put his arm around her. "He isn't killed," he reassured her. "The dogs did exactly what they're supposed to in driving him in for us, and if you hadn't stopped him we'd have had these horses scattered all the way back to the railroad. Come on, now, there's some men from the corrals coming. Do you want them to see you like this?"

She evidently didn't mind, for she hung onto him. "But your horses were to go to San Geronimo!" she said. "Now they can't. Do you know who this man is? Do you know where the men came from who were trying to raid your horses?"

He told her that it didn't matter who they were, that she had done all right and that he hadn't been set on going to San Geronimo anyway. He was so absorbed in trying to steady her down that it was not until the men from the corrals dismounted beside him that he realized what a remarkable spectacle he was furnishing them, sitting in front of a dead horse and a senseless horse thief with a desert peasant girl in his arms. She pulled her *rebozo* over her face when she saw them, and old Morales said politely that he hadn't looked forward to so early a reunion.

"Or one so successful," he added, taking in the loose black horse browsing in the mesquite a couple of hundred yards off. "I had hoped to find that horse after you were gone, so I could keep him. I think he is carrying a saddle that belongs to my niece. . . . Felipa, what are you doing in these insane clothes, and why are you not visiting at San Geronimo?"

She dropped the *rebozo* from in front of her face. "It was not as agreeable at San Geronimo as I had expected," she said patiently, as if she were used to having things out with him. "I knew you would roar and be furious if I came home before my visit was out, and I couldn't stay it out. So I thought I would go home without telling you, and that when you came back from the corrals I would pretend that nothing had been wrong. But then I lost my horse and had José steal me another one, and now it doesn't matter. You won't care how much I offend the people at San Geronimo any more. Go and see if you recognize that man by the dead horse."

The old gentleman looked, and said he did. "Of course, it is the San Geronimo *mayordomo*," he said. "And now he has gone into the business of stealing horses?"

"The hacienda has," she said. "It was the San Geronimo people who tried to steal these horses, to avoid paying for them. I heard them talking in the dark when they were coming here. At first they tried by stampeding wild mustangs, and last night they found your mountain lion skin and decided to try again with that."

The old gentleman said it was outrageous, and looked pleased. "Since they have behaved so treacherously, possibly you will not wish to keep your agreement with them," he suggested to Ramon. "In that case it might be to your advantage to sell your horses to me, and it would save you the trouble of keeping them while you looked for a purchaser. No doubt you would like more proof against the San Geronimo people first. We will revive this *mayordomo*, and I think my men can persuade him to tell you what he knows about this business."

Ramon said earnestly that he would rather they allowed the *mayordomo* to line up his testimony without the aid of artificial stimulants. "Felipa says it's so, and I believe her," he said. "I'll sell you the horses on her word. I believe anything she says, and she knows it. Now I'm going to take her home, and you can bring the horses on after us when you get packed up."

THE men had the packing pretty well finished when Waldron came back with his dogs from tearing up the lion pelt. Ramon and the girl were riding a long way off in the desert, holding their horses so close together that it was impossible to see daylight between them. Waldron took in the sight without surprise.

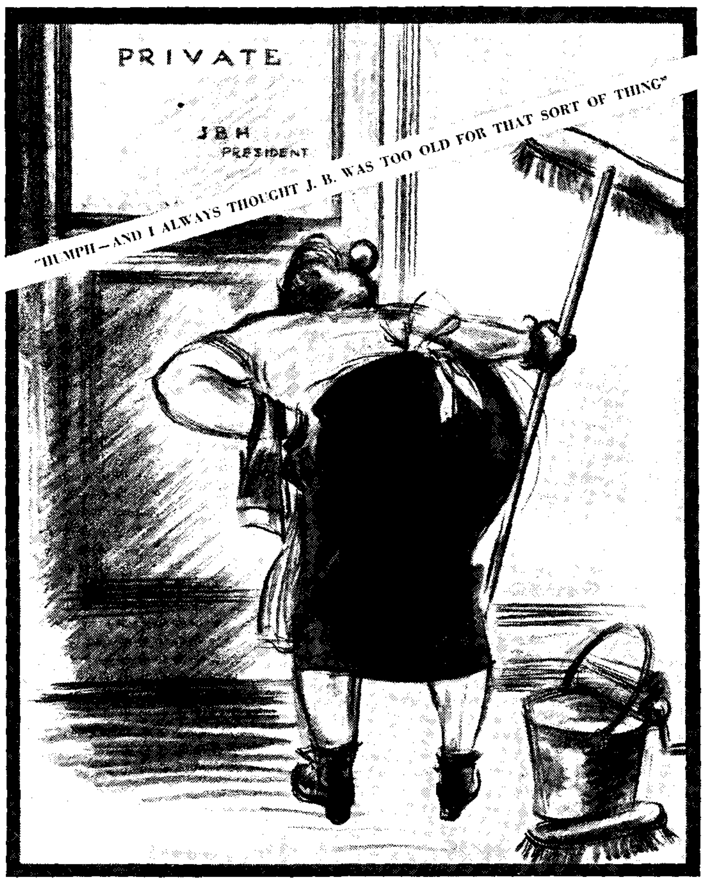
"The dogs is responsible for that," he remarked. "They sized that girl up for all right to start with, and you can't fool them on people's character. What I want to know is how them San Geronimo men could make that dead horse pack a mountain lion pelt without trainin' him to it? I thought these desert horses was scared to death of the smell."

Old Morales walked over and spread the dead horse's nostrils. Inside, they were plastered with clotted black blood. "From the dead mountain lion," he explained. "You fix the horse so that ordinary things smell like lion, and then he thinks the lion must be an ordinary thing. It is a trick the people have learned here in the desert."

Waldron yoked the hounds and put them inside their crate. "I'm glad I learned something from this trip, anyway," he said. "These dogs eat dust for a week and blamed near git run down in a stampede, and when they do strike a hot trail, it ain't anything but a horse thief packin' a dead cougar pelt. Ain't this been a hell of an expedition, though?"

Ask your wife if this isn't so . . .

A DRY SKIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLDER THAN YOU ARE


PRIVATE
J B H
PRESIDENT
"HUMPH—AND I ALWAYS THOUGHT J. B. WAS TOO OLD FOR THAT SORT OF THING"

NO MAN in his sane moments really wants to look older than his age. In this competitive world of ours youth gets the breaks. Old age is a handicap at every turn.

Women all know that a dry skin wrinkles easily—and that cold winds dry out the skin, leaving it chapped and brittle. So they protect the natural oils in their skin by using creams to keep complexions youthful.

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For only fifteen cents you can now buy 5 of those scalpel-keen Barbasol Blades that make shaving a joy.

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Shave the Barbasol way.

Soften your whiskers with Barbasol Shaving Cream and mow 'em down with Barbasol Blades. It's the perfect shaving combination.

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NOT FOR GIGOLOS

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KREML

FOR FALLING HAIR AND DANDRUFF

No Promises

Continued from page 9

wakefulness stopped him, urged him to one more turn of the block. He walked down to the next corner, turned it—and continued straight ahead.

Sylvia was back in bed by now, asleep, unconnected with this harried, obsessed interval of his, her gay living-room dark and not quite so secure against the night. He could walk to White's, simply stand before it and tell himself that the killing that waited for him inside wasn't possible now. That wouldn't calm him, but it might burn out the fever of frustration, leave him tired enough to sleep.

Outside, White's was utterly insignificant, distinguished from the other proper houses in the street only by its number, stenciled against an electric light. The place to start his cure was inside. Derek went in. And with his feet on the thick carpet of the stairs, with the chatter of gayety from the buffet at his ears, with the room of lighted, green, intent tables beyond drawing at his eagerness, his veins ran with warm gratitude for an exciting drug and he knew he had to play. He'd write a check of his own for a thousand and buy it back after his raid. It was such a complete, compelling excitement, isolating the moment from anything before or after, as self-sufficient as the triumphant luck which it forecast.

At the grille the cashier said Mr. White was inside, and he clicked the electric latch of the office door for Derek with an air of ready and special deference that fitted the new promise of tonight.

"Ah-ha there, Derek," said Whitey, his jovial eyes pleased. "Ex*pec*ted you back. House still owes you an evening this year." He picked up an envelope and tossed it over: it skittered on the desk, falling to the carpet. "I *do* beg your pardon," he said, half rising.

Derek noticed the District Messenger seal idly as he stooped for it and put it back on the desk.

"Look, Whitey," he began; but Whitey pointed his pencil at the envelope and said, "For you. Didn't they tell you outside?"

"No," said Derek. Perfunctorily he picked up the envelope, thinking exactly what he'd say to Whitey. And when, overside, he saw his name in Sylvia's firm, exciting hand, he was quickly, deeply frightened. "'Scuse me a second," he muttered, and tore open the flap.

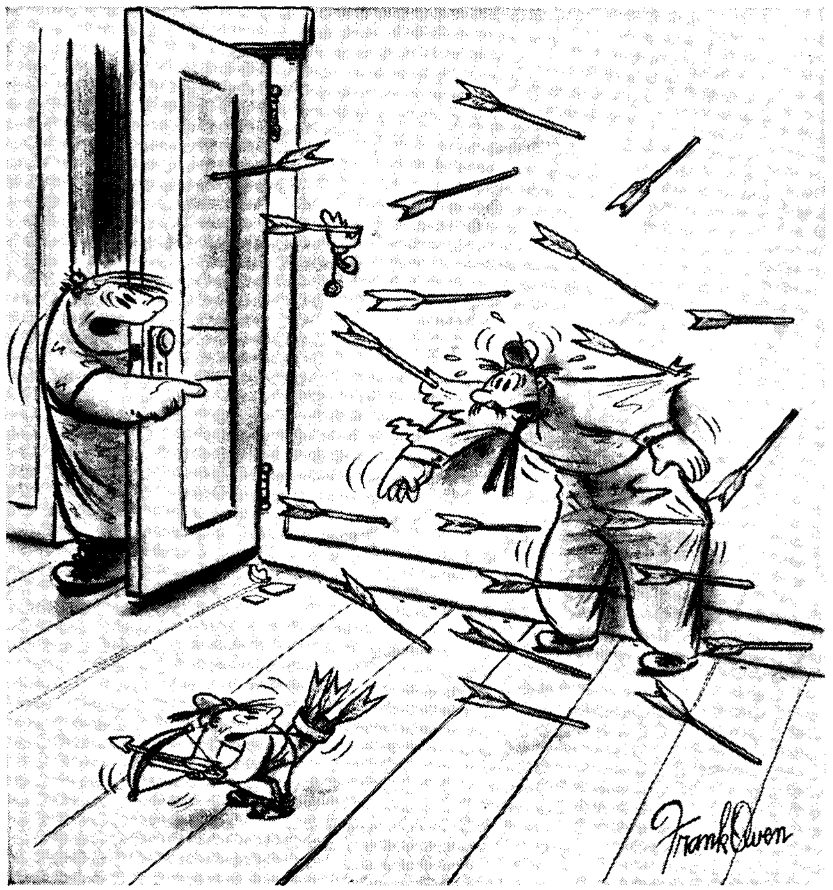
He didn't unfold the check that came first to his fingers: the sheet of notepaper was what he needed mortally to see at once. And on this he read: "If you have to, you have to. My darling, I do seem to understand that. And I love you so." She hadn't added her usual S to the swift lines.

WHEN Derek raised his awed, almost accusing eyes again, Whitey said in sober friendliness, "What *was* it you wanted, son?"

Hurriedly Derek said, "The house owes me nothing—nothing," as if to clear himself of some taint. Then, in the extraordinary calm at last coming to him, he gave Whitey a free, sudden grin—without watching the check tear across and across in his satisfied fingers. He said, "I came for your congratulations, my frand. I'm to be married—in April—to a girl who isn't even scared of understanding me. What d'you think of *that?* If I could borrow your telephone a moment, I'd call her up and let you talk to her—let you thank her for saving your bloody bank tonight."

Philbert • Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"Remember, you promised to play William Tell, and besides, Philbert feels confident he'll hit the apple this time!"

The Brass Gong Tree

Continued from page 13

to do with it if they have her under lock and key at the time he is popped?"

"There is to be a third man, then?"

"You show me Miss Cass," Sturg said. "I've got to know that they're not working on her—that she's all right."

Mitsuchi smiled, "Your opinion of our methods is not a very high one."

"My opinion of any Army method is the same as yours."

"You seem personally interested in Miss Cass."

"I am—I got her into this. I've got to get her out."

Mitsuchi nodded.

"And who is the third victim you just hinted at, Hammond san?"

"You believe there is to be a third then, don't you, Mitsuchi?"

"It is a possibility."

"All right then—you can't believe Miss Cass is mixed in it. You've got Miss Cass. It isn't sensible to go looking for more murders when you've got the murderer locked up."

"PERHAPS," Mitsuchi said quietly, "it would be a very good thing for us both, Hammond san, if you would tell me all you know about these two unfortunate affairs."

Sturgis looked at him.

"Are you asking me a favor?"

"I wouldn't put it exactly that way. There is nothing personal about it. The matter happens to involve Japan. Will you bear that in mind, Hammond san? And Japan involves both our jobs."

"Anything I cable involves Japan—but what I think is my own property until it goes on paper."

Mitsuchi punched out his cigarette and smoothed the front of his jacket.

"Hammond san," he said, "we won't play games, because this is Manchukuo and we don't have to play games here. All we need in Manchukuo is a strong stomach and an open mind. I am sorry about Miss Cass."

"I don't follow you."

"She was on the Kobe train with you. I remember speaking to her. Rather a nice-looking blonde, wasn't she?" Mitsuchi looked at him. "Let's not be sentimental, Hammond san. Let's be practical. These things are supposed to mean so much more to the Anglo-Saxon than they are to us. As you say, you got her into this—and you've got to get her out. To be more explicit—you made a nominal secretary out of Miss Cass at the last moment to enable her to get a Manchukuoan visa. As your secretary, she became involved with the military on the Dairen Maru when she received a wire from your Kobe agent. On Intelligence investigation she turns out to be quite an accomplished pilot. The wire she received is somehow connected with a Mr. Arthur Jones, who is under surveillance up here. All this comes about directly or indirectly through you."

"Go on."

"There is really nothing more," Mitsuchi told him, "except that now Miss Cass seems to have disappeared from the scene. Perhaps her disappearance is not your fault, but then again everything that led up to it was, in the eyes of the world—and I'm afraid you'll always have that to remember."

"What are you offering me?"

"I'm not offering you anything, Hammond san. There is too little time left to make offers for what may be in your mind and to test the validity of it after you confide it in us."

"How much time is there left?"

Mitsuchi shrugged. "Perhaps no time at all—at best only a matter of hours."

"And if I produce a murderer for you in that time?"

"Then I shall come to you again, Hammond san, if I need help and if I feel that you can give it to me—"

"Mitsuchi—if anything happens to Vonny Cass—"

Mitsuchi stared at him.

"Good Lord," he said, "is it as serious as that, old man?"

"If anything happens to her before I get back—" Sturg took a step toward him.

"Suppose," Mitsuchi said, "we put it this way: I shall be at Number 55, the Viscaya, eager to receive anything you may care to unburden your mind of, Hammond san. And suppose—in the next hour or so while I am waiting for you—that I endeavor to find out something about Miss Cass for you. Does that follow your line of thought somewhat? Splendid. Until then." He opened the door just as the telephone started to ring. When he closed it, Sturgis picked up the receiver.

Roger Duhaime. "Your Russian woman with the red stripe on her baggage went from the docks to one hell of a big house in the Kitaiskaya Prospekt," he said. "It's got an iron and masonry fence around it. There's no number but you can't very well miss the fence. It's twelve feet high—with spikes, and the stone pillars have broken glass set in their tops."

The fear in most of us is the fear of helplessness and the essence of it was in Sturg's veins like the slow flood of a drug—the desperate fear of losing privacy through a forced depending on others—of lying injured on dirty cobbles staring upward at a ring of curious eyes, powerless to move.

"Hold the Dairen sinking story and all the rest of it. That's official," Sturg told him.

"Right," Duhaime said.

IT WAS almost four by Sturg's watch. There were tea trays in the lobby as he passed through and the low drone of inconsequential talk and the tinking of cups. A Japanese general officer and his staff crossed the broad stone terrace and came in. Flying officers, Sturg noticed, and he saw suddenly who the general was: Saito Nabouchi. He saw that, because he knew Saito Nabouchi—not for any other reason. He knew him for that rarest of combinations—an intelligent pilot and the most competent Chief of Air Service Japan has had for ten years. Competent enough to realize Japan's air weakness is a weakness of personnel temperament and quite possibly always will be.

Then the other reason came in on Sturg and stopped him as he went out onto the terrace himself. General Nabouchi was the third man. His pictures in uniform and kimono and European mufti were part of the exhibit Nahta carried.

He turned and looked back at the general. Nabouchi was sitting down in one of the lobby chairs. If he chokes and falls out of it, on his face—with his brain slopping down the front of his tunic—

Sturg hurried on down the steps to the cab rank and climbed into a battered Royola.

The old car swung out from behind a clanging street car and purred off to the west with an even flow of motion that was pleasant to Sturgis. He leaned back with his eyes closed for a few brief minutes before the car came into the Kitaiskaya Prospekt.

(Continued on page 64)

I'M PUFFED WHEAT
THE QUAKER Puffed Pals—
THEY SOLVE THE BIG BREAKFAST MYSTERY AT THE SMITH'S
I'M PUFFED RICE
I UNDERSTAND BOBBY SMITH'S MOTHER IS MYSTIFIED BECAUSE HE WON'T EAT HIS BREAKFAST!
LET'S GET ON THIS CASE P. W. IT'LL BE DUCK-SOUP FOR US!
REWARD
GET BUSY NOW AND EAT YOUR BREAKFAST! I'M TIRED OF COAXING YOU.
WHEN I WAS A BOY, I WAS MIGHTY GLAD TO GET A BREAKFAST THIS GOOD, I'LL TELL YOU.
AH HA!
AW, LET UP, WON'T YOU MOM. I'M NOT HUNGRY THIS MORNING!
SAY, MOTHER, THIS CASE IS MADE TO ORDER FOR US. JUST TELL YOUR GROCER TO SEND QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT OR PUFFED RICE TODAY. THEN WATCH BOBBY GO FOR HIS MILK, FRUIT AND SUGAR!
SURE, MOTHER, IT'S BETTER THAN 1,000 WORDS OF COAXING! CRISP, CRUNCHY PUFFED GRAINS! KIDS LIKE THEM BETTER THAN CANDY!
OH, BOY! IS THAT GOOD! GEE, PUFFED WHEAT AND PUFFED RICE ARE SWELL!
WELL, BOBBY, WE CAN CERTAINLY THANK THE PUFFED PALS FOR SOLVING THIS BREAKFAST MYSTERY!
NOTHING TO IT, MOTHER. WE SOLVE BREAKFAST PROBLEMS BY THE MILLIONS!

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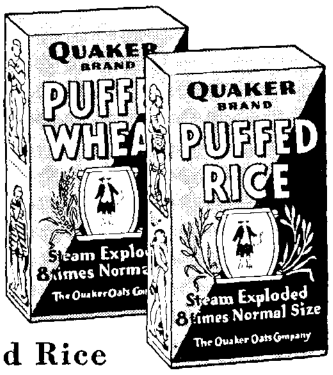
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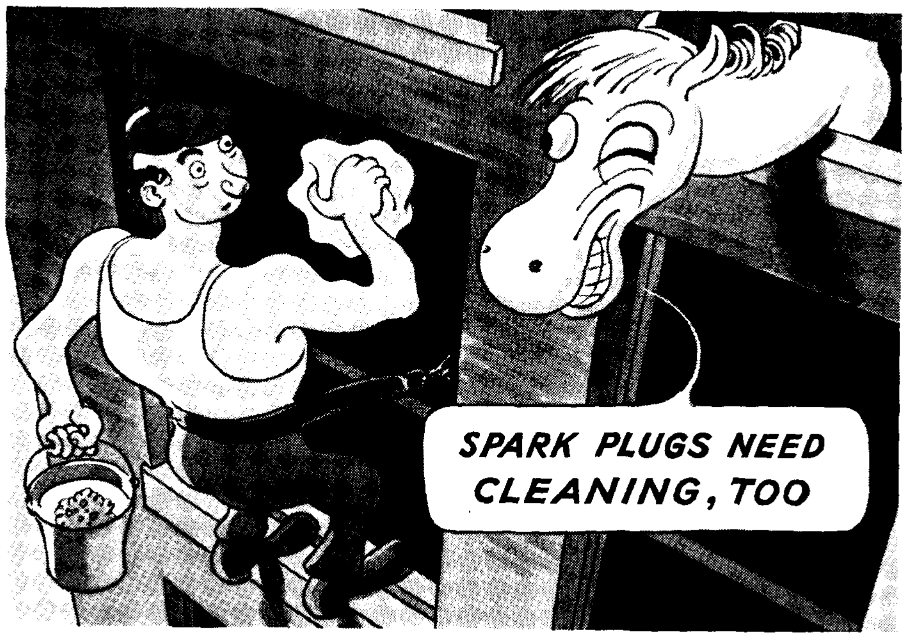
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(Continued from page 63)

The street meant nothing to him by name but he placed the sight of it vaguely. Far down he saw the fence with the high granite posts. He called to the driver to slow and then to stop. There were high iron gates presently, with polished brass scrolls—scrolls with three characters upon them. A fence of iron palings ran outward from the gates on either side until it met severe granite columns at the corners of the property. More Germanic than Russian possibly. There were tall hedges behind the fence, closely grown and hiding the iron by their density until the very last moment of approach when the palings stood forth like sentries challenging with the double force of authority and surprise.

In the doorway of the gate lodge there was a great lout of a man, bearded as heavily as a Sikh policeman but with none of the ferocity. His smile was a yokel's smile and the eyes of him were of such a pale blue that they were almost the blue of blindness. They were not blind but there was nothing in them but emptiness. He wore red Circassian boots and a full-skirted green blouse over the baggy looseness of his trousers. His belted waist had the thickness and the strength of a twenty-year oak.

Sturg said, "Madame Krupp," and the man nodded violently in agreement.

"Da—da, Gaspad'een. Vkohd'eet."

Without any further explanation he opened the little pedestrian gate in the left wing of the carriage gates and let Sturg through. He locked the gate again behind them and led the way up the drive, his boots swishing in the gravel with the sound of splashing water.

IT WAS a strange house for Dairen, with the oppressive heaviness of stone, but frescoed in warm blue Spanish tile that was like a necklace of dusty jewels on the thick neck of a meat packer's daughter. The door under the canopy was heavy ash, ramped and studded with rusted iron, and beside it were two barred windows, each of them batteries of round glass ports like the bottoms of thick bottles, dust crusted and heavy in the deep green of combers and the red of old plush. It would be easier to read Bible type through a demijohn of Nighrita than to see an elephant through those windows.

The muzhik of the gate brought the knocker down on its seat once, with the sound of two stones brought sharply together under water. His hand, as he did it, was like a greased knuckle of mutton with the strength in it to kill without a sound. A bolt was drawn on the inner side of the house door. The gate keeper bent his head until Sturgis, as he went up the three steps, could see the matted crown of it. It was a dirty head.

The door opened and there was a very tiny amah in the opening—an amah in quilted trousers that were caught tightly at the ankles of her bound feet and covered to the knees by a house coat of heavy green silk. She was old. It occurred to Sturg that the flesh of her small face, taut now with the tension of a sun-parched bladder, would fall into a thousand soft puckers if the screwed-up knot of her hair were loosened.

"Madame Krupp," he said.

She bowed to him, hands in her sleeves, and moved inside on her mutilated feet, for him to enter. Meanwhile, her withered eyes closed briefly under tight bird lids and opened again.

Inside, it was dark—so dark for a moment that he was unable to make out the vague outline of the entrance hall. He followed the little old woman more by instinct than by sight until she opened another door behind and showed him into a broad low room of glass that blazed with the pale flame of the dying sun. But the light of it was cold and there was no beauty in it—it was like the flame of explosion, sudden and stark and unreal.

There he waited while the woman went upstairs.

THE amah returned after a time. She held the door open for him to pass through again. The stairs in the entrance hall curved upward through their narrow well. She led the way, thumping woodenly on her bound feet as if her legs were unaccustomed stilts. There was a cool breath of air on his ankles. There was the sound of a door closing somewhere else in the house—somewhere above.

Where the stairs began, a perforated brass lamp hung from a quoin of rafters that were as heavy and as strongly bolted as the strakes of a frigate. The light from it dripped upon the thick blue carpet underfoot. There was a Chinese chair in ebony, with a seat of onyx marble, and above it, there was a drypoint of Hill 203 at Port Arthur, forty miles down the Peninsula. It was framed in ivory and in the lower right-hand corner was General Nogi's poem playing on the symbols 203—Thy Soul Hill — and Sturgis remembered the brass scrolls on the gate outside. Thy Soul Hill Villa. He went up the stairs, following amah.

A landing a very short distance up—perhaps a dozen steps—a broad space in the bend of the stair, overhung the hall below. The railings that guarded it were heavy turnings of teak and there was a door that opened from it.

She was standing in the frame of the door in a long gown of white that came across her so and fastened with a twisted girdle of silver. It lay in folds about her feet and in the half light it was as if the white of it was silver and the silver of the girdle dull black.

"Sturgis—"

The room behind her was low and wide, with a shining pathway of broad, polished table cutting it in two like a newly healed scar, from which the flames of candles in their heavy silver sconces splashed shadows on the dark walls and the soft carpet underfoot. She stepped inside, her back to the door to let him pass. He heard amah going back down the stairs. Nahta closed the door.

"So you have come here, Sturgis?"

He looked at her. It was impossible for a moment to realize that three brief days before he had not known of her existence—had not been involved in any of this, because the certainty that he was involved was so strong within him that it seemed always to have been a part of his life. And she was very beautiful.

"Why, Sturgis?"

THE shadows closed in around them. The last of the gray light of twilight was gone from the windows, leaving the glass panes black and making them one with the solidity of the walls of Thy Soul Hill Villa. And there was no light except the candle flames dripping from the wood paneling to the silver of her girdle.

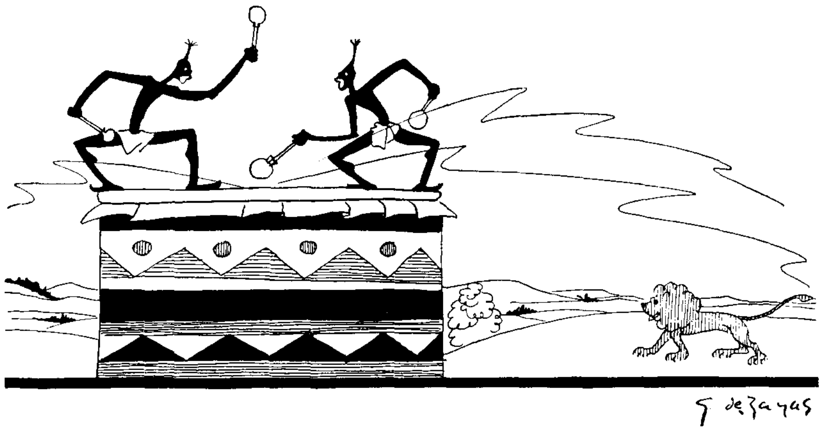
He said, "I don't know," or he thought he must have said that because for the moment the futility of his being there was the strongest part of his mind.

"Sturgis," she said, "I love you more dearly than my sight and my breathing, and the only prayer I have made since I knew it is that my love will not hurt you—"

Abovestairs, far in the silences of the house there was the dull beat of a clock striking five.

"—but it *has* hurt you," she said. "It has put something between us that you

(Continued on page 66)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Many of the "telegraphic" drums of Africa serve incredibly vast areas. There is a huge wooden one in Nigeria—12 feet long and 15 feet in circumference—that can be heard throughout a territory of more than 1,250 square miles.—*By Mary A. Utecht, Waterville, Maine.*

Real mahogany comes from one family of trees of which varieties are found both in Latin America and on the west coast of Africa. About a third of the mahogany imported from Latin America is the true Swietenia, which was introduced to fame when Sir Walter Raleigh brought to Queen Elizabeth a mahogany table on his return from Trinidad in 1595.

The site of One Wall Street, corner of Broadway, in New York City, commonly called "the most valuable piece of land on earth," has had only four structures built upon it in the past 300 years, a record in a city that changes so rapidly that new buildings have been demolished—to make room for higher ones—before one room was rented.

Congress has one chance in 292 to add an amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Since its ten "original" amendments, added to clarify it in 1791, only 12 others have been ratified—one of which repealed another—out of about 3,500 that have been proposed during these 144 years.—*By H. B. Kane, Chicago, Illinois.*

With the exception of a Russian whose secret died with him in 1851, no one has ever learned how to produce swords as sharp as those made in Damascus long before the Christian era. Today many of these swords, still in existence, are able to sever a heavy iron rod or a human hair as it floats through the air.

The average earning of authors of books even in good times does not exceed $2,500 a year, and only 12 per cent of them make more than $10,000. In fact, in 1934 there were only 15 writers other than authors of textbooks whose books sold more than 50,000 copies in the United States. —*By Edward Weeks, Boston, Massachusetts.*

Asia, whose 20-odd countries contain 31 per cent of the area and 50 per cent of the population of the world, consisting chiefly of yellow and brown races, has 60 per cent of its land controlled by white nations —Russia, Great Britain, Holland, France and the United States.

In Abyssinia a man who has been duly executed is not always dead and possibly not even injured. The "execution" consists of the firing of one bullet from a stationary rifle—projecting through the wall of a large room—after which the man is either buried or set free. Often tall or short men are not hit in a vital spot. Sometimes those clever enough to move slightly are missed entirely. In any case the state is satisfied.

To within living memory in England, such a large number of ministers were unable to prepare a sermon that the secret writing and syndication of these discourses by professional writers was quite a business. In 1870 London still had 12 concerns that weekly supplied sermons to about 1,500 preachers, the copies being printed "in imitation of handwriting" in order to fool the congregations.—*By John Duerr, Oxford, Ohio.*

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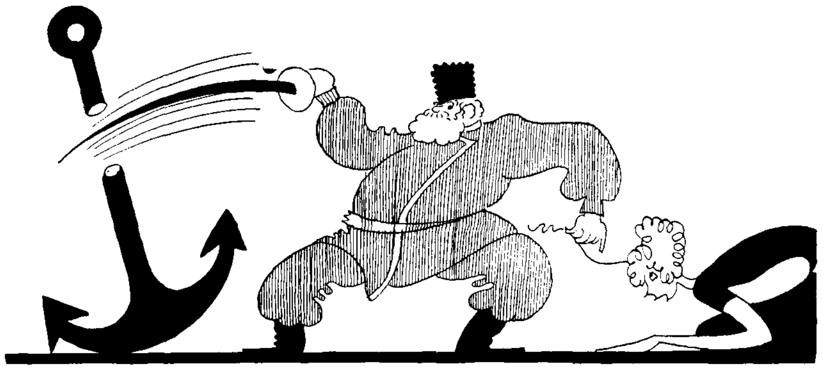

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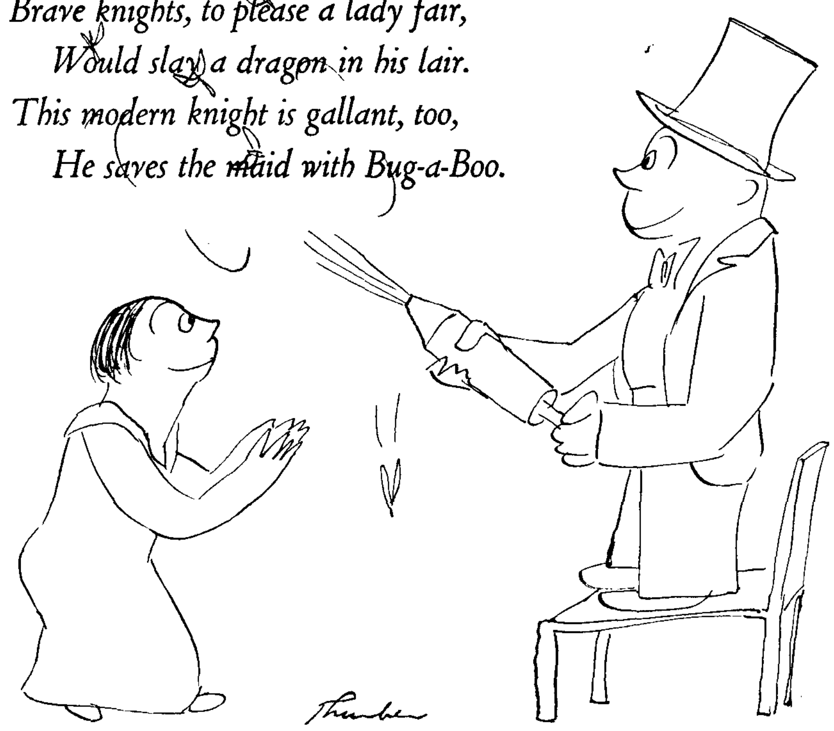
He saves the maid with Bug-a-Boo.



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● The Rayburn-Wheeler Bill now proposes to abolish utility holding companies, and so complete this destruction of the savings of millions of investors. It also proposes to put local electric and gas companies under strangling control from Washington. This is a direct invasion of the rights of the States which now regulate their own utility companies with their own commissions. The threat of this bill is a definite brake on recovery.

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The Brass Gong Tree

Continued from page 64

feel but that you do not understand. But you fear it—perhaps the fear of it is stronger than the actual feeling."

The blood within him was thin and for a moment he was unable to speak to her because there *was* fear in his mind, the eternal fear of man for the love of woman, and it took the voice out of him, which was good, for there were no words that could answer the things that were in her eyes—and he knew that there were not, for he was no dummy.

She reached forward and put her fingers upon his arm.

"You do not believe in me, Sturgis Hammond. You do not understand this thing I have tried to tell you. I wish that I could show it to you—prove it—make you believe it in your soul. If I could, there would not be the feeling of waste that I have—of dreadful waste." She said, "Don't try to answer me. Listen to me. Something happened to me when I left the pier. I knew you were gone and that I might never see you again. I knew that I would never try to find you but that I should go on forever being empty of you—that all the beauty had gone out of me with your going and that it had taken with it all capacity for ever feeling beauty again.

"But I was grateful for it, Sturgis, with almost a religious gratefulness; grateful that I had known the intensity I feel for you—the beauty you brought to life within me." She drew a deep breath and stood looking at him. "And there is none of that in you?" she asked him.

"Nahta—there was something—something those first two nights—on the train and on the boat, but it is not what you have. You are asking me for the truth. We stand apart in our souls like two strangers, with the broad roadway of half a world between us, and there is no meeting each other across it. It has seemed to me from the beginning that we must know this and not try to give it the lie by tearing the passion out of each other."

"Perhaps," she said, "because this thing was so great within me, I felt that it must be great within you, too. You will forgive me, Sturgis?"

"Forgive you," he said, "because I do not love you? Good Lord, what manner of a woman are you?"

SHE was smiling. "I do not know, Sturgis. And it is not important now what manner of a woman I am. Why have you come here to me?"

"Do you remember on the Kobe train the other night—the Japanese who examined our papers after Ito was shot? His name is Mitsuchi. He is one of the most valuable men Japan has in her Service of Intelligence. He is here in Dairen. He flew up, apparently—and he is here on the Tokugawa murder."

"I knew that you would come to Thy Soul Hill Villa—for I told them at the gate and I told amah—"

"Do you hear what I have told you?"

"Yes, Sturgis."

"Nahta," he said, "someone will hang for that murder—and for Ito's murder. Does it make no difference to you who that someone is?"

"Why should it? The murders are no more to me than they are to you. I did not commit them—nor, in spite of the conclusions you drew last night on the boat, can I prove who did commit them."

There was the wet, slick run of car tires moving slowly in the gravel of the drive below the windows, and inside the house there was the noise, belowstairs, of the front door opening and of voices.

Nahta stepped to the heavy drapes at the windows and stood in the shadows of them, looking down.

She said, "There is danger in your being here."

He stepped up beside her.

"At the end of the room," she told him, "that door beyond the buffet leads into a powder closet, and beyond that there are service stairs that will take you down into the washing-room off the conservatory—"

Below in the fan of light from the open front door, Sturgis could see the shining length of a large closed car. A man in livery held its door. Krupp was being put into the tonneau, not by Li, but by the thick-waisted gate keeper. Krupp's voice rose in the night air with its harsh, metallic timbre. Then the car door clunked shut and the sheen of it flowed out of the light fan and faded into the darkness. The closing of the house door shut off the light with an abrupt thump.

THEY stepped back from the windows.

"And it may be," he said, "that the danger that hangs over *you* is only a matter of minutes."

"That may be so, but if it is it does not seem important."

He said, "Nahta—death is important."

"Death is inevitable—so it cannot ever be important."

"It is important to Krupp."

"Perhaps it is," she said. "I do not know. What is important to Krupp has never concerned me."

"Yes," he said. "This has. Krupp wants to die. He has implicated you in this ghastly thing he is doing in the hope that fear for your own safety will cause you to betray him to his death. But you keep him alive—to feed your own hatred at the expense of your own safety and the safety of anyone else who may fall under Mitsuchi's suspicion—"

"I have no choice. I can't do otherwise."

"You won't—rather."

"I can't," she said. "I have said that I can't."

"There are things that you know—things that you can tell—"

"What things? I have only guessed what it is that he is doing, from what has happened—from the pictures he asked me to carry—from what I know *of him*. But guesses are not proof. It is not proof that it appears logical to me that the murder of men in high position—men whose deaths might precipitate a war that is inevitable anyway—a war that would materially increase the natural excitement of life—might be as thrilling an occupation as any other for a wealthy man with the insanity of excitement in his veins—a wealthy man made helpless by a broken neck. But that would appear logical to anyone. And if it did, the fact that Anton Krupp was at one time the crack pistol shot of Europe is a matter of record for anyone who cares enough to investigate it. He took the Prix Rohan three years in succession and the International championships at Basle twice. But is that proof of anything?"

"But he's paralyzed—he's helpless—"

"The third and fourth vertebrae were broken and dislocated. He can never walk or move his legs or his head, but three years ago he regained the use of his hands and his forearms. Is that what you want to know, Sturgis?"

There was moisture on his forehead and the palms of his hands were damp with it.

"God—what a set-up! He shot Ito in Tokyo Station from right behind him then—practically on top of him, with the gun under cover of his lap robe—probably with Li wheeling his chair when he fired. Tokugawa he shot through the window from Li's arms, for they weren't using the wheel chair after the weather roughened—"

"I do not know."

He stared at her. "And because he hates you with a vibrant hatred that burns the core out of his soul—he has given you incriminating evidence to carry in the hope that he can break you through fear into betraying him. But you won't break—even if you hang for it—for your hatred wills him to go on living in his helplessness. And you carry the evidence he has given you because your pride forces you to submit to any frightful penance he imposes upon you."

He stood back from her, his hands at his sides. The room was long and the echo of his words hung under its rafters for a moment after he had finished speaking.

"Why is all this important to you, Sturgis?"

"It is important because if Krupp is taken up on the charge of murder the authorities will release the person they are holding now."

"Whom are they holding?"

"They are holding Miss Cass."

There was something in her face that stopped him—some desperate attempt to pull away from him without actually moving—a change of depth so abrupt that the color of her eyes seemed to darken—and she closed them from him for a second.

"You love her?"

HE HAD known for all the years of his life that that was what she was going to say, only now, when he heard it, the stream of his feeling flowed to a sluggish stop within him and there was nothing else but the sound of their breathing.

"She is a fellow countryman—I am responsible for her."

Her eyes were closed. She shook her head without opening them.

"And they will hang her or shoot her—or whatever it is they do?"

"That is a possibility."

"Where are they keeping her?"

"I do not know."

"But this Mitsuchi—this Japanese you spoke of—where is he?"

"At 55 the Viscaya."

She crossed the room and stood facing him.

"This is something you want—this woman's safety—and you have come to me for it, Sturgis?"

"Can I do otherwise?" he asked her.

"Murder has been done, Sturgis—but any part I may seem to have had in it—any part that Krupp has imposed upon me is a private matter between Krupp and me. I know what the law says in some countries—but the law does not change the moral right in this thing—the moral right in terms of Krupp and in terms of me. We owe each other debts. We pay them in our own manner. That is no one's business—not even the law's business."

"Was it a private matter when you put those pictures into my pocket in Tokyo Station to secure your own safety?"

She said, "Sturgis—when I saw you that night—everything that had ever been ceased. All memories and hopes—all hatreds and beliefs. I was capable of living only then—and from then on. If you came to me and asked me for Krupp's life—I would give it to you with my hands. You could have my life. It is not that I would do anything that you asked me to do, to prove my love for you—but it is that my love for you is so true that I am powerless not to do for you whatever it is that you ask. Be kind to me because that is so."

"Will you come with me to Mitsuchi—will you tell him what you have told me?"

"Sturgis," she said, "last night you asked me to tell you the things I knew, for my own safety, and I would not tell you. Is it decent now, this thing that you are doing to me?"

"Your own safety is still vitally threatened. Krupp may be on his way now—"

She was shaking her head.

"Last night you asked me to save myself—now, tonight, you ask me to save another woman. Is that decent of you?"

"Why isn't it?" he said to her. "Can you let a woman hang—for your own personal hatred? Can you jeopardize her up here in this part of the world?"

"I had no way of knowing that she was held, until you told me. And now that you have I am helpless—helpless with love for you, Sturgis. You use it as a policeman uses a knowledge of crime. You force me with something that I am powerless to resist. Are you fair to me, Sturgis?"

There was anger in him. He brushed a quick hand across his eyes.

"I am asking you to betray a man who has every intention of betraying you. I am asking you to send a man to a death he wants to go to. I am asking you to save an innocent person's life. If that's indecent—if I'm a leper because of it—I'm a leper! Listen to me. There are laws that have grown old in the memories of men and they have grown old because they are true laws. No hatreds and no prides can give the lie to their worth as laws. Krupp must die for these murders and the murders must stop!"

"They will stop," she said, "no matter who dies for them. For the murderer to continue them after someone died for them would be folly."

He said, "I would come to you to stop them—if I knew you *could* stop them—no matter who was innocently involved."

SHE was smiling. One hand was on the carven bronze knob of the door, the other lay flat against the cool oak paneling behind her. She said: "Sturgis, you will marry some day and because there is simplicity in your heart, you will be happy in the having of children. There is no old blood in you to give you unrest—no memories of other lives to steal your happiness from this one. Oh, Sturgis—there is so much cleanness to you—so much freshness and splendor. Go back to the world that gave you birth—to your own country—to your gods and your own beliefs—" her voice was soft but there was a far reach to it that hung under the rafters like a benediction and held him in silence until she finished. "In old countries, Sturgis, you will always be a stranger. There is no cruelty in you to make you part of them." There was no perceptible sound as she opened the door behind her and only the gentle sigh of her gown as she went through it and closed it.

For a moment he stood there, the dark room with its candles flaming about him like a swung torch, the black tide of lethargy flooding his brain. Fatigue was in his muscles like worms. The memory of the day and of the night was an endless penance that chained him to consciousness. The dampness of fog. The throb of destroyer engines. A deck chair coming up long afterward. A packing case choked with bloody dabs of cotton. The smell of wet plaster and disinfectant. Mrs. Rainey's voice. Vonny Cass. A woman chained in a cabin on a Sangari River boat—screaming and beating the stumps of her arms into her empty eye sockets. Krupp on the cushions of a fine car. The wet gobbets of Tokugawa's brain draining into an enameled basin. A hand clutching up out of flood waters. Nugent straightening his scarf in the darkness of a cabin that is black now with the blackness of forty fathoms of Yellow Sea water.

HE LEANED on the edge of the broad table. Then he lay back across it staring upward into the candle-torn shadows of the raftered ceiling, the blue smoke of his cigarette writhing up into them like the smoke of incense in a quiet temple. And a steadiness came into him.

She will go to Mitsuchi with me. I am to wait here for her until she makes herself ready. She will be in the doorway presently in the long sable coat with the collar of it turned upward behind her head. Once it seemed to him that there was a footstep upon the gravel of the drive below the windows. Again, a door closed heavily in some remote part of the house. Still again, he thought he heard the metallic clang of the little pedestrian gate, far out across the darkened lawns of Thy Soul Hill Villa, but he was not sure.

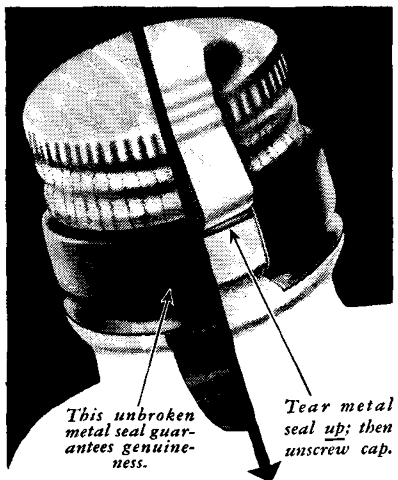
He was sure, presently, that he had waited there an inordinately long time for her. Some time before, a clock had struck five. It was striking six. He sat up quickly and bounced off the table. The quietness of the long room and the far reaches of the house beyond it came in upon him suddenly. He stood there straining for the sound of a door or of a footstep, but there was nothing but the blood in his own ears and his breathing to accentuate his feeling of aloneness. Perhaps it was this way. The chase was hot on Krupp's heels and he had fled before it, leaving the lights on in his house, dispersing his servants and passing the word for her to follow. Fantastic thought, but the loneliness of large houses caused it to vibrate in his mind. Tomorrow morning—in the daylight—the lights still may be on, the rooms filled with the acrid smoke of gutted candles.

He crossed to the doorway she had gone through and, as his fingers touched the coolness of its bronze knob, another thought came to him. It was so vivid that he saw her for a moment, running lightly across the dark lawns, her sable coat caught about her, the white of her dress flashing about her twinkling slippers, her hair a part of the night above. Through the gate and out into the Kitaiskaya she went, moving breathlessly toward the clustered lights of Dairen—calling for a cab presently and telling its driver to take her to Number 55 Viscaya.

He saw her standing before Mitsuchi, emptying her handbag upon his desk top. The gun with its two exploded shells and its silencer. The lipstick case with its pictures. It would be unnecessary for her to say anything to him. It would be unnecessary for him to speak or to refer to the matter further. He might ask her if she were a Catholic. So much for his cosmopolitanism. Undoubtedly he would take her down into the cellars himself. The thought would not occur to him, probably, that she was beautiful in white men's eyes, for he had no way himself of knowing that she was, but it would occur to him to apologize for his necessity, for he had a real courtesy, Mitsuchi. And he would admire her when she asked to be allowed

(Continued on page 68)

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
SWEETENS THE BREATH
P-145



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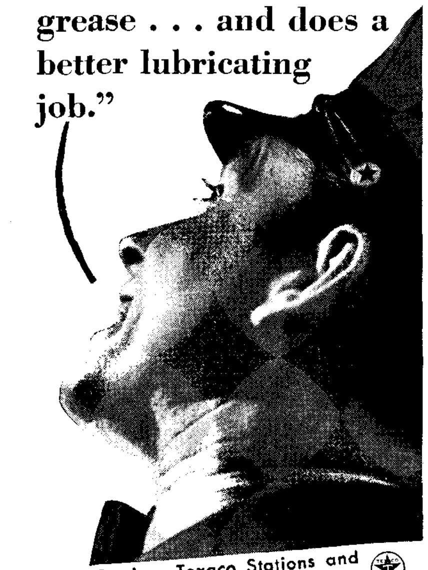

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zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

(Continued from page 67)

to fix her hair—when she threw off her coat and stood against the whitewashed walls alone, her hands at her sides, the white light on her pearls.

He would close his own eyes when the salvo jumped the dust in the air and flickered the light bulbs. And it is quite possible that he might arrange her clothing afterward, for decency, and wipe the smudge from her cheek with his own handkerchief, before they covered her and took her away.

She would do that—

Quickly he opened the door. It was heavy on its hinges but there was no noise to its opening. In the hall below him, amah lay upon the blue carpet under the perforated brass lamp. She lay like a little Chinese doll, her trousered legs slightly apart, her arms flung out from her sides. Only the knot of her thin hair was disarranged. That was uncoiled and lay along the right side of her head in a loose switch. The flickering light of the lamp made it seem that her clothing moved and that she smiled. But it did not and she was not smiling.

BEYOND her in the light of an open door there was a little Japanese standing with his back to her. His arms were crossed on his thin chest so that his right lay across his left, his right wrist hanging long and yellow and naked from his white cuff and his dark jacket sleeve. His right hand held a fin-barreled Miygoka machine-pistol that pointed downward from the pendent hand.

He handled the pistol with the exaggerated casualness of a cheap stock juvenile—with a childish arrogance that was amusing, for he was only five feet tall and his legs were very thin and very bandied and his head was a trifle too weakly cut to give credence to anything he handled except, perhaps, horn-rimmed glasses and colossal tomes bound in pigskin.

There was a noise coming up the stairwell. A voice speaking in Chinese with a rip and a slap to it that gave it harshness and authority. A voice asking questions. They came in whining periods that ran two or three notes of the scale. Then they stopped for a moment and lashed out again. But there were no answers—always the same voice spoke, pounding out its questions—but no other voice answered it.

In a moment or two the variety of the sounds ceased and one set formula grew out of it—a formula of six syllables—repeated over and over again with increasing intensity—with anger. Then the answer came—a deep, long-drawn sob of pain that ended in a muffled scream.

There was silence after that for quite a few moments, before the questioning voice began again, coldly, insistently. Again there was no answer to its questions until that frightful sob tore loose and frayed into its muffled scream.

It rang in Sturg's ears and held him paralyzed, with the door half open, his fingers clamped to the knob—staring down at amah and the stolid Japanese with the machine-pistol.

Four times the questions began and worked up into the climax of the scream that was stifled. But the fourth time there was no stifling it—it jabbered and whimpered in a bleating agony that carried up the stairwell like the tumult of tumbling waters.

It stopped and the house was still. Then, in the silence, that six-syllable question whipped out and the echo of it rang through the house. There were a cough and a helpless rush of words in answer to it—begging, pleading words that whimpered and wept in a white panic of fear.

There was only one thought in Sturg—to get out and away from the place. He closed the door on the echo and bolted to the opposite end of the room. He opened the powder closet door and went into its darkness, hands outstretched, fumbling blindly for the stair top. His hands found spindles just as his feet threshed over the lip of the top step. He caught himself and started down, his breath held within him until his ears ached with the tension of it. The stairs turned in the darkness and he brought up solidly against a closed door at the bottom, fingers groping for the knob.

Carefully he opened it. The tiled floor beyond it was washed with pale yellow light. There was a drip of water from a loose tap and the heaviness of damp earth hung in the air. For a moment as he stood there, no other sound came to him except a faint rhythmic rustle like air leaking from the valve of an oxygen tank, only there was no steady monotone to it; it oscillated with a sharp insuck and a shuffling exhalation. Then in that moment he knew it for what it was—a man in desperate pain, breathing through his teeth.

He stepped through and closed the door behind him. The wash of yellow light on the tile of the floor came through in reflection from the room beyond and it was in there that the man was breathing. There was a clink of metal—a clink as of scissors dropping into a tin basin—and the breathing choked off into a scream.

The room beyond was the conservatory. He saw the shadows of the miniature forest thrown upward against the glass wall, the tiny branches of the trees elongated into a semblance of full growth, and interlaced in a torn pattern of delicate tracery that was like tattered lace whipped in a strong wind.

He had stood in there alone not an hour before, looking out across the garden at the day that was dying under the cool hands of evening. There were two shadows now—against the blackness of those garden windows; two shadows thrown upward from a light near the floor—upward as the shadows of the miniature trees were thrown upward. They were men, but the grotesque angle of the light gave their shadows high-flung shoulders that sloped off abruptly from bulbous heads and ended in a phenomenal length of thin arm that writhed with movement.

STURGIS moved along the back wall until he could see them. A Japanese in a gray Norfolk jacket and a felt hat set upon the back of his wide head—and Doctor Tyrwhitt, his greasy jacket hanging to his knees, the cuffs of it turned back from the cuffs of the shiny rubber gloves he wore, his bald head that was like a wen, shining with an unhealthy brilliance. Tyrwhitt held a towel in his hands and with it he wiped his gloves absently before he pulled them off. Wiped each finger of them. The rubber snapped loudly against his flesh as he stripped them from his hands. Both men nodded. Tyrwhitt wadded the gloves in the small towel and stuffed them casually in his pocket. He moved and the Japanese brought his hat forward on his head and moved with him.

Where they had been standing, their legs hid Li. Sturgis could see him now. The Peking boy lay on the bare tiles of the floor, his long blue house gown torn from him and the clothing beneath it cut away to the bare yellow flesh of his body. His great arms were outstretched and roped to the iron legs of shelves and his feet were lashed to the steam pipes that ran along the far wall of the conservatory. The ropes were sunk deeply into the flesh of his wrists and ankles where his muscles had strained against them in his agony. Sweat still dripped in his scant hair.

All feeling drained out of Sturgis. He got out of the washing-room into a passage—and he got down that passage. There were three doors. One gave under his hand. There was mad laughter loose inside him—no part of his being—and he had no wish to stop it, for it was tearing something from him—something that he wanted torn out. His feet sank into the loam of flower beds and the whip of drenched leaves soaked his ankles with dew as he ran. The night was cold in his face but there was no freshness to it and the smell of it was bitter in his lungs. He knew that he would never tell this story. When the years passed over it and blunted the facts as the years always do—even then the sight of paneling—the smooth feel of teak—the smell of black earth would bring the echo of Li's agony back to him.

THE house was a dark shadow above and there was gravel under his feet suddenly. The sound of it was like the sweep of a flicked whip in the darkness.

He was vomiting on the drive when Nugent's hand closed on his arm. He came up at Nugent with his left—brought it in close, off his right leg, and struck the major cleanly under the ear. The major went down beautifully and stayed down, his hat rolling in the grass, his stick spinning down the graveled drive.

Sturg had his hands clasped tightly together and his teeth clenched and he was bending over now, staring at the ground. Everything about him was coming loose. He could feel it give way down his arms and inside the front of his chest. "I've slipped inside—gone slack—I've come apart."

He closed his eyes. There were tears just behind them—weak tears like Takesaburo Ono's tears in the boat a few hours before. He began to fight them and to breathe deeply and slowly to steady himself and for a moment or two the feeling passed from him.

A calmness spread toward his hands and his feet, but just before it reached them it frayed like old cloth whipping in a wind. It was gone in a moment and the jitters racked him again. He started to laugh.

The major turned over and sat up.

"Sturgis, my friend," he said, "you are most uncivil."

"Is that you, Patrick?"

"Stop laughing!" Pat said.

"Why should I? I like it!"

"Stop it, I tell you!"

"You did it—damn you. You got that scrime Tyrwhitt to torture Li—what a miserable half-baked specimen of a white man—"

"Stop laughing, Sturgis," the major said. He sat back in the gravel, his hands bracing him from behind. He shook his head slowly from side to side to clear it. Then he gathered his legs under him and stood up.

"You swine, Nugent!" Sturg screamed. "You filthy swine!"

The major walked toward him.

"Stop it, Sturgis," he said, and as he said it he jabbed his own left into the arch under Sturg's ribs and caught him over his arm as he came down gagging. He held him tightly, his other hand cool on the back of Sturg's neck until the sobs stopped tearing through him. He said, "It is an interesting house—not? Thy Soul Hill Villa? It was built by General Athanasius Capo D'Istria for the view and it became Masunori's after Port Arthur—several years afterward. He wrote most of his poetry on the terrace. He went blind there—from his wounds—and he died there. I believe he will be considered a great Japanese poet some day."

(To be concluded next week)

HOT ON THE TRAIL OF TIRE KILLERS THIS RELENTLESS SLEUTH RAN DOWN THE UNVARNISHED TRUTH ABOUT G3

What happened when Inspector Faurot – who pioneered fingerprinting and the Bertillon system in America – used man-hunting methods to "get the goods" on a famous tire – as told by reporter who shadowed him from coast to coast

Over and over Faurot's reports

PROVED

"G-3" All-Weather tread delivers more than 43% longer non-skid mileage!

— because of the broader road contact of a flatter, wider All-Weather tread

— because of the slow, even wear of closer-nested non-skid blocks and ribs

— because of more rubber in the tread – an average of two pounds more per tire

AND MORE SAFETY *because of the greater road grip of more non-skid blocks in the center of that famous tread!*

(**EDITORIAL NOTE:** *Every advertiser naturally believes he has a good product. But his unsupported testimony is likely to be somewhat biased, and readers of advertising have a right to be skeptical of boastful superlatives and unsupported claims. Recognizing this difficulty, we introduced our "G-3" All-Weather Tire last year by letting the test-fleet records speak for themselves. And again this year, we have sought some method of giving our readers an accurate report of the service which this tire is giving the public by hiring a detective to gather the evidence presented here. Then, to make doubly sure of an outsider's viewpoint, we assigned a veteran newspaper reporter to the job of giving you an eyewitness account of how the facts were gathered.*)

by JAMES CANNON

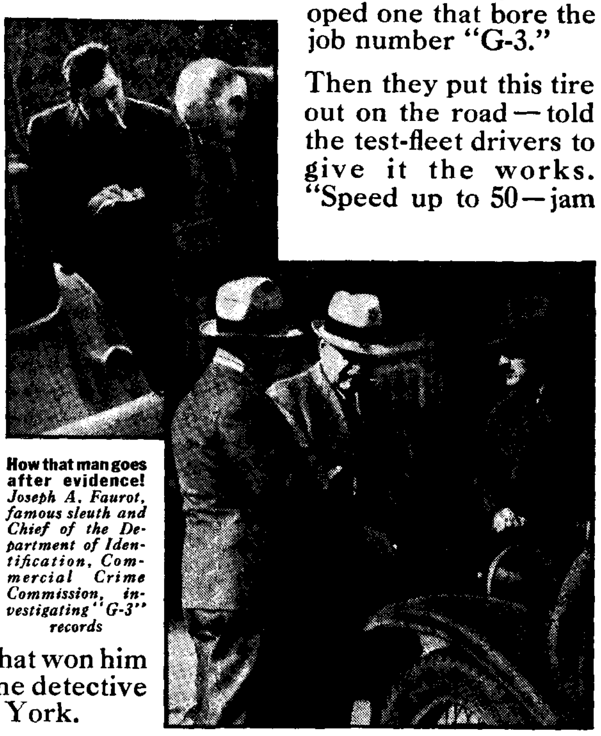
Former Ace Reporter, New York Journal

Maybe you think tire-hunting doesn't sound exciting. Maybe you think "mileage shadowing" isn't news. But you've never "trailed" Fingerprint Faurot.

How that man goes after his evidence! Running down clues that took us bouncing over the back roads of Georgia — prowling the parking lots of Chicago's west side — blinking our way through the twilight of a New Mexico dust storm!

It wasn't one trail, but thousands we were following — the trails of the most famous tire in the world — on the wheels of cars driven by salesmen, doctors, farmers, lumbermen, cattlemen, and the radio squad cars of state police.

Day after day, week after week, he pieced his scraps of information together — built up his life histories of those "G-3" All-Weathers — with the same deadly accuracy that won him number one place in the detective force of Greater New York.



How that man goes after evidence! *Joseph A. Faurot, famous sleuth and Chief of the Department of Identification, Commercial Crime Commission, investigating "G-3" records*

No wonder Goodyear picked Joseph A. Faurot to ferret out the facts about its famous "G-3" All-Weather and report how this tire has been behaving, how, on owners' cars, it has lived up to its reputation for giving 43% longer non-skid mileage.

How it all began

You have to go back a year to get the start of this story.

This new Goodyear "G-3" had just been introduced — after brutal punishment on the test fleet.

Perhaps you remember how the engineers made granite grindstones — ground down treads in laboratory tests — until they developed one that bore the job number "G-3."

Then they put this tire out on the road — told the test-fleet drivers to give it the works. "Speed up to 50 — jam on the brakes — speed up to 50 — jam on the brakes" — in a hurry-up test of its non-skid mileage and safety.

To make a long story short, *that "G-3" All-Weather stood up as no tire had ever performed before.*

When the reports were in, it had averaged 43% longer non-skid mileage than its famous predecessor — and kept its grip twice as long as tires tested against it.

But one question remained unanswered — could not be answered until this year. How do "G-3" All-Weathers behave, how are they standing up, under the varying usage they get in the hands of different drivers?

And that is where Inspector Faurot comes in. Goodyear dared to send this great detective out to trail its tires and report in his own way.

Now for the records!

Let's dip into the fascinating pages of Inspector Faurot's own notes and pull out a few typical samples — to get a quick cross-section of the gold mine that's hidden there:

Case No. 23 — *River Bend, N. C. Tire now on Goodyear dealer's service car. First owner ran tire 28,000 miles — traded in on new "G-3" for $3. Tire re-sold to second owner who ran it 8,000 miles. Now back in dealer's hands. Has been retreaded.*

Case No. 99 — *Elgin, Ill. Police car. Tire serial No. 562136K — mileage 34,011. Tread pattern still visible. Car travels 100 miles per day. Tire of other make on left rear, tread half gone at 10,000 miles.*

Case No. 80 — *Detroit parking lot. Owner salesman — fast driver, covers 5 states, every kind of road. Mileage 30,286 — ⅛ inch tread pattern still showing. Owner says this means at least 43% longer non-skid mileage.*

Case No. 52 — *Cincinnati. Bus running to Bedford, Ky., and Madison, Ind. Round trip 188 miles a day. Mileage 47,681. Getting smooth in center of tread. Easily 50% longer non-skid mileage.*

Case No. 124 — *Santa Fe, N. M. Architect. "G-3" mileage 15,380, tread pattern not over ⅓ worn. Previous tires wore out at 13,000.*

Case No. 254 — *Ocean Park, Calif. Light delivery truck. "G-3" had been retreaded at 24,240 miles — previous mileage of tires before retreading, 15,000 to 17,000. Constant stopping and starting causes rapid wear.*

• • •

What you've just read is a reporter's vivid narrative of the greatest tire-hunt in history — studded with typical examples of the vast mass of evidence this search produced.

We let these facts tell their own story of long-lasting safety. We let the eloquent mileage records show you how consistently this famous tire is surpassing its own test-fleet records for 43% longer non-skid traction.

But you should know also the extra safety, the extra endurance which are *inside* this tire — thanks to the super-resilience of Goodyear's patented ply material, *Supertwist cord*. And it is Supertwist that makes a complete success of this heavier, broader, longer-wearing "G-3" All-Weather tread waiting for you now at the nearest Goodyear dealer's.

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
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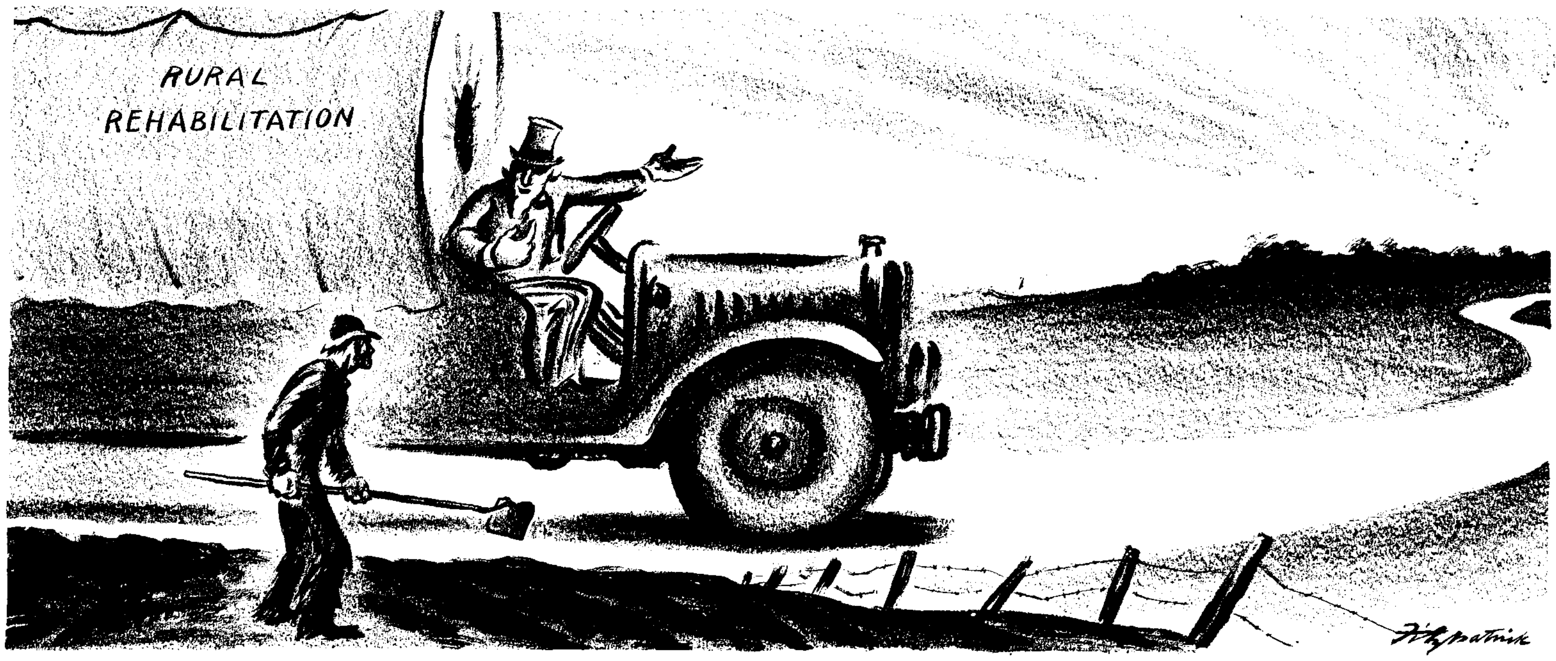

Remold It to the Heart's Desire

A FEW weeks ago an Army transport sailed from San Francisco carrying the first contingent of farm settlers for whom the federal government is preparing homes in Matanuska Valley, 125 miles inland from Seward.

The familiar pattern of the settlement of the United States is being retraced. The impoverished farmers who are being transported by the government from the profitless acres in Minnesota, the Dakotas and Michigan will, however, be better provided than were the pioneers who landed from the Mayflower or their successors who reached the West in covered wagons or, for that matter, by railroad.

The government sent up to Matanuska a graduate of the Kansas State Agricultural College to prepare the way for the new pioneers. The government will provide a forty-acre farm, a log cabin, livestock and farm equipment for each family of settlers. The farmer will give a mortgage for $3,000 to be paid in thirty years at an interest rate of 3 per cent.

A physician, a dentist and nurse will look after the health of the colonists. Schools will be established and if the first efforts succeed ultimately 76,000 tillable acres will be divided. The national government is represented by Don L. Irvin, Manager of the Alaska Rural Rehabilitation Corporation.

The colonists were selected from a large number of applicants. Those chosen are familiar with farm work in the harsh climate of the North Central United States. All have been on relief because they could not support themselves and their families at their old homes.

Nobody can guarantee success for the Alaska colonists on the new farms bestowed upon them by a well-disposed government. It is safe to guess that even though the land is fertile and the climate mild, by Alaskan standards, there will still be difficulties to overcome. Certainly there will be mosquitoes to endure. Some years must elapse before we shall know whether the experiment has succeeded or failed.

Nothing that the Administration has undertaken in the name of the New Deal has, however, called forth more general approval than the broad effort to rehabilitate the rural population who for so long have been engaged in a fruitless struggle to wrest a livelihood from unfertile and wasted lands. We differ about many things, but very few Americans are hostile to the attempt to fit these people to maintain themselves decently and independently.

Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Emergency Relief Administrator, reported recently that nearly a million farm families were on the United States relief rolls. About 350,000 of these families lived in drought areas. The Alaskan experiment is one of the attempts being made to get these farm families off the relief rolls by enabling them to become self-sustaining.

Many poor and unproductive families are of course not on the relief rolls. Vast numbers in the mountain regions, in the cotton sections of the South, and on the less fertile lands of the West struggle on year after year without surrender and without victory. Although they are not public charges, nobody seriously and intelligently concerned about the public welfare can ignore their situation.

The plain fact is that a very considerable population is living on lands and under conditions which preclude any considerable earnings. Cotton pickers in parts of the South cannot at any conceivable price of cotton earn nearly enough to pay for the basic requirements of a decent standard of living.

This is not a new situation. It is a very old situation. Men and women have been trying to wrest a meager livelihood from some poor soil since the first settlers arrived from Europe, or Asia, if we remember the Indians. But a poverty-stricken life is out of harmony with modern ideas. So long as we know how to produce so prodigiously in the factory and on the industrialized farm, there is no safety or comfort in mere existence on sterile land.

How far the government can go in enabling people better to take care of themselves nobody knows. Mr. Hopkins and his associates have developed brave plans. The government is seeking to buy some of the worst land so that it may be withdrawn from agriculture. Land not fit for farming may be good enough for occasional pasturage or for wild-life refuges. Moreover, wind erosion, with the consequent dust-storms, has reached the stage at which something fundamental must be done to correct the folly and neglect of past generations if good land is not to be injured or destroyed with the bad.

Up to last December arrangements had been made with different states to "rehabilitate" 132,000 farm families. Preliminary agreements had been made for the purchase by the government of many millions of acres in various states. The entire program is imperial in scope. Mr. Hopkins' reports estimate that about 440,000 families will have to be moved. On the other hand, he also reported that 125,000 families on relief can be rehabilitated through advisory services with no cash outlay and that about 430,000 can be made self-supporting in the same lands they now occupy.

To accomplish this great objective calls for thinking and administration of a sort we have not hitherto found in governments. No reasonable person of any class can, however, oppose the goal of this program. If the million agricultural families now supported out of the public treasury can be enabled to care for themselves, everybody will be the gainer. The program, however, unquestionably calls for all the wisdom, all the ingenuity and all the character which any Administration possesses or can summon to its assistance.

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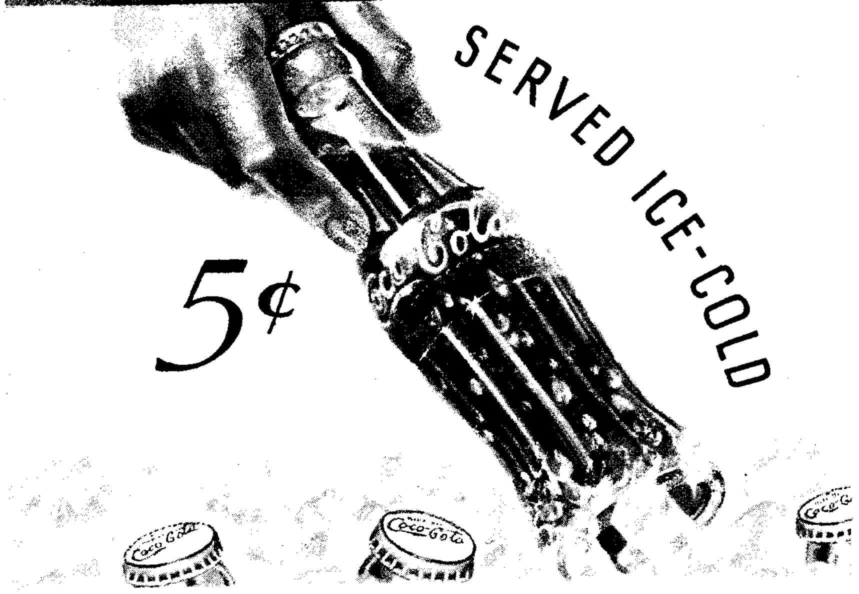
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